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HORACE.

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SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S HUNDRED BOOKS

67

THE
ODES AND EPODES
OF
HORACE

Translated

BY

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LIMITED

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PREFATORY NOTE TO THE KNEBWORTH EDITION.

A QUARTER of a century divided from each other the two labours of love the fruits of which are here for the first time placed side by side.

It was in 1844 that Sir Edward Lytton's version of the "Poems and Ballads of Schiller" was, in its original piecemeal issue, drawn to a conclusion in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*; while it was in the April, May, July, and August numbers, for 1868, of the same periodical, that the earliest specimens of the metrical translation of the "Odes and Epodes of Horace" by Lord Lytton were tentatively put forth, without the slightest hint being afforded at the moment as to their authorship. What was avowedly aimed at in each instance was a line for line equivalent. Towards the accomplishment of this object no amount of toil or thought was grudged by the translator. In order to recognise this in the instance of the Schiller translation, it is only necessary to compare the first edition (that of 1845) with the second (that of 1852), both published by the Messrs. Blackwood. The scrupulous care taken in the revision of the Horace Translation may in the same way be the most readily appreciated upon a comparison of the first edition, that published in 1869 by the Messrs. Blackwood, with the second, that published in 1870 by the Messrs. Longmans. Here more conspicuously than ever was rendered apparent the fact underlying all Lord Lytton's labours in literature, that he himself was

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his severest critic. Wherever in these carefully-elaborated versions of Schiller and Horace he has departed from his otherwise invariable practice of translating line by line, and, as far as might be in any way possible, word for word, he has done so only where it seemed expedient to care rather for the poet's leading idea or inner meaning than for his verbal manner of expressing it.

It was in the accomplishment of the second of these two scholarly achievements that Lord Lytton gave signal evidence in his maturity of his readiness to modify upon reconsideration one of his long-cherished preferences. When, a quarter of a century before, employing in his version of "The Walk" of Schiller the boldest alternations of rhyme in lieu of the long rhymeless metre of the German original, he had spoken almost disdainfully of the latter as of a "spurious classical metre," which he would not have employed even in the translation of Ovid and Tibullus. When undertaking, long afterwards, however, to express in familiar English the thoughts and words of the master-lyrist of antiquity, Lord Lytton employed those purely rhythmical and strictly rhymeless measures which were but an adaptation to the crucial task of translating Horace, of the metrical experiments already adventured upon by him in his "Lost Tales of Miletus."

PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1872.

THE first impression of this work having become somewhat rapidly exhausted, this new Edition would have appeared long since, but for my desire to consider whether any fresh pains on my part could make the book more worthy of the favour with which it has been received by the general reader, and the courtesy with which it has been noticed by the critical press, wherever the review of it has been written by a scholar.

Of course no pains of mine can meet the objection of those who dissent to the whole framework of the translation, viz., the adoption of rhymeless metres—just as no reasonings, and certainly no examples, in favour of rhymed verse can alter my opinion, formed after long and careful deliberation, that while for the purposes of imitation or paraphrase rhyme may be advantageously employed in selected specimens of the Odes, it is utterly antagonistic to a faithful translation of them, taken as a whole, whether in substance or in spirit.

Leaving, however, the question of rhythm one of those disputes of taste which admit of no arbiter but time, I may perhaps be pardoned for saying that I find many readers, failing, in the first instance, to accommodate the ear to the metres I have invented, who have contrived, on reperusal, to do so, and come round, more or less, to my side of the question.

Necessarily, therefore, whatever care I could take in revision is confined to details, and my main object has been

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to attend to every suggestion by competent authorities that might guide me towards closer approximation to the intention and sense of the original. In one or two instances of rhythm apart from interpretation, where it has seemed to me that this could be best effected by varying the type or form of the metre first selected, the Ode has been rewritten.

My task after all is one of those very humble ones, which are frequent enough among labours of love, and my ambition is not disproportioned to the humility of the task. Whatever the differences of taste and opinion as to the value of my translation, I venture to hope that neither that nor the book of which it is a portion can fail to obtain a place lowly indeed, but not unenduring, among those elucidations of one of the most popular, and in some respects one of the most difficult, poets of antiquity, to which every conscientious student of Horace will find it worth his while to refer.

TO THE
REV. F. W. FARRAR, B.D.,
MASTER OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE,

IN admiration of an intellect enriched by the variety of culture which gives renown to the Scholar, ennobled by the unity of purpose which blends the vocation of the Scholar with the mission of the Divine,

IS INSCRIBED

This attempt to facilitate among English readers the study of an Author so humane, whether in his weakness or his strength, that his sympathies with mankind have obtained for him the indulgence which man accords to a friend. That indulgence is necessarily the greatest among those most indulgent as to man's weakness, if most exacting as to man's strength, 'THE SEEKERS AFTER GOD.'

TORQUAY, *April 3, 1872.*

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THE ODES AND EPODES

OF

HORACE.

BOOK I.—ODE I.

DEDICATORY ODE TO MÆCENAS.

It is doubtful whether this ode was composed as a dedicatory preface to the first three books, or only to Book i.: the former supposition is more generally favoured. The poet condenses a rapid survey of the various objects of desire and ambition, commencing with the competition of the Olympic games, and passing from that reference to the Greeks, to the pursuits of his own countrymen in the emulation for power, the acquisition of riches, and so on, through the occupations and tastes of mankind in that busy world from which, at the close, he intimates that he himself is set apart.

The punctuation and construction of the fifth and sixth lines of the ode have been a matter of much dispute. Macleane, sanctioned by Mr. George Long—and Munro, supported “by the emphatic advocacy of Dr. Kennedy”—adopt the reading which puts an end to the sentence at “nobilis,” and joins on “Terrarum dominos evchit ad Deos” to what follows. By this reading, the lords of earth, or masters of the world, are neither (according to Orelli and most modern commentators) taken in apposition with “Deos,” as in Ovid, *Ep. ex Ponto*, i. 9, 35, sq.—

“Nam tua non alio coluit penetralia ritu
Terrarum dominos quam colis ipse Deos;”

nor, according to elder commentators, approved by Ritter, is the term applied to regal or lordly competitors in the Greek games, such as Gelo, Hiero, &c. “*Terrarum dominos*” Macleane understands to signify, with a tinge of irony, the Romans, styled by Virgil, *Æn.* i. 282, and Martial, *xiv.* 123, “*Romanos rerum dominos*.” Fortified in my own judgment by authorities of such eminence, I accept this interpretation. From these lords of earth Horace immediately passes on to select representatives of the two great orders of proprietors—the senatorial and the equestrian: a member of the first placing his happiness in the pursuit of the highest honours; a member of the second, which comprised in its ranks the chiefs of commercial enterprise, in the success of gigantic speculations.

“According to the usual punctuation,” says Munro, “verses 7—10 appear to me to have no construction at all; with mine, all is plain. . . . In ancient Rome, too, as in modern England, high office and vast wealth, more than aught else, raised men to the sky.”—MUNRO, *Introduction*, xxv.

For the three odes in this measure I have employed in translation a metre consisting of our ordinary form of blank verse converted into a coup-

let by alternate terminations in a dissyllable and monosyllable; and though that is a very simple, and may seem at first a very slight, modification of a familiar rhythm, it will be found to constitute, in the regular recurrence of alternated terminals, a marked difference from the chime of our epic line, and is yet equally in unison with the laws of our prosody. I have adopted the same metre in my version of the more important epodes, and in a few of the other odes. 7

Sprung from a race which mounts to kings, Mæcenas,
 Shield and sweet ornament of life to me;
 There are whose sovereign joy is dust Olympic
 Gathered in whirlwind* by the car; the goal
 Shunned by hot wheels; and the palm's noble trophy.—
 Up to the gods it bears the lords of earth,
 One—if the mob of Rome's electors fickle
 Through triple honours to exalt him vie;
 One—if he harvest, stored in his own garner,
 Whate'er from Libyan threshing-floors is fanned.
 Treasures Attalic † could not tempt the rustic,
 Delving with ready hoe paternal glebes,
 To cut, poor timorous mariner, a furrow
 On seas Myrtoan with the Cyprian keel.
 Seized by dismay, when with Icarian billows
 Wrestle the blasts of stormy Africus,
 The merchant sighs for ease and modest homestead
 Nestled in fields beside his native town;
 Schooled not to bear the pinch of straitened fortunes, ‡
 Soon he refits his shattered argosies.

* "Collegisse juvat." To have gathered together or collected the scattered atoms of dust into a whirlwind—"pulvis collectus turbine," Sat. l. iv. 31.

† A proverbial phrase for great riches. The rustic here meant is the small peasant proprietor, like those cultivators by spade-labour now so common in France. The "sarculum" was a lighter tool than a spade or mattock (with which Forcellini observes that Horace here confounds it by synecdoche), and was used as a hoe for digging up weeds. The author of the article on "Agriculture" in Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" says that "it was an implement by which, after covering up the seed, the husbandman loosened the roots of the young blades in order that air and moisture might gain free access."

‡ "Indocilis pauperiem pati." "Pauperies" does not here mean what is commonly understood by poverty, but, as Maclean expresses it, "a humble estate." Maclean, indeed, states "that 'pauperies,' 'paupertas,' 'pauper,' are never by Horace taken to signify privation, or anything beyond a humble estate." This assertion is, however, too sweeping. In the lines (Epod. xvii. 47, 48),

"Neque in sepulcris pauperum prudens anus
 Novendiales dissipare pulveres,"

Lo, one who scorns not beakers of old Massic,
 Nor lazy hours cut from the solid day,
 Now with limbs stretched beneath the verdant arbut,
 Now by soft well-head of nymph-hallowed streams.
 Camps delight many; clarion shrill, deep trumpet
 Commingling stormy melodies; and war,
 Hateful to mothers. His young bride forgetting,
 In wintry air the hunter stands at watch,
 If start the deer in sight of his stanch beagles,
 Or burst through close-knit toils the Marsian boar.
 Me, prize of learned brows, the wreathen ivy,
 Associates with the gods; me woodlands cool
 And the light dance of nymphs with choral satyrs,
 Set from the many and their world apart;
 If with no checked and hesitating utterance
 Euterpe lend her breath unto her flutes;
 And for my touch the harp-strings heard in Lesbos
 If Polyhymnia scorn not to retune.
 But amid lyric bards if thou enrol me,
 With crest uplifted I shall strike the stars.

EXCURSUS.

“Me doctarum hedere præmia frontium.”

Wolff, Hare, Tate, and some other commentators, would substitute “Te” for “Me”—applying the line to Mæcenas, “*Thee* the ivy—the prize of learned brows—associates with gods above; *Me* the cool woods, &c., set apart from the common crowd.” This reading is rejected by the highest critical authorities, including Orelli and Maclean; but it appears in itself entitled to more respect than is shown by the latter. For there is some force in the remark, that in referring to the various tastes and characteristics of men, Horace would scarcely avoid all complimentary reference to Mæcenas himself; and there is yet more force in another remark that, if Horace says that the ivy wreath associates him with the higher or celestial gods, there is a certain bathos, if not contradiction, in immediately afterwards saying that his tastes associate him with the inferior or terrestrial deities—*i. e.*, nymphs and satyrs. It is said, in vindication of “Me” instead of “Te,” that “doctus” is a word very appropriate to poets; that the ivy, sacred to Bacchus, was the

“pauper” clearly means a person of the very poorest class. May not the same be said of “*Pauperum tabernæ*” in contradistinction to “*Regum turres*”? Lib I. Od. iv. 13, 14. The words “pauper,” “pauperies,” “paupertas,” have, indeed, some of the elastic sense of our own Poor Man, or Poverty, which may imply only comparatively restricted means, or sometimes absolute want. The English language has expressions denoting the gradations of stunted circumstances correspondent to those in the Latin. The English has poverty, penury, destitution: the Latin, *paupertas*, *inopia*, *egestas*. So also the Greek language has *πενία*, honourable poverty; *πτωχεία*, discreditable poverty; *ἐνδεια*, destitution.

fit and usual garland for a lyric poet; and that Horace could never stoop to the absurd flattery of insinuating that Mæcenas was a greater poet than himself. But, in answer to all this, it may be urged that Horace elsewhere especially applies the word "doctus" to Mæcenas; in Lib. III. Od. viii. line 4,—

"Docte sermones utriusque linguæ;"

and again, more emphatically, Epist. xix. line 1,—

"Prisco si credis, Mæcenas docte, Cratino."

And though the ivy was appropriate to poets, it was not appropriate to poets alone. Horace (Lib. I. Epist. iii., addressed to Julius Florus) speaks of it as the reward of excellence in forensic eloquence or jurisprudence as well as of song:—

"Seu linguam causis acuis seu civica jura,
Respondere paras seu condis amabile carmen,
Prima feres *hedræ* victricis *præmia*."

And if the ivy crown may be won by pleading causes or giving advice to clients, it can be no inappropriate reward to the brows of a statesman so accomplished as Mæcenas. Thus, I think, there is much to be said in favour of the construction—"Thee, Mæcenas, the ivy wreath—prize of learned or skilled brows—associates with the higher gods (*i. e.*, with those who watch over states and empires); me, the love of rural leisure and the dreams that it begets set apart from the crowd." On the other side, Ritter has the best vindication I have seen of the alleged contradiction or bathos in the Poet's boasted association, first, with the higher gods, and, next, with the inferior deities. According to him, Horace is speaking of two kinds of lyric poetry—the lofty and the sportive. The first, symbolised by the ivy, associates him with gods in heaven; the second, connecting him with the pastimes of nymphs and satyrs, separates him from the popular pursuits of men. For the first, he trusts to the aid of Polyhymnia, presiding over the Lesbian lyre (of Alcaeus); for the second, to the livelier inspiration of Euterpe.

ODE II.

TO CÆSAR.

The exact date of this ode has been matter of controversy, but most recent authorities concur in assigning it to about A.U.C. 725, after the taking of Alexandria, and at the height of Augustus's popularity on his return to Rome. Ritter argues strongly in favour of the later date, A.U.C. 732. The prodigies described in the earlier verses are those which followed the death of Julius Cæsar, A.U.C. 710, and Horace therefore, at the opening of the poem, transports himself in imagination to that time.—See Orelli's excursus, Macleane's introduction, and Ritter's proœmium. On the merit of the ode itself opinion differs. By some it is highly praised for its imagery, the delicacy with which it flatters Augustus, and the humane art with which it insinuates that his noblest revenge for his uncle's murder is in becoming the protector and father of his people. Against this praise it may be said, not without reason, that the poem has blemishes of a kind from which Horace is free in odes of similar importance; that there is something forced and artificial in the kind of humour admitted into the description of Pyrrha's flood; that the idea of the uxorious River bursting his banks out of complaisance to the complaints of his wife is little better than a frigid

conceit; and that the "extravangaza" contained in the transfiguration of Mercury into the earthly form of Augustus, fails in that manliness of genuine enthusiasm with which Horace celebrates Augustus in Odes B. III. and IV. Whatever weight may be attached to these objections, they suffice to render the ode one of the most difficult to translate so as to impress an English reader with some sense of the beauties ascribed to it by its admirers.

Now of dire hail and snow enough the Sire
Has launched on earth, and with a red right hand
Smiting the sacred Capitolian heights *
Startled the City,

Startled the nations, lest the awful age
Of Pyrrha, wailing portents new, return,
When Proteus up to visit mountain-peaks
Drove his whole sea-flock,

When fishes meshed in topmost boughs of elms
Floundered amidst the doves' familiar haunts,
And deer, through plains † above the old plains heapen,
Swam panic-stricken.

We have seen the tawny Tiber, with fierce waves
Wrenched violent back from vents in Tuscan seas,
March on to Numa's hall and Vesta's shrine, ‡
Menacing downfall;

Vaunting himself the avenger of the wrong
By Ilia too importunately urged,
The uxorious River leftward burst his banks,
Braving Jove's anger. §

* "Sacras—arces," the sacred buildings on the Capitoline Hill.

† 'Et superjecto pavidae natarunt
Æquore damæ.'

"Æquor" is a plain or level surface, whether of land or sea. The former appears to have been its original and simple meaning, though the poets applied it afterwards to the latter (Cicero, Acad. 2). Though the word here implies "water," the point would be lost in so translating it. There would be no prodigy in deer swimming through water—the prodigy is in their swimming through plains cast over those on which they had been accustomed to range.

‡ The palace of Numa adjoined the temple of Vesta at the foot of Mount Palatine. Fea says that the Church of Sta Maria Liberatrice occupies this site.

§ Ilia, mother of Romulus, was, according to legend, thrown into the Tiber by Amulius—hence the fable that she became wife to the god of that river. She complains to her husband of the murder of Julius Cæsar, to whom she

Thinned by parental crime, the younger race
 Shall hear how citizens made sharp the steel
 By which should rather have been slain the Mede :
 Hear—of what battles !

Who is the god this people shall invoke
 To save a realm that rushes to its fall ?
 By what new prayer shall sacred virgins tire
 Vesta to hearken ?

To whom shall Jove assign the part of guilt's
 Blest expiator ? Come, at last, we pray,
 With shoulder brightening through the stole of cloud,
 Augur Apollo !

Or com'st thou rather, Venus, laughing queen,
 Ringed by the hovering play of Mirth and Love ;
 Or satiate with, alas, too lengthened sport,
 Thou, Parent War-god,

Joying in battle-clang and glancing helms
 And the grim aspect of the unhorsed Moor,*
 Fixing his death-scowl on the gory foe,
 Come, if regarding

Thine own neglected race, thine offspring, come !
 Or thou, mild Maia's wing'd son, transformed
 To mortal youth,† submitting to be called
 Cæsar's avenger ;

claims affinity. The special reason for Jove's displeasure at the river-god's incursion on the left bank is variously conjectured : it may be either that on that side he threatened the temple of Jove himself, or that Jove, as supreme guardian of all temples and of Rome itself, resented the outbreak as an offence to himself, or, as Macieane interprets it, " He disapproved the presumption of the river-god, because he had reserved the task of expiation for other hands and happier means."

* All recent editors have "Mauri peditis." Munro, though retaining that reading in his text, is "not convinced that 'Marsi peditis' is not far finer and more appropriate." The Moors fighting habitually on horseback, the interpretation of "peditis" most favoured by the commentators is that in the translation ; the rider being unhorsed is rendered more fierce and stubborn by despair.

† Mercury in the form of Augustus. Orelli dryly observes that Augustus was forty years old at the date when he is here called "juvenem." No doubt "juvenis" and "adolescens" were words descriptive of any age between "pueritia" and "senectus," and Cicero called himself "adolescens" at the

Stay thy return to heaven : long tarry here
 Well pleased to be this Roman people's guest,
 Nor with our vices wroth, untimely soar,
 Rapt by the whirlwind.

Here rather in grand triumphs take glad rites,
 Here love the name of Father and of Prince,
 No more unpunished let the Parthian ride,
 Thou our chief—Cæsar.*

ODE III.

ON VIRGIL'S VOYAGE TO ATHENS.

There is a well-known dispute as to the date and the occasion of this ode, and it has been even called in question whether the Virgil addressed were the poet. It is, no doubt, difficult to reconcile the received chronology of the publication of the first three books of Odes with the supposition that this ode was addressed to Virgil the poet, on the occasion of the voyage to Athens, from which he only returned to die : but there is no reason why Virgil should not have made or contemplated such a voyage before the last one ; and Maclean, here agreeing with Dillenburger, is "inclined to think such must have been the case."—See his introduction to this ode.

So may the goddess who rules over Cyprus,
 So may the brothers of Helen, bright stars,
 So may the Father of Winds, while he fetters
 All, save Iapix, the Breeze of the West,

age of forty-four, when he crushed the conspiracy of Catiline ; but still a "juvenis" of forty, or even of thirty years old, would have little resemblance to the popular effigies of the smooth-faced son of Maia (Mercury) ; and considering the whole space of time which this poem reviews and condenses, starting from the death of Julius Cæsar, is it not probable that Horace here applies the word "juvenis" to Augustus in reference to the age in which he first announced himself as "Cæsar's ultor" (Cæsar's avenger), and in order to achieve that name and fulfil that object descended from his celestial rank as Mercury, or (to define more clearly the mythical functions of Mercury) as the direct messenger from Jove to man ? Augustus, then, was a youth in every sense of the word. In fact he was barely twenty when he declared it to be his resolve and his mission to avenge the death of his uncle. At that age, judging by his effigies in gems, the resemblance of the young Octavius to the face of Mercury in the statues is sufficiently striking to have created general remark, and to save from extravagant flattery the lines in the ode. For of the two faces that of the young Octavius is of a higher and more godlike type of beauty than appears in any extant statue of Mercury.

* "The way in which he introduces the name of Cæsar unexpectedly at the end, has always appeared to me an instance of consummate art."—MACLEAN.

Speed thee, O Ship, as I pray thee to render *
 Virgil, a debt duly lent to thy charge,
 Whole and intact on the Attican borders,
 Faithfully guarding the half of my soul.

Oak and brass triple encircled his bosom,
 Who first to fierce ocean consigned a frail bark,
 Fearing not Africus, when, in wild battle,
 Headlong he charges the blasts of the North ;

Fearing no gloom in the face of the Hyads ;
 Fearing no rage of mad Notus, than whom,
 Never a despot more absolute wieldeth
 Hadria, to rouse her or lull at his will.

What the approach by which Death could have daunted
 Him who with eyelids unmoistened beheld
 Monster forms gliding and mountain waves swelling,
 And the grim Thunder-Crags dismally famed ?

Vainly by wastes of an ocean estranging
 God, in his providence, severed the lands,
 Vainly if nathless, the ways interdicted
 Be by our vessels profane traversed o'er.

Rushes man's race through the evils forbidden,
 Lawlessly bold to brave all things and bear :
 Lawlessly bold did the son of the Titan
 Bring to the nations fire won through a fraud.

Fire stolen thus from the Dome Æmpyræan,
 Meagre Decay swooped at once on the earth,
 Leagued with a new-levied army of Fevers —
 Death, until then the slow-comer, far off,

* I side with Dillenburger, Ritter, Munro, and Maclean in rejecting the punctuation of Orelli, who places a comma before "precor," putting the word in parenthesis, for the reason thus ably stated in the following note, for which I am indebted to a friend, than whom there is no higher authority in critical scholarship: "It is not commonly observed, but certainly true, that the 2d pers. pres. subj. (reddas) is never used as a mere imperative, = 'redde.' It may be used *precatively* in addressing a deity, a superior (or in politeness), as 'serves' in Ode xxxv. l. 29. Where it is used with 'precor,' the verb is not in parenthesis, but distinctly governs 'reddas,' 'I pray you to render.' There should therefore be no comma between them; and this view shows 'precor' to be the true apodosis of the passage."

Hurried his stride, and stood facing his victim ;
 Dædalus sounded the void realms of air,
 Borne upon wings that to man are not given ;
 Hercules burst through the portals of hell.

Nought is too high for the daring of mortals ;
 Heav'n's very self in our folly we storm.
 Never is Jove, through our guilty aspiring,
 Suffered to lay down the bolt we provoke.

ODE IV.

TO LUCIUS SESTIUS.

The Lucius Sestius here addressed was the son of the Sestius or Sextius defended by Cicero in an oration still extant. Lucius served under Brutus in Macedonia, and after his chieftain's death continued to honour his memory and preserve his images. He did not on that account incur the displeasure of Augustus, who made him Consul Suffectus in his own place, B.C. 23.

There is no other ode in this metre, which has its name (Archilochian) from Archilochus of Paros. The difference in rhythm between the first and second verse of the strophe is remarkable, and suggests the idea of being chanted by two voices in alternate lines.

Keen winter melts in glad return of spring and soft Fa-
 vonius ;

And the dry keels the rollers seaward draw ;
 No more the pens allure the flock, no more the hearth the
 ploughman ;
 Nor glint the meadows white with rime-frost hoar—

Beneath the overhanging moon, now Venus leads her
 dances,

And comely Graces, linked with jocund Nymphs,
 Shake with alternate foot the earth, while ardent Vulcan
 kindles

The awful forge in which the Cyclops toils,*

* Venus dances—Vulcan toils: *i. e.* in spring man reawakens both to pleasure and labour. "*Urit*"—"Though I have retained the ordinary reading of editions here, I believe that MS. authority, properly interpreted, indicates *uissit* (*i. e.* *visit*, as Bentley and, before him, Rutgersius read) . . . Venus dancing in the moonshine, while her husband is away visiting the stithies of the Cyclops, is a beautiful picture."—MUNRO, Introduction, xxix. xxx. See there the elaborate argument by which this eminent scholar supports the reading he would prefer.

Now well becomes anointed brows to wreath with verdant
 myrtle,
 Or such rath flowers as swards, relaxing, free ;
 And well becomes the votive lamb, or kid if more it please
 him,
 Offered to Faunus amid shadowy groves.

Pale Death with foot impartial knocks alike at each man's
 dwelling,
 The huts of beggars and the towers of kings.
 Blest Sestius, life's brief sum forbids commencing hope too
 lengthened ;
 Ev'n now press on thee Night and storied ghosts,
 And Pluto's meagre hall, which gained, the wine-king's
 reign is over—
 No more the die allots the frolic crown.*

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ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

I cannot presume to attempt any rhymeless version of this ode in juxtaposition with Milton's famous translation, which I therefore annex. "Any resemblance between the metre he selects and that of the original depends," as Mr. Conington observes, "rather on the length of the respective lines than on any similarity in the cadences," and his rhythm is perhaps somewhat too cramped to convey the lyrical spirit in lighter and livelier odes of the same measure in the original;—even in this translation such contractions as

"T" whom thou untried seem'st fair ! Me, in my vowed
 Picture, the sacred wall declares t' have hung,"—

are not without a certain harshness. But all minor defects are amply compensated by the masterly closeness and elegance of the general version. The metre is ranked with the Aselepiadeans, and is repeated, Book I. 14, 21, 23 ; III. 7, 13 ; IV. 13.

* The Romans chose by cast of the die the symposiarch or king of the feast.

What slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,*
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,†
 Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
 On faith and changèd gods complain, and seas
 Rough with black winds, and storms
 Unwonted shall admire!

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who always vacant, always amiable
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful. Hapless they

T'whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vowed
 Picture, the sacred wall declares t'have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern god of sea.‡

ODE VI.

TO M. VIPSANIUS AGRIPPA.

No public man among the partisans of Augustus is more remarkable for the union of extraordinary talents with extraordinary fortune than the Vipsanius Agrippa to whom this ode is addressed. Sprung from a very obscure family, he might have failed in obtaining a fair career for his powers but for the accident of being a fellow-student with the young Octavius at Apollonia. He thus, at the age of twenty, became one of the most intimate associates, and one of the most influential advisers, of the

* The reader will observe that the first line is the only one in the translation which ends with a dissyllable. Whether Milton makes this variation of the rhythm he selects through oversight or intention, the reader can conjecture for himself. Probably Milton regarded the two first lines of each strophe simply as heroic blank verse, in which the termination of a monosyllable or dissyllable is optional.

† "Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro." "Some pleasant cave" appears scarcely to give the sense of the original. "Antrum" means the grotto attached to the houses of the luxurious, and in which was placed a statue of Venus. Grottoes are still in use among the richer Italians, and it is not *some* cave to which Horace alludes, but with a certain tenderness of reproach to the grotto in which Pyrrha had been accustomed to receive him.

‡ "Potenti—maris deo" Milton translates "the stern god of sea," not observing that "potens" governs "maris," as "potens Cypri."—MACLEANE.

future emperor of the world. While he was yet in youth he had achieved the highest distinctions, and secured the most eminent station. He had passed through the office of prætor and consul, and established, by a series of brilliant successes, the fame of a great general. As a naval commander he became yet more illustriously distinguished. He constructed the Roman navy; defeated Sextus Pompeius, then master of the sea; commanded the fleet against M. Antony; and the victory at Actium was mainly owing to his skill. It was soon after that last victory that this ode is supposed to have been written. All the honours Augustus could confer were heaped on him; the emperor united him to his own family, first by a marriage with his niece Marcella, subsequently, yet more closely, by marriage with his daughter Julia. Fortune never deserted Agrippa to the close of his life at the age of fifty-one. His character seems to have been a union of qualities rarely found together,—sagacity of design, rapidity of action, a brilliant genius in construction, devoted to practical purposes. When he was forming a fleet he turned the Lucrine Lake into a harbour for a school to the mariners by whom he afterwards defeated the tried sailors of Sextus Pompeius. As while his first care was to supply Rome with water, restoring the Appian, Marcian, and Anienian aqueducts, and building a new one fifteen miles long from the Tepula to Rome. With this utility of purpose he combined great magnificence in taste, adorning the city with public buildings and statues by the ablest artists he could find. All these daring and splendid qualities were accompanied by a modesty or a prudence which preserved the affection of the people and avoided all chance of exciting the jealousy of Augustus. He twice refused a triumph.

The reader will observe with what ease Horace avoids all servility in the brief homage he delicately renders to Agrippa, and the playfulness of the concluding stanza would seem to intimate a certain familiarity of intercourse, or at all events that there was nothing in the temper of Agrippa, two years younger than himself, so austere as to be shocked by the poet's favourite subjects for song. Of the poems of Varius, to whose muse Horace refers the due celebration of Agrippa's deeds, only a few fragmentary lines have been preserved. Among these is the description of a hound, which is vigorous and striking. The fragment has been imitated by Virgil, whom he preceded as an epic poet. His tragedy of "Thyestes" seems to have survived in repute his epics, since Quintilian does not mention those, while he accords to "Thyestes" the high praise of saying "that it might have stood comparison with any of the Greek dramatic master-pieces."

'Tis by Varius that Song, borne on pinions Homeric,
Shall exalt thy renown as the valiant and victor,
Whatsoe'er the bold soldier by land or by ocean
With thee for his leader achieved.

Themes so lofty we slight ones attempt not, Agrippa,
Not the terrible wrath of Pelides unyielding,
Not the course through strange seas of the crafty * Ulysses,
Not the fell House of Pclops, we sing.

* "*Duplicis*—*Ulixei*." Horace very naturally, in speaking of Ulysses, adopts the characteristic epithet employed from the Greek. In Latin "*duplex*" is very rarely used in the sense of crafty or deceitful. I know not of any other instance in which it is so used by the Latin poets except in Catullus, lxxviii. 51, "*duplex* Amathusia."

While the Muse that presides over lute-strings unwarlike,
 And my own sense of shame would forbid me to lessen,
 By the inborn defect of a genius unequal,
 The glories of Cæsar and thee.

Who can worthily sing Mars in adamant tunic,
 Or Merion all grim with the dust-cloud of Ilion,
 Or Tydides, when, thanks to the favour of Pallas,
 He stood forth a match for the gods?

We of feasts, we of battles, on youths rashly daring
 Waged by maids armed with nails too well pared for much
 slaughter,
 Sing, devoid of love's flame ; or, if somewhat it scorch us,
 Still wont to make light of the pain.

ODE VII.

TO PLANCUS.

This ode is generally supposed to be addressed to L. Munatius Plancus, than whom those versatile times did not engender a more selfish renegade or a more ungrateful traitor. Estré, loath to grant that Horace condescended to immortalise this person (who, however, contrived to make himself important to all parties, and died safe, wealthy, and honoured at least by Augustus, who even conferred upon him the censorship, *b.c.* 27), thinks that it was some other Plancus, possibly his son, designated as Munatius, *lib. I. Ep. iii. v. 31.* Horace, however, in this ode does not ascribe any virtues to the person addressed at variance with the general character of the successful renegade, and only bids him not take grief much to heart, but enjoy himself as much as he could, whether in the camp or at his villa—an admonition which he was not likely to disregard. The measure of the ode takes its name from Aleman. It consists of a complete hexameter alternated with a verse made up of the last four feet of a hexameter. Horace only employs this metre twice again, Book I. Ode xxviii., and Epode xii.

Other bards shall extol brilliant Rhodes, Ephesus, or
 Mytilene,
 Or, queen of two seas, stately Corinth,
 Embattled Thebes, famous through Bacchus, Delphi as
 famed through Apollo,
 Or Thessaly's beautiful Tempè.

Some are whose sole task is to laud the city of Pallas
the spotless,

Prolonging the hymn into Epic,*

On every side plucking a leaf to garland their brows with
the olive;

And many, in honour of Juno,

Tell of Argos, the breeder of steeds, and the rich stores of
Mycenæ;

But me more have stricken with rapture
Than patient Laconia's defiles, than fertile Larissa's ex-
panses

The grot of Albunea † resounding,

The Anio's precipitous rush, the woodlands and orchards of
Tibur,

All dewy with quick-winding waters.

As the white southern wind often clears clouds from a sky
at its darkest,

Nor teems with a rain that is lasting,

So, Plancus, let those weary hours, when life seems but
labour and sorrow,

Be lulled to their end in the wine-cup;

Whether camps with banners ablaze hold thee now, or
shall hold thee hereafter

The thick-leav'd shades of thy Tibur,

When from Salamis and from his sire, Teucer was passing
to exile,

'Tis said that he crowned with the poplar ‡

Brows first besprinkled with drops from the strength-giving
boon of Lyæus,

To friends as they sorrowed thus speaking :

* "Carmine perpetuo celebrare." I adopt the interpretation of Orelli, Maclean, and Yonge—a continuous poem, like an epic, culling all the associations and myths connected with Athens, and formed into a whole like Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

† Albunea, the Sibyl, who gave her name to a grove and fountain, and apparently to a grotto at Tibur.

‡ Emblematic of courage and adventure. The poplar was consecrated to Hercules.

“Go WE wheresoever a fate more kind than the heart of a
parent

May bear us, associates and comrades;
Despair of nought, Teucer your chief—of nought under
auspice of Teucer,
Unerring Apollo predicts us

“A Salamis built on new soil, which Fame shall confound
with the lost one ;*

Brave friends who have borne with me often
Worse things as men, let the wine chase to-day every care
from the bosom,
To-morrow—again the great Waters.”

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

This ode has been paraphrased by Henry Luttrell into that elegant and playful satire upon the manners of his own day, called “Advice to Julia.” The names are clearly fictitious. Whether the persons designated by the names existed is another matter—probably enough : their types are always existing. There is no reason for supposing the various Lydias whom Horace addresses were the same person ; every reason, judging by the internal evidence of the several poems, to suppose they were not. There is no other ode in this metre.

By all gods, Lydia, say
Why haste to ruin Sybaris thro’ loving ?
Why has the Campus grown
To him, of dust and sun so patient,—hateful ?

’Mid comates why no more
Parades that martial rider, with sharp wolf-bit
Breaking in Gallic† mouths ?
Why shuns that athlete oil

* “Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram”—a new Salamis, which might in future be confounded with the old one. The new Salamis was in Cyprus.

† “Gallica nec lupatis
Temperat orat frenis.”

Gallic mouths—horses from Gaul. These were considered very high mettled, but, when well broken-in, so serviceable in war that they were in great request in the Roman cavalry. “Lupatis,” a bit, jagged liked wolves’ teeth.

More than the froth of vipers ; why no longer
 Baring arms nobly bruised ;
 He, for so many a feat of dart and discus
 Hurled beyond mark—renowned ?

Where lurks he, as the son of ocean-Thetis
 From funeral fates in Troy
 Lurked,—they say—hidden, lest to Lycian squadrons
 And carnage, rapt away
 If once detected in the guise of manhood ?

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

Thaliarchus signifies in Greek “*arbiter bibendi*”—commonly translated “*feastmaster*.” Some editors, as Dillenburg and Maclean, refusing to consider it meant to be a proper name, print, “*thaliarche*,” “*O feastmaster*.” Orelli and Yonge, however, retain the capital T, and it is perhaps more agreeable to Horace’s habit of individualising generals, and is certainly more animated in itself, to consider, with Buttmann, that the word is meant for a proper name, though of course a fictitious one, and invented to signify the official character of the person addressed. I may also add that there is no instance, I believe, in Latin authors, in which the word *thaliarchus* is used as a feastmaster ; and that, therefore, if Horace did not mean it to be considered a proper name, it would have been unintelligible to those of his readers who did not understand Greek ; and to those who did, would have appeared a pedantic affectation, which was precisely the reproach that a man of Horace’s good taste and keen sense of the ridiculous would not voluntarily have incurred. The references to the manner in which Thaliarchus may spend his day, all belong to the life of a town ; and there is no reason to suppose the scene otherwise than at Rome. Walckenaer says that the isolated and singular form of Soracte strikes the eye on quitting the city by one of the two gates to the north.

Though, to judge by a fragment preserved in Athenæus, the poem is more or less imitated from an ode by Alcæus, the scene and manners are altogether Roman ; in fact, the more the fragments left of Greek poets are fairly compared with the verses in which they are imitated by Horace, the more Horace’s originality in imitating becomes conspicuous.

See how white in the deep-fallen snow stands Soracte !
 Labouring forests no longer can bear up their burden ;
 And the rush of the rivers is locked,
 Halting mute in the gripe of the frost.

Thaw the cold; more and more on the hearth heap the
fagots—

More and more bringing bounteously out, Thaliarchus,
The good wine that has mellowed four years
In the great Sabine two-handled jar.

Leave the rest to the gods, who can strike into quiet
Angry winds in their war with the turbulent waters,
Till the cypress stand calm in the sky—
Till there stir not a leaf on the ash.

Shun to seek what is hid in the womb of the morrow;
Count the lot of each day as clear gain in life's ledger;
Spurn not thou, who art young, dulcet loves;
Spurn not, thou, choral dances and song,

While the hoar-frost morose keeps aloof from thy verdure.
Thine the sports of the Campus,* the gay public gardens;
Thine at twilight the words whispered low;
Each in turn has its own happy hour:

Now for thee the sweet laugh of the girl—which betrays
her
Hiding slyly within the dim nook of the threshold,
And the love-token snatched from the wrist,
Or the finger's not obstinate hold.

ODE X.

TO MERCURY.

The scholiast Porphyryon says this ode was taken from Alceus, who, he asserts, and Pausanias confirms it, invented the story about Apollo's cows or

* "Campus et aræ"—the Campus Martius, in which, in the forenoon, athletic sports were practised, and the public promenades (aræ) in different parts of the city, and especially round the temples, which were the resort of loungers in the afternoon. Orelli thus gracefully elucidates the concluding verse. "The scene," he says, "is this: the lover goes at the appointed hour to the door of his mistress, which stands ajar; he calls upon her with low whispers: the girl keeps silence, having playfully hid herself behind the threshold, until at last she betrays herself by her laugh. The lover then rushes in, and carries off as a love-pledge her bracelet or ring, after a struggle on her part not too pertinaciously coy."

oxen. The story is celebrated in the Homeric hymn to Hermes, as well as the invention of the lyre by stringing a tortoise-shell, at whatever date that hymn was written. Horace always ascribes to Mercury the characteristics of the Greek Hermes, with whom the Mercurius of the Latins had little in common.

Mercury, thou eloquent grandson of Atlas,
 Who didst the rude manners of earth's early races
 First mould into form, both by graceful Palæstra,*
 And by skilled language—

Of thee will I sing, to great Jove and Olympus
 Light herald;—sing thee of wreathed lute the inventor,
 So cunning to hide whatsoe'er the whim took thee
 Gaily to pilfer.

When Phœbus in wrath sought to frighten thy childhood
 If thou didst not restore the kine tricksomely stolen,
 While threatening his shafts he was robbed of his
 quiver;
 Laughed out Apollo!

So too, led by thee, Priam bearing his treasures
 From Ilion, eluded the vaunting Atridas,†
 The watchlights of Thessaly and the remorseless
 Tents of the Argive.

Thou placest pure souls in the calm of blest dwellings,
 With golden staff shepherding ghost-flocks of shadow
 To gods, whether throned in Olympus or Hades,
 Equally welcome.

* No English paraphrase can adequately render Palæstra, which was especially attributed to the invention of Hermes. It appears to have been originally distinct from the gymnasia, and appropriated chiefly to the training of the athlete in wrestling and the Pancratium. When toward the decline of the Republic the Romans imitated the Greeks in these and other less manly customs, they attached to their villas places for exercise called indiscriminately Gymnasia or Palæstræ. The meaning of the stanza is that Mercury taught the early races how to discipline body by skilled exercise, and express thought by cultivated language; and I agree with Orelli in construing "voce" thus, and not as song or music, which is rather the gift of Apollo.

† "Quin et Atridas." Here Horace abruptly elevates the astuteness of Mercury from the playful thefts of infancy to the wise caution with which he leads the innocent and helpless through the severest dangers; and then naturally, and with all his inimitable terseness, the poet represents him as conducting no less safely the souls of the dead. Throughout all those stanzas,

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

The desire to solve the doubts by which man is beset in the present, will, perhaps, so long as the world lasts, give an audience to those who pretend to divine the future; and of all modes of divination, astrology has been, from time immemorial, the most imposing, because it arrogates the rank of a science, and asserts that it bases its predictions upon deductions from a vast accumulation of facts. Rome, of course, abounded in astrologers, who called themselves Chaldeans, as Cicero calls them; and were probably as much Chaldeans as the Gipsies of Norwood are Bohemians or Indians. Horace gives his fair friend a brief admonition, which, in proof of the common-sense that keeps him always modern, might be equally given to ladies, and even to the ruder sex, in our own day. For wherever we travel in England or Europe, it is rare to find a town, however deficient in books, in which a prophetic astrological almanac may not be seen in the shop-windows.

Nay, Leuconoe, seek not to fathom what death unto me
—unto thee

(Lore forbidden) the gods may assign; nor the schemes
of the Chaldee consult.*

How much better it is whatsoever the future shall bring
to endure!

Whether Jove may vouchsafe our existence more winters,
or this be the last,

Which now breaks Tuscan ocean in spray on the time-
eaten rocks that oppose,

Be thou wise; strain thy wine from the lees; and to
space which thine eye can survey

Cut the length thou allottest to hope. While we talk—
grudging Time will be gone;

Seize the present; as little as may, confide in a morrow
beyond.

from the theft of oxen, when Mercury was an infant in his cradle, to his crowning mission as the conductor of souls departed, the same ruling idea of *stealth* is preserved and deified. Mercury steals the kine from Apollo, he steals Priam through the Grecian camp, he steals souls through the passage between earth and Hades,—all with a union of guarded secrecy and imperturbable serenity which, throughout the more playful attributes of Hermes, imply the grandeur and inspire the awe that characterise a supernatural being. No deity can be more exclusively Greek in this combination of open joyousness and mystic power. It was a type of divinity as impossible to be conceived by the Latins as by the Germanic and Scandinavian races, though they all worshipped a Mercurius.

* "Nec Babylonios tentaris numeros,"—i. e. the astrological calculations, or, in technical phrase, "schemes," for which the Chaldees were so famous.

ODE XII.

IN CELEBRATION OF THE DEITIES AND THE WORTHIES OF
ROME.

This poem is commonly inscribed very inappropriately "*De Augusto*," and sometimes more accurately "*De laudibus Deorum vel hominum*." It was certainly composed before the death of the young Marcellus, A.U.C. 731; and Orelli and Maclean agree in accepting Franke's date, A.U.C. 729.

What man, what hero, or what god select'st thou,
Theme for sweet lyre or fife sonorous, Clio?
Whose honoured name shall that gay sprite-voice, Echo,
Hymn back rebounding,

Whether on Helicon's umbrageous margent,
Whether on heights of Pindus or cold Hæmus,
Whence woods, at random, vocal Orpheus followed?
He who stayed rivers

In their swift course, and winds in their wild hurry
By art maternal;* and with bland enchantment
Led the huge oaks at his melodious pleasure
List'ning his harp-strings.

Whom should I place for wonted rites of homage
Before the Father-King of gods and mortals,
Who earth, and ocean, and heaven's varying seasons †
Orders and tempers,

From whom not greater than Himself proceedeth—
To whom exists no semblance and no second?
Yet where he hath a nearest, be its honours
Sacred to Pallas.

Left not unsung be Liber, bold in battle;
Nor she, the brute-world's foe—virgin Diana;
Nor thou, dread Lord of the unerring arrow,
Phœbus Apollo.

* "*Arte materna*"—the Muse Calliope, mother of Orpheus.

† "*Qui mare ac terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis.*"

"*Mundum*" here means "*cælum*," "*sky*"—i. e. the whole framework of nature, in sea, earth, and heaven, is under the dominion of Jove.

Sing let me, too, the demigod Alcides,
 And Leda's twins, the rider and the athlete—
 At whose joint star, what time on storm-beat seamen
 Dawns its white splendour,

Back from the rocks recedes the rush of waters,
 Winds fall, clouds fly, and every threatening billow,
 Lulled at their will, upon the breast of ocean
 Sinks into slumber.

Should, after these, be Romulus first honoured,
 Numa's calm reign, or Tarquin's haughty fasces?
 I pause in doubt; or is it rather Cato's
 Noble self-slaughter?

Regulus, and the Scauri,* and Æmilius
 Lavish of his great life when Carthage triumphed,
 Grateful I name for song's most signal honours;—
 Thee, too, Fabricius;

He and rude unkempt Curius and Camillus,—
 These were the men whom hardy thrift, rude nurture,
 The ancestral farm, and unluxurious homestead
 Fitted for warfare.

Tree-like grows up through unperceived increases
 Marcellus'† fame. As the moon throned in heaven
 'Mid lesser lights, the Julian constellation
 Shines out resplendent.

Father and Guardian of all human races,
 Saturnian Jove, to thee the Fates have given
 Charge o'er great Cæsar; mayst thou reign supremely,
 Next to thee Cæsar.

* Either the Scauri enjoyed at that time a higher reputation than they have retained in history, or Horace had some special reason, personal or political, now inexplicable, for placing them in the rank of Rome's foremost worthies. Æmilius Paulus, having advised the disastrous battle of Cannæ, refused the horse offered to him by a tribune of the soldiers, and remained to perish on the field.

† "As the name of Marcellus, whom I understand, with Orelli, to be the Marcellus who took Syracuse, stands for all his family, and particularly the young Marcellus, so the star of Julius Cæsar, and the lesser lights of that family, are meant by what follows."—MACLEANE.

Whether the Parthians over Rome impending
 Grace his full * triumph, or the farthest dwellers,
 Indian and Seric, upon Orient margins
 Under the sunrise,†

Wide earth with justice he shall rule, thy viceroy ;
 With awful chariot Thou shalt shake Olympus ;
 Thou through the sacred groves profaned impurely
 Launch angry lightnings.‡

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

In this ode is expressed naturally enough the sort of jealousy which a Lydia would be likely to inspire in a general lover, such as Horace represents himself in his poems—"sive quid urimur non præter sortum leves." The ode in itself, whether borrowed or not from a Greek original, is replete with the elegance which characterises Horace's love-poems, and there is a tenderness which seems genuine and heartfelt in the concluding stanza.

The metre in Horace is the same as in Ode iii., but no English measure seems to me so well to express the sense and spirit of the ode as the graver and more elegiac form in which the translation is cast.

When thou the rosy neck of Telephus,
 The waxen arms of Telephus, art praising,
 Woe is me, Lydia, how my jealous heart
 Swells with the anguish I would vainly smother.

* "Justo triumpho." " 'Justo,' 'regular, full, complete,' in which sense this adjective is attached to such nouns as *exercitus, legio, acies, prælium, victoria*."—YONGE.

† "Sive subjectos Orientis oræ
 Seras et Indos."

The Seres, whom some conjecture to be the Chinese, represent the nations at the farthest east known to the Romans. "Subjectos oræ," "unde the edge or extremity of the East."—YONGE.

‡ "Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
 Tu parum ca-tis inimica mittes
 Fulmina lucis."

The general meaning seems to be, that Jove left the political government of earth to Augustus, his viceregent; but he reserved to himself alone the dominion of heaven, and the task of avenging such crimes as offended the *æs*, or polluted the sanctity of the temples.

Then in my mind thought has no settled base.
 To and fro shifts upon my cheek the colour,
 And tears that glide adown in stealth reveal
 By what slow fires mine inmost self consumeth.

I burn, or whether quarrel o'er his wine,
 Stain with a bruise dishonouring thy white shoulders,
 Or whether my boy-rival on thy lips
 Leave by a scar the mark of his rude kisses.

Hope not, if thou wouldst hearken unto me,
 That one so little kind prove always constant;
 Barbarous indeed to wound sweet lips imbued
 By Venus with a fifth part of her nectar.*

Thrice happy, ay more than thrice happy, they
 Whom one soft bond unbroken binds together,
 Whose love, serene from bickering and reproach,
 Ends not before the day when life is ended.

ODE XIV.

THE SHIP—AN ALLEGORY.

I know not what safer title for this poem can be selected from the many assigned to it in the MSS. All or most critics nowadays are agreed that it is a political allegory, and not, as Grævius, Bentley, and others contended, an address to the actual ship that brought Horace from Philippi, and in which his friends were about to re-embark. Quintilian illustrates the meaning of the word "allegory" by a reference to the ode, and the ode itself is an imitation of an allegorical poem by Alcæus on the political troubles of Mitylene, of which a fragment is extant. Quintilian's interpretation of the allegory, though still popularly received—viz., that the ship means the Commonwealth or Republic—is not without eminent disputants; and unless there were more assured data as to the time in which the poem was written, and under what political circumstances, the dispute is not likely to be settled. The opinion advanced by Aeron and supported with

* "Quinta parte sui nectaris." It has been disputed whether Horace means by this expression the Pythagorean quintessence, which is ether. Most modern translators so take it—"an interpretation," says Macleane, "which I am surprised to find Orelli adopts with others, that does not commend itself to my mind at all." Neither does it to mine. I think the interpretation rendered by Dillenburg much less pedantic and much more poetical. The ancients supposed that honey contained a ninth or tenth part of nectar, and therefore the lips of Lydia were imbued with double the nectar bestowed on honey.

much force by Buttmann is, that the poem is addressed, not to the Commonwealth, but to a remnant of the political party with which Horace had fought under Brutus, and in remonstrance against their launching once more into civil war under Sextus Pompeius. This view has been somewhat rudely assailed, and the generality of critics remain loyal to the good old simile of Ship and State. But of late the argument of a critic at once so acute and so profound as Buttmann has been silently gaining ground with reflective scholars, and has much in its favour. Nothing in itself is more probable than that Horace should have sought to express to his old comrades in an allegorical poem his dissuasion from the hazardous junction with S. Pompeius, and place on record his own vindication for refusing to put forth in so shattered a vessel, and resting in port—*i. e.* with the government established under Augustus.

The other supposition most favoured as to the date of the poem is that which places it in the year before the battle of Actium, when M. Antony and Augustus were making their preparations for war. This does not seem so probable a date as the other. The images of the poem would ill accord with it. Horace could scarcely have said then that the ship under Augustus was disabled, destitute of rowers and chiefs, and could not last through a storm; and as in that war Caesar went forth against Antony rather than Antony against Caesar, the expostulation to keep in port would have been very ill received by Augustus, and very contrary to the spirit with which Horace always speaks of that war and its results, and to the willingness expressed in Epode i. to have taken a share in the enterprise, had Marcenas been appointed to command in it. At the outbreak of the war with Antony, Horace was a decided partisan of the established government, and this poem is evidently written by a man who has affection and fear for those about to hazard some new enterprise against the existent order of things. He certainly would not have addressed that warning to Antony's supporters. Whether the poem allegorises the entire Republic, or that party belonging to it with which Horace had been so intimately connected, and with whose renewed hazards he declined to associate himself, does not, however, very materially signify; for a writer who has been a strong party-man generally has his party in his mind whenever he proposes to address the State. But if Horace really designed the allegory for his old comrades under Brutus, about to cast their fortunes with Sextus Pompeius, he could not more affectionately part from them, nor more delicately imply his own rational excuses for doing so.

O ship, shall new waves drift thee back into ocean?
What wouldst thou? Make fast, O, make fast for the
haven!

Ah! dost thou not see how thy sides
Are all naked of even the rowers? *

Thy mast by the south wind in fury is shattered,
And loud groan thy mainyards, and scarce,† without
cables

Undergirding the keel, couldst thou strive
With the sway of the tyrannous waters.

* *I. e.*, whether the lines apply to the State or to a party in it, men and appliances are wanting to the cause.

† "Sine funibus vix durare carinæ." The usual interpretation of

Thy sails are not whole, and the gods thou wouldst
call on

Once more, in the stress of thy peril have left thee,
August Pontic pine,* though thou art
Of a forest illustrious the daughter,

All useless the race, and the name that thou vauntest;
Scared sailors trust nought to the stern's painted colours.

Beware, O beware, lest thou owe
But a mock to the winds thou wouldst hazard.

Thou, lately the cause of my wearisome trouble,
And now of deep care and regretful affection,
Mark well where the Cyclades shine,
And avoid the waves flowing between them.

ODE XV.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

This ode is considered by critics to bear the stamp of an early composition. It has certainly the vigour and fire of youth, but it is seldom that the poetry of youth is equally terse and condensed.

"*funibus*," "girding-ropes," is here adopted. Macleane construes "deprived of her rigging."—See his note.

* In translating these lines I feel very strongly how much they favour Acron's opinion and Buttmann's argument for the application of the allegory to the old Brutus party about to share the fortunes of the great Pompey's son, Sextus. The old gods, or the statues of the tutelary deities niched in the stern, were indeed gone; the cry for Republican liberty or Senatorial rights was hushed in the graves of Brutus and Cassius. Assuming with Acron and Buttmann that by the Pontic pine is symbolised Pompey, whose chief successes were achieved in Pontus as the conqueror of Mithridates, his name and race were indeed idly vaunted by Sextus. Recruits distrusted the colours painted on the battered ship to which they were invited. Applying the lines to the cause of the old Brutus party, well might Horace exclaim, "*Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium*," in reference to the anxieties and to the disgusts with which his share in that cause had subjected him, the loss of friends and hopes and fortune; and well and tenderly might he add, in affection for former comrades and deprecation of the perils they were about to risk, "*Nunc desiderium curaque non levis*." "*Desiderium*" is a word that implies affection, and "a missing of something—a regret." The whole of the poem thus construed seems to me in complete harmony with all the poems in which Horace takes a retrospective view of his connection with Brutus's party, and the attachment he retained for his old friends, so strongly evinced in his welcome to Pompeius Varus, Lib. ii. Ode vii.

When the false Shepherd bore through the waters
 In Idæan ships, Helen his hostess,
 Nereus buried swift winds in loathed slumber
 That Fate's fell decrees he might sing.

"Woe the day that thou lead'st to thy dwelling
 Her whom Greece shall ask back by great armies,
 Sworn in league to dissolve, with thy nuptials,
 The ancient dominion of Troy.

"Ah! what death-sweat to war-horse and warrior!
 Ah! what funerals that move with thy rowers
 Bring'st thou home to the race of the Dardan!
 Already stern Pallas prepares

"Helm, and ægis, and chariot, and fury;
 Vainly, bold in the safeguard of Venus,
 Shalt thou trim thy sleek locks and charm women
 With songs set to chords—not of war; *

"Vainly shun in thy paramour's chamber †
 Pond'rous spears and the darts of the Cretan,
 And the roar of the battle;—and Ajax
 So swift when he follows a foe;

"Late, alas! dust shall yet smear thy love-locks.
 Lo behind thee, thy race's destroyer,
 Lo Ulysses!—lo Nestor!—Thee, Teucer,
 Thee, Sthenelus, skill'd in the fight

"Or the chariot-chase, fearlessly follow:
 Merion, too, thou shalt know,—but look yonder,
 Through the battle comes raging to find thee
 Tydides, more dread than his sire!'

"Ah! from him, as a hart in the valley
 Sees the wolf and forgetteth its pasture,
 All unnerved and deep-panting thou fliest;
 Not such was the pledge to thy love.

* "Carmina divides"—i.e., accompany your harp with singing.—YONGE.

† Hom. Il. iii. 381.

“Though the wrath in the fleet of Achilles
 Bring a respite to Troy and Troy’s mothers;
 Ilion’s domes, after winters predestined,
 Shall sink in the flames of the Greek!”

ODE XVI.

RECANTATION.

There is no ground for safe conjecture as to the person here addressed. The old inscriptions applying it to Tyndaris, the daughter of Gratidia, celebrated as Canidia in the Epodes, or the assertion in Cruquius that it is Gratidia herself, are now generally considered to be purely fictitious. Horace, no doubt, in his youth wrote a great many satirical or vituperative poems which he had too good taste to republish, and which, happily for his fame, have perished altogether. To some lady so libelled we may well suppose this ode to have been addressed, for it has an air of reality about it. It may have been suggested by the poem in which Stesichorus recanted his slanders on Helen, but to what extent Horace here imitates that poem, there are no means of judging.

O, of mother so fair thou the yet fairer daughter,
 To such end as thou wilt put my guilty iambs,
 Fling them into the flames to consume,
 Or the Ocean of Hadria to drown.

Phrygian Cybele, no, nor the Pythian Apollo
 In the innermost shrines soul-convulsing his priesthood,
 No, nor Liber, nor Corybants mad
 When their cymbals redouble the clash,

Craze the mind like the woeful disorders of anger,
 Which are scared from their vent, nor by Norican falchion,
 Wreckful oceans—untameable fires,
 Nor ev’n Jove though himself thunder down.

It is said that Prometheus to man’s primal matter
 Was compelled to add something from each living creature.
 And thus from the wild lion he took
 Rabid virus to place in our gall.

Anger shattered in ruins the House of Thyestes;
 Anger stands forth the cause by which cities have perished,
 And the ploughshare of insolent hosts
 Has passed over the site of their walls.

Be appeased then : that vehement heat of the bosom
 In the sensitive heyday of youth tempted me too,
 And it whirled me all frantic away
 Down the torrent of scurrilous song.

Now I seek to exchange rude emotions for soft ones
 Provided my penitence move thee to pardon,
 And my full recantation thus made,
 O be friends, and restore me thy heart.

ODE XVII.

INVITATION TO TYNDARIS.

It is impossible to do more than conjecture whether the person addressed under the feigned name of Tyndaris actually existed or not. There are one or two touches in the poem which seem to individualise her as a creature of the earth—such as the selection of one particular song about the rivalry of Penelope and Circe, which is not a theme especially appropriate to the place of invitation, and may well have been the favourite song of some fair lute-player; and the reference to the jealous violence of Cyrus looks like an allusion to some incident that had previously occurred. On the one hand, nothing is more likely than that Horace should have known, and invited to his villa, some such accomplished freed-woman as is here addressed. On the other hand, nothing is more consonant to his exquisite art than the invention of attributes and incidents for the purpose of giving the interest of reality to a purely imaginary creation. A compliment to the beauty of the person addressed is insinuated by the name of Tyndaris, "as if," says Orelli, "she were another Helen."

For Lucretilis oft nimble Faunus exchanges,
 So delightful its slopes, his Arcadian Lycæus—
 From my she-goats still turning aside
 Rainy winds and the scorch of the sun.

All in safety the waves of the strong-scented husband
 Rove where arbut and thyme lurk in woodlands secreted :
 Never green adder daunts them, nor there
 Martial wolf from Hædilia descends,

Whilessoever, my Tyndaris, round and about us
 Ring the smooth sheeny lime-rocks of sloping Ustica,
 And the valleys embosomed below,
 With the sweet haunting pipe of the god.

Over me watch the gods with an aspect of favour,
To the gods dear at heart are the muse and my worship.

Here our rich rural honours shall flow
From a brimmed cornucopia to thee.

Here, within the deep vale, thou shalt shun the red dog-
star,

And shalt sing us that tale on the lute strings of Teos,
How Penelope vied with the Sea's
Crystal Circe, for one human heart;

Safely here shalt thou quaff, under cool leafy shadows,
Sober cups from the innocent vineyards of Lesbos;

'Tis not here that gay Semele's son *
Shall with Mars his encounters confound;

Dread not here lest pert Cyrus, suspecting thee vilely,
Lay rash hands on that form not a match for rude anger,
Rend the garland which clings to thy hair,
Or the robe—which deserves no such wrong.

ODE XVIII.

• TO VARUS.

Varus was no uncommon name, and it has been a dispute with commentators what Varus is here addressed. It is generally believed to be the Quintilius Varus for whose death Horace seeks to console Virgil, Ode *xxiv.* of this Book.

By the way in which Bacchus and Venus are here addressed, Horace implies a temperate and elegant conviviality; Bacchus is hailed as "father," benignant, not cruel; and Venus as "decens"—that is, accompanied with the Graces, "*ipsa decens est, cum comites sint decentes Gratiae*" (Carm. i. 4, 6; Dillenburger); and the poet proceeds to contrast a Bacchus and a Venus so characterised with the brawl and lust of the Centaurs, who, invited to the marriage-feast of Peirithous, King of the Lapithæ, attempted in their drunkenness to carry off the bride and the other women, which of course led to a fight with the Lapithæ and with the Sithonians, a people in Thrace, who were afflicted by Bacchus with the curse of never drinking without fighting.

• Bacchus.

Of all trees that thou plantest, O Varus, the vine, holy *vino*
 be the first,
 On the soil that surrounds genial Tibur and Catilus' ram-
 parted walls
 To the lips of the dry does the godhead taint all with a
 taste of the sour,
 And only by wine are the troubles gnawing into the bosom
 dispersed.
 Fresh from wine who complains of the hardships he bears
 or in want or in war ?
 Who not more hails thee, Bacchus, as father ; thee, Venus,
 as linked with the Grace ?
 But Evius himself has forewarned us by his curse on the
 Thracians of old,
 And the battle o'er riotous wine-cups which the Centaurs
 with Lapithæ fought,
 How the drunkard divides right from wrong by the vanish-
 ing line of his lust,
 And not to pass over the limit the Unbinder of Care has
 imposed.
 'Tis not I who will shake, comely Bacchus, the thyrsus
 against thy consent,*
 Or drag forth to daylight thy symbols covered over with
 manifold leaves.
 Silence ! hush, savage horn Berecynthian ! let the clash of
 the timbrel be hushed,
 Making music which Self-conceit follows, dull egotist
 reeling stone blind,
 Idle Vainglory over-exalting her empty and arrogant head,
 And a Faith which is lavish of secrets,—with bosom more
 seen through than glass.

* "Non ego te, candide Bassareu,
 Invitum quatiam, nec variis obsita frondibus
 Sub divum rapiam."

"Quatiam," poetically applied to the god himself, refers to the shaking of the thyrsus, cymbals, or images in the wild dance of the Orgies. "Variis obsita frondibus" means the vessels in which the mystical symbols of Bacchus were concealed, covered over with various leaves, chiefly of vine and ivy.

ODE XIX.

TO GLYCERA.

Whether Glycera and Cinara be the same person—whether the Glycera here addressed be the same Glycera as is elsewhere mentioned—whether she existed anywhere or under any name except in Horace's fancy—are questions that have been as fiercely debated as if they could be decided, or were of the slightest consequence if they could. The poem itself is charmingly pretty, and has much more the air of complimentary gallantry than of real affection.

Methought I had finished with love
 When the mother herself of the Cupids, a merciless mother
 she is,
 And the Theban boy, Semele's son,
 And the goddess called Wantonness bade me to love again
 render my soul.

Me the beauty of Glycera burns,
 Shining out with a delicate light than the marble of Paros
 more pure;
 It burns me that dear saucy charm,
 And that face in its dazzle too sheen for the eye without
 danger to rest.*

All Venus, in rushing on me
 Has deserted her temples in Cyprus. She will not permit
 me to sing
 Of Scythian, or Parth who exults
 In the feints of the swift-wheeling steeds, or of aught which
 belongs not to love.

Quick, slaves, here! an altar in haste—
 Pile it up with the green living sod; hither vervain and
 frankincense bring,
 And wine winters two have matured:
 Thus appeased by the blood of a victim, more gently the
 goddess may come.

* "Vultus nimium lubricus adspici." This bold expression, which will not bear a translation too literal, is, according to some recent commentators, taken from the glitter and smoothness of ice; as ice is too slippery for the foot, so Glycera's face is too slippery for the gaze. Earlier critics, coupling the previous reference to the Parian marble, suggest that the allusion is

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Nothing can be more simple in form and spirit than this ode, in which Horace invites Mæcenas to a homely entertainment in language equally unostentatious. In this, as in other of Horace's purely occasional odes, one feels the presence of the genuine poet by his abstemious avoidance of the would-be poetical. The date of the poem has been variously conjectured. Judging by the reference to the Sabine wine which Mæcenas is invited to drink, and which came into use in its second year, reaching its prime in its fourth, the poem would have been written between two and four years after the reception that the audience at the theatre gave to Mæcenas on his recovery from his illness. But the date of that event is not determined. Franke and Lübker refer the composition of the ode to A.U.C. 729-730. Maclean favours the latter year. Orelli inclines to Weber's date, from A.U.C. 726-727.

Sabine wine poor thoult drink in modest goblets,
 Into Greek cask I myself racked and sealed it,
 Knightly and dear Mæcenas, when the applausive
 Theatre hailed thee ;

So that the banks of thine ancestral river,
 So that in choral symphony the Sprite-voice
 Haunting the Vatican mountain—sportive Echo—
 Rang back the plaudits.

Elsewhere the costly Cæcuban thou quaffest,
 Or of the grape tamed in Calenian presses :
 No Formian hill-side, no Falernian cluster,
 Flavour my wine-cups.

ODE XXI.

IN PRAISE OF DIANA AND APOLLO.

It was supposed by Franke that this hymn was composed for the first celebration of the quinquennial games—*Ludi Actiaci*—instituted by Augustus in honour of Apollo and Diana, when he dedicated a temple to Apollo on the Palatine after his return from the taking of Alexandria, A.U.C. 726.

rather to a statue like that of Hecate, in the temple of Diana at Ephesus, which Pliny tells us the spectators were warned by the priests not to suffer the eye to rest upon too intently, so blindingly bright was the shine of the marble.

There are two objections to this supposition :—the one, observed by Maclean, is in the word “principe,” for Augustus did not get that title till the ides of January, A.U.C. 727, and therefore, after the first celebration of the Actian games. The other objection is in the nature of the poem itself, which, as Orelli remarks, is of too light a quill for the ceremonial pomp of solemn games or earnest supplication. The reference to the Persians and Britons at the close would seem to intimate the same date as the 29th Ode of this Book, when Augustus was preparing a military expedition against Britain and the East, viz. A.U.C. 727. The notion of Sanadon, that the ode was an introduction to the Secular Hymn, has long been exploded.

Hymn ye the praise of Diana, young maidens,
Hymn ye, O striplings, the unshorn Apollo.
And hymn ye Latona, so dear
To the Father Supreme in Olympus.

Maidens, sing her who delights in the rivers,
And the glad locks on the brow of the forests
That nod over Algidus cold,
Verdant Cragus and dark Erymanthus ; *

Youths, sing of Tempè with emulous praises,
Delos, the fair native isle of Apollo,
And sing of the shoulder adorned
With the quiver, and shell of the Brother.†

Moved by your prayer, may the god in his mercy
Save, from war and from pest and from famine,
Our people, and Cæsar our prince,
And direct them on Persia and Britain.

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

Of Aristius Fuscus Horace speaks (Epp. i. 10) with particular affection. He says “they were almost twins in their tastes and sentiments.” Fuscus appears to have been an author, but there is some doubt as to what he

* “Nigris aut Erymanthi
Silvis, aut viridis Cragi.”

The epithet “viridis” applied to Cragus is in opposition to “nigris” applied to Erymanthus, from the different kinds of foliage on either mountain, Cragus being covered with oak and beech, Erymanthus with pine and fir.

† “Fraternaue humerum lyra”—the shell invented by his brother Mercury.

wrote,—Acron says “Tragedies”—Porphyrian, “Comedies;” which *last* supposition seems more in keeping with the humorous joke he plays upon Horace, Sat. i. 9. Cruquius says he was a grammarian.

He of life without flaw, pure from sin, need not borrow
Or the bow or the darts of the Moor, O my Fuscus !
He relies for defence on no quiver that teems with
Poison-steeped arrows ;

Though his path be along sultry African Syrtes,
Or Caucasian ravines, where no guest finds a shelter,
Or the banks which Hydaspes, the River of Story,
Licks languid-flowing.

For as lately I strayed beyond pathways accustomed,
And with heart free from care was of Lalage singing,
A wolf in the thick of the deep Sabine forest
Met, and straight fled me,

All unarmed though I was ; yet so deadly a monster
Warlike Daunia ne’er bred in her wide acorned forests,
Nor the thirst-raging nurse of the lion—swart Juba’s
African sand-realm.

Place me lone in the sterile wastes, where not a leaflet
Ever bursts into bloom in the breezes of summer ;
Sunless side of the world, which the grim air oppresses,
Mist-clad and ice-bound ;

Place me lone where the earth is denied to man’s dwelling
All so near to its breast glows the car of the day-god ;
And I still should love Lalage—her the sweet-smiling,
Her the sweet-talking.*

* “Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.”

If I might have allowed myself to expand the literal words of the original into what seems to me the sense implied by the poet, I should have proposed to translate the lines thus :—

“I still should love Lalage—*see her*, sweet smiling,
Hear her, sweet talking.”

For I take it that Horace does not merely mean that he would still love Lalage “sweetly smiling” and “sweetly talking”—an assurance which seems in itself to belong to a school of poetry vulgarly called namby-pamby—but rather that, however solitary, still, and lifeless be the place to which he might be transported, he would still be so true to her image, that in the

ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOË.

This ode has the appearance of being imitated, though but slightly, from a fragment in Anacreon preserved in "Athenæus," ix. p. 396. But it is not the less an illustration of the native grace with which Horace invests his more trivial compositions.

Like a fawn dost thou fly from me, Chloë,
 Like a fawn that, astray on the hill-tops,
 Her shy mother misses and seeks,
 Vaguely scared by the breeze and the forest.

Shudders Spring,* newly born, thro' quick leaflets?
 Slips the green lizard stirring a bramble!
 She is seized with a panic of fear,
 And her knees and her heart are one tremble.

Nay, but not as a merciless tiger,
 Or an African lion I chase thee;
 Ah! cling to a mother no more,
 When thy girlhood is ripe for a lover.

solitude he would see her sweetly smiling, and amidst the silence hear her sweetly talking. So Constance, in Shakespeare, says:—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in her bed, walks up and down with me,
 Puts on her pretty looks, repeats her words."

* Munro, though preserving "veris" in the text, argues (Introduction, p. xxi.) in favour of the reading *veris*, commended by Bentley and some earlier commentators. The main reason for his preference is, "that the advent of Spring must mean when the *genitabilis aura Favoni* begins to blow freshly and steadily; that is, on some day in the month of February: but in the Italian forests the lightly moving leaves come almost, or quite, as late as in the English, and the zephyr blowing steadily for days together would be the last thing to startle a fawn."

This criticism is founded on nice observation of details in external nature, but I do not think such nicety of observation is a characteristic of Horace. The simile itself of the fawn is rather a proof of the contrary; for the fawn just missing her dam is by no means of an age to be wooed, nor does she attract the courtship of the male till she has parted company with the mother altogether, and is mingling with the other does.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL ON THE DEATH OF QUINCTILIUS VARUS.

Quinctilius died A.U.C. 730. Little is known of him beyond the mention with which he is immortalised by Horace. In the *Ars Poetica* he is spoken of as dead, and as having been a frank and judiciously severe critic, who, if you trusted your verses to him, would bid you correct this and that. If you replied you could not do better—that you had tried twice or thrice in vain—he would tell you to strike the lines out altogether, and put them anew on the forge. This character as critic is in harmony with the character here assigned to him as man (verses 7, 8).

What shame or what restraint unto the yearning
For one so loved? Music attuned to sorrow
Lead * thou, Melpomene, to whom the Father
Gave liquid voice and lyre.

So, the eternal slumber clasps Quinctilius,
Whose equal when shall shame-faced sense of Honour,
Incorrupt Faith, of Justice the twin sister,
Or Truth disguiseless, find?

By many a good man wept, he died;—no mourner
Wept with tears sadder than thine own, O Virgil!
Pious, alas, in vain! thou redemandest
Quinctilius from the gods;

Not on such terms they lent him!—Were thy harp-strings
Blander than those by which the Thracian Orpheus
Charmed listening forests, never flows the life-blood
Back to the phantom form.

Which Hermes, not reopening Fate's closed portal
At human prayer, amid the dark flock shepherds
With ghastly rod. Hard! yet still Patience lightens
That which admits no cure.

* "Præcipe"—"lead."—YONGE.

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

Little need be said about this poem. The reader has been already warned against the assumption that in the application of names, evidently fictitious, to poems of this kind, the same person is designated by the same name. It is obviously too absurd to suppose that the blooming Lydia of the 13th Ode in this very book is identical with the faded hag lampooned in the following ode. The poem itself is, with others of the same kind, only valuable as illustrative of Horace's character on its urban or town-bred side—its combination of the man of a fashionable world when at Rome, and of the solitary poet wrapped in his fancies, and meditating his art amidst Sabine woods or in the watered valleys of Tibur. In the translation, the third and fourth stanzas of the original are omitted. In these omitted stanzas the taste is sufficiently bad to vitiate the poetry. Horace never writes worse than when he is cynical. Cynicism was in him a spurious affectation, contrary to his genuine nature, which was singularly susceptible to amiable, graceful, generous, and noble impressions of man and of life.

More rarely now shake thy closed windows
 With quick knocks of petulant gallants,—
 They break not thy sleep; to thy threshold
 Fondly the door clings

Once turning so glib on its hinges.
 Thou hear'st less and less, "Lydia, sleep'st thou?
 'Tis I—all night long for thee dying—
 I thine own lover!"

* * * * *

Now thou whin'st that this new generation
 Likes but young shoots of ivy and myrtle,
 And dedicates dry leaves to Hebrus *
 Winter's cold comrade?

ODE XXVI.

TO L. ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Horace addresses this same Lamia again, Lib. III. Ode xviii. Lamia must have been very young when this ode was written, the date of which is to be guessed from the reference to Tiridates and the Parthian disturbances.

* "Hebro"—a river in Thrace: as we should say, "to the north pole."

Assuming with Orelli, Macleane, and others, that it was composed A. U. C. 729, just before Tiridates fled from his kingdom, Lamia survived fifty-seven years, dying A. U. C. 786 (Tac. Ann. vi. 27).

I, the friend of the Muses, all fear and all sorrow
Will consign to wild winds as a freight for Crete's ocean ;
I, the one man who feels himself safe,
Whatever king reigns at the Pole—

Whatever the cause that appals Tiridates.
Muse, thou sweetener of Life, haunting hill-tops Pimpleian,
Whose delight is in founts ever pure,
Weave the blooms opened most to the sun—

O weave for the brows of my Lamia the garland :
Nought my praise without thee. Let thyself and thy sisters
Make him sacred from Time by the harp
Heard at Lesbos ; but new be its strings.

ODE XXVII.

TO BOON COMPANIONS.

In this poem, as in others of a convivial nature, Horace transports himself as it were into the midst of the company, and imparts an air of reality to an imaginary scene, so that it seems as if actually an *improptu*.

Brawl and fight over cups which were born but for pleasure*

Is the custom in Thrace. Out on manners barbaric,
Do not put modest Bacchus to shame
By the scandal of bloody affrays.

In what strange want of keeping with wine-cups and lustres
Are the dirks of the Mede. Hush that infamous clamour,
Be quiet ! Companions ! seats—seats !
Lean in peace on prest elbows again !

Do you wish me to share a Falernian so doughty ?
Well then, let the young brother of Locrian Megilla
Reveal by what wound, by what shaft
He is smitten and dies—happy boy.

* “*Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis.*” “*Natis*”—“born,” as if made by nature, and destined exclusively for that purpose.—ORELLI.

What, refuse? tut! I drink on no other condition,
 Come, no matter what Venus may conquer thee—blush not,
 For we know that thy sins in that way
 Must be always high-bred and refined.

Nay, thy secret is safe in these faithful ears whispered,
 Ha! indeed luckless wretch! whirled in what a Charybdis!
 How I pity thy struggles, O youth,
 Thou, so worthy less dismal a flame!

O what witch or, with potions Thessalian, what wizard—
 Nay, what God could avail from such coils to release thee?
 From that triple Chimæra's embrace
 Scarce could Pegasus carry thee off.

ODE XXVIII.

ARCHYTAS.

No ode in Horace has been more subjected than this one to the erudite ingenuity of conflicting commentators; nor are the questions at issue ever likely to find a solution in which all critics will be contented to agree.

The earlier commentators took for granted that the ode was composed as a dialogue between the ghost of Archytas and a voyager. The voyager, landing on the shore of Matinus, finds there the unburied bones of Archytas, and indulges in a sarcastic soliloquy, which ends either at verse 6, verse 16, verse 20, or, as Maclean was once of opinion, in the middle of verse 15—

“Sed omnes una manet nox.”

Two other theories have been started, by both of which Archytas is got rid of altogether. According to the first theory, the moralising voyager continues his reflections over the grave of the great geometrician, till (whether at verse 15, 16, or 20) the ghost, not of Archytas, but of another, whose bones are bleaching on the sand, rises up, accosts him, and prays to be sprinkled with the dust that may serve for burial and fit him for the Styx.

The second theory, favoured by Maclean, and supported by Mr. Long, dispenses not only with Archytas, but with the notion of dialogue. According to this conjecture, the whole poem is assigned to the ghost of a shipwrecked and unburied man, who moralises over Archytas and the certainty of death, &c., till, seeing a living sailor approach, he asks for burial. This supposition, the simplest in itself, and sanctioned by great critical authorities, appears to be gaining a more general, if recent, assent with scholars than any other hypothesis—and, after much consideration, I have adopted it in my version. If the poem is, however, to be considered a dialogue, I should not agree with Maclean in placing the division at verse 15,* but at

* I believe that most critics are now agreed that if the poem be a

verse 20—"Me quoque devexi," &c. The very abruptness of the interposition of the ghost at that line, which has been considered by many critics objectionably harsh, appears to me a special merit. The ghost, commencing his appeal at that verse, goes at once to the purpose. He, being dead, has no need to say that all must die; but, contenting himself with briefly informing the voyager that he has been drowned, hastens to implore the handfuls of dust which suffice for burial. That it is not Archytas himself who speaks, whether in monologue or dialogue, is, I think, made perfectly apparent by the second and third verses of the ode—

"Mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
Munera,"

which I agree with Macleane in considering clearly to intimate that the body of Archytas has already received that which he is supposed so earnestly to pray for. "For," thus continues this judicious scholar, "though many, I am aware, get over this difficulty by supposing 'cohibent munera' to mean that the *want* of the scanty gift of a little earth was keeping him back from his rest, I do not see how the words will bear that sense; nor can I translate 'cohibent' with Dillenburger and others as if it was meant that his body occupied only a small space on the surface of the ground. The words can only mean that he was under the sand, whether partially or otherwise, and in either case he could not require dust to be cast three times on him."—MACLEANE, "Introduction to Ode xxviii. Lib. I."

The conjecture of Lübker and others that Horace is supposing himself to be a ghost drowned off Palinurus, is too far-fetched and fantastic for serious refutation. For these and other points in controversy the reader is referred to Orelli's *Excursus* and Macleane's *Introduction* to this ode.

The poem itself is singularly striking. Though abounding in those observations of the brevity of life and the certainty of death in which Horace so frequently indulges, with the half-sportive melancholy of a nature eminently sensuous, the poem has, on the whole, something almost of a Gothic character. The humour takes the sombre colour of the mediæval Dance of Death, and is not without a touch of the genius which speaks in the grave-diggers of Hamlet. It is impossible to fix a date for its composition; but I incline to rank it among Horace's earlier odes, from a certain likeness in its tone and treatment to the 5th Epode, which has also somewhat of the Gothic character in its gloomy earnestness of description, and its employment of the grotesque as an agency of terror.

I concur in the general opinion that the scene is laid at the promontory of Matinus, where Archytas is said to have had his tomb. Macleane sees no occasion for that supposition, and thinks the subject of the ode is more likely to have been suggested at Tarentum than elsewhere. He deems

dialogue the first speaker cannot be interrupted at verse 6, or before verse 15. The lines 14, 15—

"Judice te non sordidus auctor
Naturæ verique,"

seem to settle that question. Archytas, if commencing at line 16, could scarcely appeal to the sailor as a judge of the learning of Pythagoras, while the first speaker would very appropriately say that Archytas was a judge of it. The attempt to get over this difficulty by corrupting a text sanctioned by all the MSS., and substituting "me judice" for "te judice," is nowadays rejected by rational commentators, who rightly oppose unauthorised amendments of texts supported by the concurrence of MSS.

"that the words 'Neptuno custode Tarenti' seem to fix the scene, and that it does not appear why a person speaking at Matinus should talk of Neptune particularly as the 'custos Tarenti.'"

I do not see the force of this objection. Neptune was particularly honoured at Tarentum, where he is said to have had a temple, and of which his son Tarus was the mythical founder. On the coins of Tarentum Neptune is represented as the tutelary deity. It would appear, therefore, quite natural that Neptune should be mentioned as the guardian of Tarentum, as Fortune is elsewhere mentioned as the guardian of Antium, without supposing that the person so referring to the deity was in the neighbourhood of the place specially protected; while the length at which Archytas is addressed at the commencement seems to indicate the scene as that in which the philosopher so emphatically selected was buried. Archytas himself was a Greek of Tarentum, which would render yet more appropriate a reference to that city whoever may be supposed to be speaking—the poem having commenced with the address to the shade of the great Tarentian.

Archytas was amongst the most illustrious of the ancient worthies—a general, a statesman, a philosopher, and especially a mathematician. He belonged to the Pythagorean school, but is supposed to have founded a new sect. The alleged inventor of analytical geometry, he is said to have originated the application of mathematics to mechanics, and constructed a flying dove of wood, which was to the myths of the ancients what Roger Bacon's brazen head is to those of the moderns. He is considered to have been a contemporary of Plato, and Aristotle wrote a life of him which is lost.

The metre is the same as in Ode vii., but I have not employed the same measure in the translation, thinking that the spirit of it requires the more elegiac rhythm which I have appropriated to some of the Epodes, and, indeed, to some other of the Odes.

Thee, arch-surveyor of the earth and ocean
And the innumerable sands, Archytas, thee,
Pent in a creeklet margined by Matinus,
The scanty boon of trivial dust keeps close.

What boots it now into the halls of Heaven
To have presumed, and drawn empyreal air,
Ranged through the spheres and with thy mind of mortal
Swept through creation to arrive at death?

The sire of Pelops with the gods did banquet,
And yet he died;—remote into thin air
Vanished, if lingering long, at last Tithonus;
Minos shared Jove's high secrets,—yet he died.

The son of Panthous, though he called to witness*
His ancient buckler and the times of Troy,
That to grim Death he gave but skin and sinew,
Tartarus regains,—and, this time, holds him fast;

* The shield of Euphorbus, son of Panthous (the valiant Trojan who

Yet he of Truth and Nature, in thy judgment,
 Was an authority of no mean rank.
 But one Night waits for all, and one sure pathway
 Trodden by all, and only trodden once.

Some do the Furies to stern Mars exhibit
 On the red stage in which disports his eye;
 The greedy ocean swallows up the sailors;
 Old and young huddled swell the funeral throng:

And not a head * escapes the ruthless hell-queen,
 Me also, Notus,† hurrying on to join
 His comrade setting amidst storm, Orion,
 Plunged into death amid Illyrian waves.

But thou, O sailor, churlishly begrudge not
 A sand-grain to my graveless bones and skull;
 So may whatever the east wind shall threaten
 To waves Hesperian, pass thee harmless by

And waste its wrath upon Venusian forests:
 So from all-righteous Jove and him who guards
 Tarentum's consecrated haven, Neptune,
 Be every profit they can send thee showered.

Think'st thou 'tis nought to doom thy guiltless children
 To dread atonement for their father's wrong?
 Nay, on thyself may fall dire retribution
 And the just laws that give back scorn for scorn.

I'll not be left, with prayers disdained, revengeless,
 No expiation could atone such crime;
 Whate'er thy haste, this task not long delays thee—
 A little dust thrice sprinkled—then away.

wounded Patroclus), was preserved with other trophies in the temple of Juno at or near Mycenæ; and, according to a well-known legend, Pythagoras recognised this shield as that which he had borne when he lived in the person of Euphorbus. The son of Panthous, therefore, means Pythagoras, whom the speaker sarcastically compliments as no mean judge of truth and nature in the opinion of Archytas, who belonged to his school.

* "Nullum sæva caput Proserpina fugit"—in allusion to the lock of hair which, according to the popular superstition, Proserpine cut off from the head of the dying.

† "Me also, Notus," &c. If the poem be supposed a dialogue, it seems to me that this is the place at which the second speaker, as the ghost of an unburied man, suddenly starts up and interposes.—See Introduction.

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

In the 12th Ode of this Book Horace referred to the expedition into Arabia Felix meditated by Augustus, and which was sent from Egypt, A.U.C. 730, under the command of the Governor of Egypt, Ælius Gallus. Many Roman youths were attracted to this expedition by love of adventure and hope of spoil; among others, the Iccius here addressed, who survived to become the peaceful steward to Vispanius Agrippa's estates in Sicily. The good-natured banter on the warlike ardour conceived by a student of philosophy, was probably quite as much enjoyed by Iccius himself as by any one. They who suppose that so well-bred a man of the world as Horace is always insinuating moral reproofs to the friends he publicly addresses, are the only persons likely to agree with the scholiasts that he means gravely to rebuke Iccius for avarice in coveting the wealth of the Arabs.

So, Iccius, thou grudgest their wealth to the Arabs,
 Wouldst war on kings Sheban, as yet never conquered,
 And art sternly preparing the chains
 For the limbs of the terrible Mede?

What virgin barbaric shall serve thee as handmaid,
 Her betrothed being laid in the dust by thy falchion?
 And what page, born and bred in a court,
 Nor untaught Seric arrows to launch

From a bow-string paternal, with locks sleek and perfumed,
 Shall attend at thy feasts, and replenish thy goblets?
 Who that rivers can flow to their founts,
 And the Tiber runs back, will deny,

If the sage of a promise so rare can surrender
 All that priceless collection, the works of Panætius,
 And the school in which Socrates taught,
 In exchange for a Spanish coat-mail?

ODE XXX.

VENUS INVOKED TO GLYCERA'S FANE.

This ode has the air of a complimentary copy of verses to some fair freed-woman who had fitted up a pretty fane to Venus, probably in the grotto, or antrum, attached to her residence.

Venus, O queen of Cnidos and of Paphos,
 Spurn thy loved Cyprus—here transfer thy presence :
 Decked is the fane to which, with incense lavish,
 Glycera calls thee.

Bring with thee, glowing rosy red, the Boy-god,
 Nymphs and loose-girdled Graces, and—if wanting
 Thee, wanting charm—bring Youth, nor let persuasive *
 Mercury fail us.

ODE XXXI.

PRAYER TO APOLLO.

After the battle of Actium, Augustus, in commencing the task of social reformer, restored the ancient temples and built new ones. Amongst the latter, A.U.C. 726, he dedicated to Apollo a temple, with a library attached to it, on the Palatine. This charming poem expresses the poet's private supplication to the god thus newly installed.

What demands at Apollo's new temple the poet ?
 For what prays he outpouring new wine in libation ?
 Not fertile Sardinia's rich sheaves,
 Not sunny Calabria's fair herds ;

Neither prays he for gold, nor the ivory of Indus,
 Nor the meadows whose margin the calm-flowing Liris
 Eats into with murmurless wave.
 Let those on whom Fortune bestows

So luxurious a grape, prune the vine-trees of Cales,
 And let trade's wealthy magnate exchange for the vintage
 Spiced cargoes of Syria, and drain
 Cups † sculptured for pontiffs in gold ;

Dear, indeed, to the gods must be he who revisits
 Twice and thrice every year the Atlantic, unpunished :
 To me for a feast, mallows light,
 And endives and olives suffice.

* For the addition of this explanatory epithet, see the notes of Orelli and Dillenburger.

† "Culullis," sculptured cups used by the pontiffs and Vestal virgins in the sacred festivals.

Give me health in myself to enjoy the things granted,
 O thou son of Latona ; sound mind in sound body ;
 Keep mine age free from all that degrades,
 And let it not fail of the lyre.

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

This short invocation to his lyre has the air of a prelude to some meditated poem of greater importance. Several of the Manuscripts commence "Poscimus," which reading Bentley adopts. The modern editors agree in preferring "Poscimus," which has more of the outburst of song, and renders the poem more directly an address to the lyre.

We are summoned. If e'er, under shadow sequestered,
 Has sweet dalliance with thee in light moments of leisure
 Given birth to a something which lives, and may, haply,
 Live in years later,

Rouse thee now, and discourse in the strains of the Roman,
 Vocal shell, first attuned by the patriot of Lesbos,
 Who, in war though so fierce, yet in battle, or mooring
 On the wet sea-sand

His bark, tempest-tossed, chaunted Liber, the Muses,
 Smiling Venus, the Boy ever clinging beside her,
 And, adorned by dark locks and by eyes of dark lustre,
 Beautiful Lycus.

O thou grace of Apollo, O charm in Jove's banquets,
 Holy shell, dulcet solace of labour and sorrow,
 O respond to my greeting, when I, with rite solemn,
 Duly invoke thee.

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

This poem is addressed to the most touching of all the Latin elegiac poets, Tibullus. Various but not satisfactory attempts have been made to identify Glycera with one of the two mistresses, Nemesis and Delia, celebrated in Tibullus's extant elegies.

Nay, Albius, my friend, set some bounds to thy sorrow,
 Let not this ruthless Glycera haunt thee for ever,
 Nor, if in her false eyes a younger outshine thee,
 Such heart-broken elegies dole.

With passion for Cyrus glows low-browed Lycoris,*
 Cyrus swerving to Pholoë meets with rough usage:
 When with wolves of Apulia the roe has her consort,
 With that sinner Pholoë shall sin.

'Tis ever the way thus with Venus—it charms her
 To mate those that match not in mind nor in person;
 In jest to her yoke she compels the wrong couples;
 Alas! cruel jest, brazen yoke!

Myself, when a far better love came to woo me,
 Myrtale the slave-born detained in fond fetters;
 And Hadria can fret not the bay of Tarentum
 So sorely as she fretted me.

ODE XXXIV.

TO HIMSELF.

In this poem Horace appears to recant the Epicurean doctrine, which referred to secondary causes, and not to the providential agency of Divine power, the government of the universe, and which he professed, *Sat. I. v. 101*, and *Epp. I. iv. 16*. But, in fact, he candidly acknowledges his own inconsistency in all such matters, and is Stoic or Epicurean by fits and starts. In this ode he evidently connects the phenomenon of thunder in a serene sky with the sudden revolutions of fortune. The concluding verses are generally held to refer to the Parthian revolution, in which power was

* "*Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida.*" So again, "*Nigros angusta fronte capillos.*"—*Epp. I. vii. 26*: a low forehead seems to have long remained in fashion. Petronius, c. 126, in describing a beautiful woman, says, "*Frons minima et quæ apices capillorum retro flexerat.*" Low foreheads came into fashion again at the close of the last century with the French Republic. Both with men and women the hair was then brought down to the very eyebrow, as may be seen in the portraits of that time. Yet the Greek sculptors in the purer age of art did not give low foreheads to their ideal images of beauty, and it is difficult to guess why an intellectual people like the Romans should have admired a peculiarity fatal to all frank and noble expression of the human countenance. The Roman ladies were accustomed to hide their foreheads by a bandage, elegantly called "*nimbus*"—*i.e.*, the cloud which accompanied the appearance of the celestials.

transferred now from Phraates to Tiridates, and again from Tiridates back to Phraates. In the last stanza—

“Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet”—

it was suggested in the “Cambridge Philological Museum,” May, 1832, that Horace had in his mind the legend of the eagle taking off the cap of Tarquinius. For the convenience of the general reader the story may be briefly thus told. Demaratus, one of the Bacchiadae of Corinth, flying from his native city when Cypselus destroyed the power of that aristocratic order, settled at Tarquinii, in Etruria, and married an Etruscan wife. His son Lucumo succeeded to his wealth, and married Tanaquil, of one of the noblest families in Tarquinii, but being, as a stranger, excluded from state offices, Lucumo, urged by his wife, resolved to remove to Rome. Just as he and his procession reached the Janiculum, within sight of Rome, an eagle seized his cap, soared with it to a great height—“cum magno clangore”—and then replaced it on his head. Tanaquil predicted to him the highest honours from this omen, and Lucumo, who assumed the name of Tarquinius Priscus, ultimately obtained the Roman throne. Maclean, in referring to the legend, and to the reference to Phraates, thinks it not probable that Horace meant to allude to both these historical facts together, and is therefore inclined to suppose that he intended neither one nor the other. His objection does not impress me. Nothing is more probable than that Horace should exemplify the sudden act of fortune in the Parthian revolution and render his allusion more lively by a metaphor borrowed from a familiar Roman myth.

Worshipper rare and niggard of the gods,
While led astray, in the Fool's wisdom versed
Now back I shift the sail,
Forced in the courses left behind to steer.

For not, as wont, disparting serried cloud
With fiery flash, but through pure azure, drove
Of late Diespiter
His thundering coursers and his winged car ;

Wherewith the fixed earth and the vagrant streams—
Wherewith the Styx and horror-breathing realms
Of rayless Tænarus, shook—
Shook the world's end on Atlas. A god reigns,

Potent the high with low to interchange,
Bid bright orbs wane, and those obscure come forth ;
Shrill-sounding,* Fortune swoops—
Here snatches, there exultant drops, a crown.

* “Cum stridore acuto.” These words (if Horace really had, here, the Tarquinian legend in his mind) are very suitable to the swoop of the eagle, descriptive alike of the noise of its scream and the shrilly whirr of its wings.

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

Macleane places the date of this ode A.U.C. 728, when Augustus was meditating an expedition against the Britons and another against the Arabs. Fortune is here distinguished from Necessity, and recognised as a Divine Intelligence, rather with the attributes of Providence than those of Fate. As Fortune had her oldest temples in Rome, so she seems to have been the last goddess whose worship was deserted by the Roman emperors.

Goddess, who o'er thine own loved* Antium reignest
 Potent alike to raise aloft the mortal
 From life's last mean degree,
 Or change his haughtiest triumphs into graves ;—

To thee the earth's poor tiller prays imploring—
 To thee, Queen-lady of the deeps, whoever
 Cuts with Bithynian keel
 A passing furrow in Carpathian seas.†

Thee Dacian rude—thee Scythia's vagrant nomad‡—
 Thee states and races—thee Rome's haughty children—
 Thee purple tyrants dread,
 And the pale mothers of Barbarian kings,

Lest thou spurn down with scornful foot the pillar
 Whereon rest States ;§ lest all, from arms yet ling'ring,
 To arms some madding crowd
 Rouse with the shout to which an empire falls.

* "Gratum—Antium." Orelli prefers interpreting "gratum" as "dilectum," "dear to the goddess," rather than as "amœnum," or "pleasant."

† i. e., whether man ploughs earth or sea he equally prays to Fortune.

‡ "Profugi Scythiæ." The epithet "profugi" applies to the nomad character of the Scyth, not to simulated flights as those of the Parthian cavalry.

§ "Stantem columnam." The standing column was the emblem of fixity and firmness. "In ancient monuments," says Dillenburger, "the column is thus assigned to images of Peace, Security, Felicity." Horace naturally writes in the spirit of his land and age in deprecating civil tumult as the most formidable agency for the overthrow of the column and the destruction of government and order.

Thee doth untamed Necessity for ever
 Stalk fierce before ;—the ship nails and the wedges
 Bearing in grasp of bronze,
 Which lacks nor molten lead nor stedfast clamp.*

But thee Hope follows, and rare Faith, the white-robed,
 True to thee, ev'n when thou thyself art altered,
 And from the homes of Power
 Passest away, in mourning weeds, a foe ;

While the false herd, the parasite, the harlot,
 Shrink back : their love is dried up with the wine-cask,
 Their lips reject its lees ;
 Their necks will halve no yoke that Sorrow draws.

Guard Cæsar, seeking on earth's verge the Briton,—
 Guard Rome's young swarm of warriors on the wing,
 Where they alight, to awe
 The rebel East and Araby's red sea.

Shame for the scars, the guilt, the blood of brothers !
 What have we shunned—we, the hard Age of Iron ?
 What left undared of crime ?
 What youthful hand has fear of heaven restrained,

Where stands an altar sacred from its rapine ?
 Dread goddess,—steel made blunt in impious battles
 On anvils new reforge ;
 And turn its edge on Arab and on Scyth !

* Most recent commentators of authority agree in rejecting the notion of the commentator in Cruquius, adopted by earlier editors, that "uncus" and "plumbum" are used here as emblems of punishment and crime, and consider them as emblems of tenacity and fixity of purpose. Maclean observes that the metaphor of molten lead for strengthening buildings is employed by Euripides, "Androm.," 267. Herder suggests that the whole picture of Necessity and her attributes is taken from some picture in the temple of Fortune at Antium.

ODE XXXVI.

ON NUMIDA'S RETURN FROM SPAIN.

Horace congratulates Numida on his return from Spain—probably from the army with Augustus, A.U.C. 730. Who Numida was can be only matter of conjecture.

Repay both with incense and harp-string,
 Repay with the heifer's blood due, Numida's guardians
 divine;
 Safe back from Hesperia the farthest,
 Now among loving friends shares he many a brotherly
 kiss,

But the portion of Lamia is largest;
 Mindful of childhood subjected to the same monarch's*
 control,
 And how they both, donning the toga,
 Leapt into manhood together. Let not this happy day
 lack

Its record of white by the Crete stone:
 Be there no stint to the wine-cask, be there no pause
 to the feet,

Blithe in the bound of such measure
 Salii on holidays dance to! Bassus shall gallantly vie

With Damalis, queen of she-topers,
 Toss off his cup with a swallow like the grand drinkers
 of Thrace; †

And banquets shall want not the roses,
 Garlands of parsley the long-lived, garlands of lilies the
 brief.

All eyes shall for Damalis languish;
 But yet more encircling than ivy, climbing its way as
 it winds,
 Shall Damalis, proof to their glances,
 Turning aside from the old loves, cling root and branch
 to the new.

* "Memor actæ non alio rege puertia." Most modern scholars by "rege" understand schoolmaster.

† "Thracia amystide." "Amystis" was a deep draught taken without drawing breath.

ODE XXXVII.

ON THE FALL OF CLEOPATRA.

In this ode Horace conspicuously manifests his unrivalled **art** of combining terseness and completeness. The animated rapidity with which the images succeed each other does not render them less distinct. The three pictures of Cleopatra constitute the action of a drama; her insolent power with its Oriental surroundings,—her flight and fall,—her undaunted death. And while, with his inherent manliness of sentiment, Horace compels admiration for the foe who defrauds the victor of his triumph, and dies a queen, that very generosity of his serves more to justify the joyous exultation with which the poem commences, since it implies the determined nature of the great enemy from whom Rome is delivered. The date of the poem is sufficiently clear. M. Tullius Cicero, son of the orator, brought to Rome the news of the taking of Alexandria, and the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra, Sept. A.U.C. 724, suggesting this exhortation to private and public rejoicings. It will be observed here, as elsewhere, how Horace avoids naming Mark Antony. Two lines from a fragment of Alæus are cited by commentators to show that the commencement of this ode is imitated from them. They rather serve to show with what sedulous avoidance of servility Horace does imitate, and how thoroughly Roman the whole treatment of his poem is, whatever be the lines to which a Greek poem may furnish hint and suggestion.

Now is the time, companions, for carousal,
 Free now the foot to strike the earth in dances,
 For Salian banquets * now
 Deckt be the couches on which gods repose.

Sinful before were Cæcuban wines time-mellowed,
 While for the Capitol the crash of ruin—
 While for the life of Rome—
 Funereal fates, the madding Queen prepared,

Girt with a herd obscene of tainted outcasts,
 Fooled by false hope and drunken with sweet Fortune;
 Tamer her frenzy grew
 When from the flames slunk, scarcely slunk, one
 ship!

* The Salii were the priests of Mars Gradivus, twelve in number. Their habitual festival was in March, when they paraded the city in their official robes, carrying with them the twelve sacred shields of Mars, which they struck with rods, keeping time to the stroke by song and dance. At the conclusion of the festival the Salii partook of a banquet, proverbial for its magnificence, in the temple of Mars. "Pulvinaria" are the couches on which the statues were placed, as if the gods themselves were banqueters.

Speeding to change to real forms of terror
 Vain dreams by Mareotic fumes * engendered,
 Fast on her hurrying flight
 From Latian coasts press Cæsar's rapid oars.

As on the cowering dove descends the falcon,
 As the keen hunter thro' the snows of Hæmus
 Chases the hare, he comes
 To bind in chains this fatal Prodigy.

For chains too nobly born, she dies and spurns them,—
 She from no sword recoils with woman shudder,—
 She crowds no sail to shores
 Where life might save itself and lurk obscure.

Brave to face fallen grandeur and void palace
 With look serene ; brave to provoke the serpents
 That, where they fixed, their fangs
 Her form might readiest drink the poison in ;

Sterner thro' death deliberate, she defrauded
 The fierce Liburnians† of the victor's triumph ;
 She, forsooth, captive, She !
 No, the grand woman to the last was Queen !

ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS WINE-SERVER.

Boy, I detest the pomp of Persic fashions—
 Coronals wreathed with linden rind‡ displease me ;
 Cease to explore each nook for some belated
 Rose of the autumn.

* "Mentemque lymphatam Mareotico." "Lymphatam" denotes panic or visionary terrors ("lymphata somnia"). "Lympha" and "nympha," as Macleane observes, are the same word. Nympholepsy was the madness occasioned by the sight of the nymph flashing up from the fountain, scaring the traveller out of his senses; and "lymphatus" literally means "driven mad by the glare of water." Horace ascribes this effect to the fumes, or perhaps rather the sparkle, of the Mareotic wine, produced on the banks of Lake Mareotis, in the neighbourhood of Alexandria.

† "Liburnians," light swift-sailing vessels, which constituted a chief portion of Augustus's fleet at Actium.

‡ "Philyra," the rind of the lime-tree used in elaborate garlands.

Weave with plain myrtle nothing else, I bid thee ;
Thee not, in serving, misbecomes the myrtle,
Me not, in drinking, underneath the trellised
Bowery vine-leaves.*

* "Sub arta vite"—"arta," "close," "embowering;" as in the trellised vine-arbours still common in Italy and parts of Germany.

BOOK II.—ODE I.

TO ASINIUS POLLIO.

Pollio was among Cæsar's generals when he crossed the Rubicon, and at the battle of Pharsalia. After Cæsar's death he joined M. Antony, and sided with him in the Perusian war. He remained neutral after the battle of Actium. Indeed he retired from an active share in public life after his victorious expedition against the Parthini, an Illyrian people bordering on Dalmatia, and it is to that victory which Horace refers as the "Dalmatian triumph." He then gave himself up to literature. His tragedies, of which there are no remains, are highly praised by Virgil, who says they were worthy of Sophocles. Porphyry says he was the only one of his time who could write tragedy well. But the author of the "*Dialog. de Oratoribus*" asserts that both as a tragic writer and an orator his style was hard and dry. His History appears to have been in seventeen books; and it is after having heard him read a part of it (he is said to have introduced at Rome the custom of such readings to assemblies, more or less familiar, before publication) that we may suppose Horace to have written the ode, of which the date is uncertain. Pollio appears to have been one of the most truly illustrious, and certainly one of the most accomplished, personages of the Augustan era.

The civil feuds which from Metellus date,
The causes, errors, conduct of the war,
 Fortune's capricious sport,
 The fatal friendships of august allies,

And arms yet crusted with inextinguishable blood;—
Such work is risked upon a perilous die;
 Thou tread'st on smouldering fires,
 By the false lava heaped on them concealed.

Let for awhile the tragic Muse forsake
Her stage, till thou set forth the tale of Rome,
 Then the grand gift of song,
 With the Cecropian buskin, reassume,

Pollio, in forum and in senate famed,
Grief's bold defender, counsel's thoughtful guide,
 For whom the laurel, won
 In fields Dalmatian, blooms forth ever green.

Now, now, thou strik'st the ear with murmurous threat
 From choral horns—now the loud clarions blare;
 Lightnings from armour flashed,
 Daunt charging war-steeds * and the looks of men!

Now, now, I seem to hear the mighty chiefs,
 Soiled with the grime of no dishonouring dust,
 And see all earth subdued,
 Save the intrepid soul of Cato. Foiled

Of her revenge, Juno, with all the gods,
 Quitting the Afric they had loved in vain,
 Back to Jugurtha's shade
 Brought funeral victims in his conqueror's sons.

What field, made fertile by the Roman's gore,
 Attests not impious wars by ghastly mounds,
 And by the crash, borne far
 To Median ears, or falling Italy?

What gulf, what stream, has boomed not with the wail
 Of dismal battle-storms? What sea has hues
 From Daunian carnage pure,
 What land has lacked the tribute of our blood?

Hush, wayward Muse, nor, playful strains laid by,
 Strive to recast the Cean's † dirge-like hymn;
 In Dionæan grot,
 With me, seek measures tuned to lighter quill.

ODE II.

TO C. SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS, GRAND-NEPHEW OF THE HISTORIAN.

Many years before this ode, which is assigned to A.U.C. 730, Horace satirises the frailties of this personage, who was then a young man (Sat. I.

* "Fugaces terret equos." "Fugaces" here does not mean steeds in flight, but rather in charge—it applies to their swiftness.—PORPHYRIUS. Orelli adopts that interpretation.

† "Cean—neniæ." Horace does not confine this word to the usual sense of a dirge; but it suits the quality of Simonides's poetry, which was of a severe and melancholy cast.—MACLEANE.

ii. 48). He was now second only to Mæcenas in the favour of Augustus, to whom he subsequently became the chief adviser. Tacitus gives a vigorous sketch of his character. He died A.D. 20.

Yes, Sallust, scorn the mere inactive metal;
There is no lustre of itself in silver,
While niggard earth conceals; from temperate usage
Comes its smooth polish.

Known by the heart of father for his brethren,
Time's latest age shall hear of Procleius.*
Him shall uplift, and on no waxen pinion,
Fame, the survivor.

Wider thy realm, a greedy soul subjected,
Than if to Libya joined the farthest Gades,
And either Carthage † to thy single service
Ministered riches.

The direful dropsy feeds itself, increasing;
To expel the thirst we must expel the causes,
And healthier blood must chase the watery languor
From the wan body.

Virtue, dissentient from the vulgar judgment,
Strikes from the list of happy men Phraates,
Ev'n when restored to the great throne of Cyrus;
Virtue unteaches

Faith in false doctrines mouthed out by the many,
Holding safe only *his* realm, crown, and laurel,
Whose sight nor blinks, nor swerves, though, heaped
before it,
Shine the world's treasures.

* Procleius, a friend and near connection of Mæcenas, with whom he is coupled by Juvenal (S. vii. 94) as a patron of letters, is said by the scholiasts to have divided his fortune with his brothers Licinius Murena, and Fannius Cæpio, whose property had been despoiled in the civil wars. It is doubted, however, whether Licinius was his brother or cousin, and whether Cæpio was related to him. Procleius was among the Roman knights on whom Augustus thought of bestowing Julia in marriage.

† "Either Carthage"—viz., the African Carthage and her colonies in Spain.

ODE III.

TO Q. DELLIUS.

The commentator in Cruquius has Gellius for Dellius, assuming the person addressed to be L. Gellius Poplicola, brother of Messalla, the famous orator. But the common supposition is that the poem is addressed to Q. Dellius, to whose changeful and adventurous life its admonitions would be very appropriate. Dellius sided first with Dolabella, then went over to Cassius, then to M. Antony and Cleopatra. To Cleopatra he is said to have dictated the advice that she should rather subjugate M. Antony than be subjugated by him. Not long before the battle of Actium, he gave some offence to Cleopatra, probably more serious than that which has been assigned—viz., a sarcasm on the meagreness of her entertainments—and deserted Antony for Augustus, by whom he was cordially received. Like so many other public men of his time he cultivated literature, and wrote a history (now lost) of the war against the Parthians, in which he served under Antony. A terse sketch of his versatile career will be found in Estré, "*Pros. Horat.*," 314.

With a mind undisturbed take life's good and life's evil,
Temper grief from despair, temper joy from vainglory;
For, through each mortal change, equal mind,
O my Dellius, befits mortal-born,

Whether all that is left thee of life be but trouble,
Or, reclined at thine ease amid grassy recesses,
Thy Falernian, the choicest, records
How serenely the holidays glide.

Say, for what do vast pine and pale poplar commingle
Friendly boughs that invite to their welcoming shadow? *
Wherefore struggles and murmurs the rill
Stayed from flight by a curve in the shore? †

* "The oldest and best MSS. have 'quo,' which signifies 'to what purpose;' as, '*Quo mihi fortunam, si non conceditur uti?*' (*Epp. I. v. 12*). He seems to mean, 'What were the stream and the cool shade given for? Bring out the wine and let us drink.'"—MACLEANE. Yonge, in his notes, cites parallels from English poets with the elegance of taste which characterises his edition.

† "*Laborat—trepidare.*" The stream struggles or labours to hurry on (*trepidare*), being obstructed by the curve in the bank (*obliquo rivo*), from which delay comes its pleasant murmur."—ORELLI.

Thither, lo, bid them bring thee the wine and the per-
fumes,
And the blooms of the pleasant rose dying too swiftly ;
While thy fortune, and youth,* and the woof
Of the Three Fatal Sisters allow.

Woodlands dearly amassed † round the home proudly
buidled,
Stately villa with walls laved by Tiber's dun waters,
Thou must quit ; and the wealth piled on high
Shall become the delight of thine heir.

For no victim has Death either preference or pity,
Be thy race from the king who first reigned o'er the
Argive,
Or thy father a beggar, thy roof
Yonder sky,—'tis the same to the Grave.

Driven all to that fold ; ‡ in one fatal urn shaken,
Soon or late must leap forth the sure lot for an exile
In the dark passage-boat which comes back
To the sweet native land never more.

ODE IV.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

Xanthias Phoceus is evidently a fictitious designation. Xanthias is a Greek name, and given by Aristophanes to slaves ; and Phoceus characterises the person named as a Phocian. The date of the ode is clearly A.U.C. 729, or the beginning of 730, when Horace, born A.U.C. 689, was just concluding his eighth lustre.

* "Ætas," which Acron translates "youth," an interpretation approved by Estré and Maclean. It more accurately, however, means "the time of life," including every period before that in which old age deadens the sense of such holiday enjoyments. Dellius was not young at the date of this poem ; but, at years more advanced, M. Antony was young enough to enjoy the present hour rather too much.

† "Coemptis saltibus." "Bought up," "extensive properties added together."—YONGE.

‡ "Cogimur." "Gregis instar compellimur"—"we are driven like sheep."—ORELLI.

Love for thy handmaid, Xanthias, need not shame thee :
 Long since the slave Briseïs, with white beauty,
 O'ermastering him who ne'er before had yielded,*
 Conquered Achilles;

So, too, the captive form of fair Tecmessa
 Conquered her captor Telamonian Ajax ;
 And a wronged maiden, in the midst of triumph,
 Fired Agamemnon,

What time had fallen the barbarian forces
 Before the might of the Thessalian victor,
 And Hector's loss made easy to worn Hellas
 Troy's mighty ruin.

How dost thou know but what thy fair-hair'd Phyllis
 May make thee son-in-law to splendid parents ?
 Doubtless she mourns the wrong to race and hearth-gods
 Injured, but regal.

Believe not thy beloved of birth plebeian ;
 A girl so faithful, so averse from lucre,
 Could not be born of an ignoble mother
 Whom thou wouldst blush for.

That lovely face, those arms, those tapering ankles—
 Nay, in my praises never doubt mine honour :
 The virtuous man, who rounds the age of forty,
 Hold unsuspected.

ODE V.

TO GABINIUS.

This poem is designated variously in the MSS. as "Lalage," "To the Lover of Lalage," &c. According to one early MS. (the Zurich), it is inscribed to Gabinius. But even Estré cannot tell us who Gabinius was, though Orelli conjectures him to have been son or grandson to A. Gabinius, Cicero's enemy. The poem is of very general application, and the leading idea is expressed with great elegance and spirit.

* "Insolentem—Achillem." I agree with Yonge in his suggestion that "insolentem" means "not wont to be moved."

Not yet can she bear, with neck supple, the yoke,
 Not yet with another submit to be paired;
 Immature for the duties of mate,
 And the fiery embrace of the bull,

Thine heifer confines all her heart to green fields;
 Now pausing to slake summer heats in the stream,
 Now with steerlings yet younger at play
 Midst the salallows that drip on the shore.

Till ripe, do not long for the fruit of the grape;
 Anon varied Autumn shall deepen its hues,
 And empurple the clusters that now
 Do but pallidly peep from the leaf:

Anon, 'tis thyself she will seek; fervent Time
 Speeds on, adding quick to her youth's crowning flower
 Blooming seasons subtracted from thine;
 Then shall Lalage glow for a spouse:

And then not so lovely the coy Pholoë,
 Nor Chloris resplendent with shoulders of snow,
 As a moon in the stillness of night
 Shining pure on the calm of a sea;

Nor even Cnidian Gyges, whom, placed amid girls,
 No guest the most shrewd could distinguish from them,
 So redundant the flow of his locks,
 And his face so ambiguously fair.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

It is a reasonable conjecture, though nothing more, that this is the same Septimius whom Horace introduces to Tiberius, Ep. l. ix., and whom Augustus mentions in a letter to Horace, preserved in the life attributed to Suetonius. The scholiast in Cruquius says that he was a Roman knight, and had been fellow-soldier with Horace; that a Titius Septimius wrote lyrics and tragedies in the time of Augustus; and there are those who make the Septimius of the ode identical with the Titius of whom Horace speaks in his Epistle to Julius Florus, lib. i. 3, v. 9, et seq. All this is uncertain; not less uncertain is the date at which the ode was composed.

To the world's end thou'dst go with me, Septimius,
View tribes Cantabrian, for our yoke too savage;
And barbarous Syrtes, where the Moorish billow
 Whirls, ever-seething;

No, my Septimius, may mine age close calmly
In that mild Tibur by the Argive founded;
There, tired of ranging lands and seas, and warfare,
 Reach my last limit.

Or if such haven the hard Fates deny me,
Thee will I seek, Galæsus, gentle river,
Dear to flocks skin-clad;* and thy rural kingdom,
 Spartan Phalanthus.†

Out of all earth most smiles to me that corner,
Where the balmed honey yields not to Hymettus,
Where olives vie with those whose silvery verdure
 Gladdens Venafrum;

Where Jove bestows long springs and genial winters,
And Aulon's mount, friend to a fertile Bacchus,
Never has cause the purple of Falernian
 Clusters to envy.

Both thee and me that place, those blessed hill-tops,
Invite; thy tear shall there bedew the relics
Of thy lost poet-friend, while yet there lingers
 Warmth in the ashes.

ODE VII.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

The person addressed in this charming ode must not be confounded with the rich Pompeius Grosphus, to whom the 16th Ode, Book II., is inscribed.

* "Pellitis ovibus." "Pellitis" is supposed by Orelli and others to refer to the hides with which the fleeces of the sheep were protected from thorns and brambles and atmospheric changes.

† Tarentum, of which Phalanthus, the leader of the emigrant Partheniæ, after the first Messenian war, got possession.

Oh, oft with me, in last extremes of peril,*
 Brother in arms, what time our chief was Brutus,—
 Who to thy native gods,
 To skies Italian and the Roman rights,

Hath thee restored,—chief of my friends, Pompeius ?
 With whom how oft has loitering day been broken
 O'er brimm'd cups, our locks
 Flower-crowned, and glistening with Arabian balms !

With thee I shared, in field and flight, Philippi ;—
 Where, not too bravely, left behind my buckler,†
 When Valour's self gave way,
 And tongues that threatened loudest licked the dust.

But me swift Mercury ‡ rapt thro' lines of foemen,
 And bore aloft in cloud, secure but trembling ;
 Thee did the stormy surge
 Into the whirl of battle drag once more.

To Jove, then, give the feast thou ow'st his mercy,
 And rest the limbs with lengthened warfare wearied
 Under my laurel. Come,
 Nor spare yon casks :—they were reserved for thee.

* "Tempus in ultimum"—"in summum vitæ discrimen" (in extremest danger of life). See Catullus, 64, 151—"Supremo in tempore;" et v. 169—"Extremo tempore sæva fors," &c.—ORELLI.

† "Relicta non bene parmula ;
 Cum fracta virtus, et minaces
 Turpe solum tetigere mento."

Horace's modest confession of having left his shield behind him at Philippi has been very harshly perverted into a proof of cowardice—probably the last accusation to which a soldier who had shared with his friend the extreme dangers of Brutus would be fairly subjected. The accusation derived from his own playful reference is confuted by the lines that immediately follow:—When valour was broken, and those who had most menaced touched ground with their chins—*i. e.*, as Orelli construes it, begged for quarter, than which flight itself was more honourable. In fact, Brutus himself advised flight. We much prefer this interpretation to that which would make Horace sneer at those haughty boasters for *being slain*. Horace was the last man to sneer at the soldier who fell bravely in battle, while he has specially singled for contempt the soldier who asks for quarter—(Lib. III. Ode v. l. 36.)

‡ Mercury was the tutelary god of poets, whom, according to astrologers, his planet still favours. In C. iii. 4, 26, Horace ascribes his preservation, not to Mercury, but to the Muses.

Boys, fill the cups—smooth-wide-lipp'd cups of Egypt *—
With lulling Massic that makes Care forgetful ;

Shed balms from amplest shells.

Who parsley fresh and myrtle first will wreathe ?

Ah ! whom will Venus † single for our wine-king ?

As for myself, I will out-drink a Thracian :

Sweet to go mad with joy—

Joy for the friend whom I regain once more !

ODE VIII.

TO BARINE.

Some of the MSS., upon what authority is unknown, prefix *Julia* to *Barine*. Bentley objects to the name as being neither Greek nor Latin. Orelli shrewdly suggests that there were plenty of gay ladies at Rome who were of other nations besides Greece and Rome. The name, however, is very likely invented by Horace himself—as no doubt *Cinara* was—and may possibly be an adaptation from *Bapíros*, a kind of fish. There is not a line in the poem to justify the wild assumption of some commentators that Horace himself was in love with *Barine*, whoever she was. Judging by internal evidence, it seems to me that a real person was certainly thus addressed, and in a tone which to such a person would have been the most exquisite flattery ; and as certainly that the person is not so addressed by a lover.

If for thy vows forsworn the least infliction
Came from the gods ; were one white tooth less pearl-
like,

One very nail less rosy, then, *Barine*,
I might believe thee.

But in proportion as that head perfidious
Thou doom'st to *Orcus*, brighter shines thy beauty,
And grows still more the universal theme of
Youthful adorers.

Clearly with thee it prospers to be perjured :
Oaths “by a mother's urn,” “night's starry silence,”
“All heaven,” “the deathless gods,” obtain thee bless-
ings
Only when broken.

* “*Ciboria*,” cups shaped like the pod of the Egyptian bean. “*Ore superius lato, inferius angusto.*”—ORELLI.

† “*Quem Venus arbitrum dicet bibendi.*” Venus was the highest throw on the dice, *Canis* the lowest.

At all this treason Venus laughs, then ? laugh out
 The very nymphs,* so truthful, and fierce Cupid,
 Sharpening his fiery arrows on a whetstone,
 Red with men's heart-blood.

Meanwhile, new youths grow up beneath thy thralldom;
 Grow up new slaveries ; and the earlier lovers
 Threaten each day to quit thy faithless threshold—
 Threaten, and throng there.

For their raw striplings tremble all the mothers,
 And all the fathers of a thrifty temper ;
 And, as a gale retarding home-bound husbands,†
 Weeping brides fear thee.

ODE IX.

TO C. VALGIUS RUFUS.

(In Consolation.)

This Valgius, of consular rank, appears to have been much esteemed in his time as a poet. He wrote elegies and epigrams, and had even a high claim to the pretensions of an epic poet, according to the author of the "Panegyric on Messala"—

"Est tibi, qui posset magnis se accingere rebus,
 Valgius, æterno propior non alter Homero."

Horace might therefore well call upon him to lay aside his elegiac complaints and sing the triumphs of Augustus. He is said also to have written in prose on the nature of plants, &c. Torrentius endeavours, "nullo argumento," to distinguish between C. Valgius Rufus the consul and prose writer, and T. Valgius Rufus the poet. The Mystes whose loss Valgius deplores must have been a slave, or of servile origin, as the name denotes—not, as Dacier and Sanadon suppose, the son of Valgius.—See Estré, p. 457.

'Tis not always the fields are made rough by the rains,
 'Tis not always the Caspian is harried by storm ;
 Neither is it each month in the year
 That the ice stands inert on the shores of Armenia ;

* "Simplices Nymphæ"—"ab omni fraude alienæ."—ORELLI.

† "Tua ne retardet
 Aura maritos."

There are many conjectures as to the sense of the word "aura" in this passage, for which see Orelli's note. Yonge interprets it "a metaphor for influence."

Nor on lofty Garganus the loud-groaning oaks
 Wrestle, rocked to and fro with the blasts of the
 north,
 Nor the ash-trees droop widowed of leaves.
 O my friend, O my Valgius, shall grief last for
 ever ?

Yet for ever, in strains which we weep at, thy love
 Mourns its Mystes bereaved ; not for thee doth the star
 Which rises at Eve, not for thee when it flies
 From the rush of the Sun, respite love from its
 sorrow.

But the old man, who three generations lived through,
 For Antilochus lost did not mourn all his years ;
 Nor for Troilus, nipped in his bloom,
 Flowed for ever the tears of his parents and sisters.

Wean thy heart then at last from such softening laments,
 Chant we rather fresh trophies our Cæsar has won,
 Linking on, to the nations subdued,
 Bleak Niphates * all ice-locked, the Mede's haughty
 river,

Now submissively humbling the crest of its waves ;
 While the edict of Rome has imprisoned the Scyths
 In the narrow domain of their steppes,
 And the steed of each rider halts reined at the
 borders.

* "Rigidum Niphaten,
 Medumque flumen."

That Niphates was the name of a mountain-range east of the Tigris is certain ; whether there was also a river of that name is much disputed, though Lucan and Juvenal take it for granted. Possibly the Tigris, which, according to Strabo, rises on the mountain-range of Niphates, may be the river here meant. There was a small river called Medus which flowed into the Araxes, but this was too insignificant for the mention Horace makes of the "Medum flumen," even if he knew of its existence ; and most of the later commentators concur in thinking the river thus designated was the Euphrates.

ODE X.

TO LICINIUS.

Licinius Murena was the son of the Murena whom Cicero defended, subsequently adopted by A. Terentius Varro. He was then called A. Terentius Varro Murena. Mæcenæ married his sister; and Horace speaks of him subsequently (C. iii. 19) as one of the College of Augurs. The caution to discretion and moderation contained in this ode has a melancholy interest as that of a foreboding. He was put to death despite the intercession of Mæcenæ and Proculcius, on the charge, whether true or false, of having entered with Fannius Cæpio and others into a conspiracy against Augustus. As his death occurred A.U.C. 732, this ode must have been composed before that date. Dio speaks of the unrestrained license he allowed to his tongue, and his words may have incriminated him more than his actions, the guilt of which Dio leaves doubtful.

Licinius, wouldst thou steer life's wiser voyage,
Neither launch always into deep mid-waters,
Nor hug the shores, and, shrinking from the tempest,
Hazard the quicksand.

He who elects the golden mean of fortune,
Housing life safely, not in sordid hovels
Nor in proud halls, shuns with an equal prudence
Pen'ry and Envy.

Winds rock most oft the pine that tops the forest,
The heaviest crash is that of falling towers,
The spots on earth most stricken by the lightning
Are its high places.

The mind well trained to cope with either fortune,
Fears when Fate favours, hopes when Fate is adverse.
Jove, at his will, brings back deforming winters,
Jove, when he wills it,

Scatters them. Sad days may have happy morrows.
His deadly bow not always bends Apollo,
His hand at times the silent muse awakens
With the sweet harpstring.

In life's sore straits brace and display thy courage.*
Boldness is wisdom then : as wisely timid
When thy sails swell with winds too strongly fav'ring,
Heed, and contract them.

* "*Animosus atque fortis appare*"—not only *be*, but *show thyself*, courageous.

. ODE XI.

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

Who this Hirpinus was we do not know. Orelli considers it probable that he is the Quintius to whom Ep. I. xvi. is addressed. But Maclean observes "that the latter appears to have been younger than the former, whom Horace addresses (v. 15) as if he were a contemporary." But the question is immaterial; for we know no more about the Quintius of the Epistle than the Hirpinus of the Ode.

What the warlike Cantabrian or Scythian,
From ourselves by an ocean parted,
Take it into their heads to devise,
Do not class with the questions that press.

Be not over-much anxious, Hirpinus,
For the things of a life that needs little;
See how Beauty recedes from our side
With her beardless * twin playfellow Youth.

Grizzled Age, dry and sapless, comes chasing
Frolic Loves and the balm of light Slumbers;
Not the same glory lasts to the flower,
Not the same glowing face to the moon:

Why to fathom the counsels eternal
Strain the mind without strength for such labour?
Why not rather, yon plane-tree beneath,
Or this pine, fling us carelessly down,

While we may; letting locks whiten under
Syrian nard and the fragrance of roses?
Drink! Evius dispels eating cares.
Ho! which of you, boys, will assuage

This Falernian in yon running waters?
Which entice that sequestered jade, Lydè,†
With her iv'ry lute, and with her locks,
Like a Spartan maid's, simply knit back?

* "Levis" here means "beardless," as in "Levis Agryeu," Book IV. Ode vi. 28.

† "Quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden?"

It need scarcely be said the word "scortum" is not used here in its most

ODE XII.

TO MÆCENAS.

The Licymnia (or, as the scholiasts spell it, Licinia) celebrated in this ode was most probably Terentia, the wife of Mæcenas; and if so, the poem was evidently written within a few years after their marriage. It is not pleasant to think that the wedded happiness so charmingly described was of brief duration, and that the faults laid to the charge of the lady embittered the life of Mæcenas at its close. Some of the commentators have, however, doubted whether Horace could have ventured to speak so freely, as in the concluding lines, of a Roman matron of rank so illustrious as Terentia, and would therefore assume Licymnia to have been rather the mistress than the wife of Mæcenas. This supposition is incompatible with the description of Licymnia joining in the festivals of Diana; and probably Horace sufficiently preserved such respect to the wife of his patron as the manners of the time required by substituting a feigned name for her own.

Ask not thou to attune to this lute's relaxed numbers
Tales of long wars Numantian, or Hannibal direful,
Or the hues which, bestowed by the life-blood of Carthage,
Incarnadined Sicily's seas;

Or of Lapithæ fell, and the great drunken Centaur;
Or of Earth's giant sons, overborne by Alcides,
Threat'ning perils that shook to its starry foundations
Old Saturn's refulgent abode.

And far better thy prose than my verse, O Mæcenas,
Shall record, in grave story, the battles of Cæsar,
And the necks of the kings who have loftily threatened
His Rome, to pass under her yoke.

Me the Muse has enjoined for the theme of my praises,
The Lady Licymnia—her dulcet-voiced singings,
And the sunshine of eyes that illumine her beauty,
And the loving heart true to thine own.

Graced alike, whether joining at home in the dances,
Or contesting the palm in gay wit's playful skirmish,
Or amid holy sports on the feast-day of Dian,
With virgins entwining the arm.

uncomplimentary sense. "Devium"—"one who lives out of the way," as Ovid, *Heroid.* ii. 118, "Et cecinit mæstum devia carmen avis."—ORELLI, MACLEANE.

Say, for all that Achæmenes boasted of treasure,
 All the wealth which Mygdonia gave Phrygia in tribute,
 All the stores of all Araby—say, wouldst thou barter
 One lock of Licymnia's bright hair?—

When at moments she bends down her neck to thy kisses,
 Or declines them with coy but not cruel denial;
 Rather pleased if the prize be snatched off by the spoiler,
 Nor slow in reprisal sometimes.

ODE XIII.

TO A TREE.

Few of the odes are more remarkable than this for the wonderful ease with which Horace rises from humorous pleasantry into the higher regions of poetic imagination. His escape from the falling tree seems to have made a deep and lasting impression on him. The more probable date of the poem is A.U.C. 728, or perhaps, 729.

Evil-omened the day whosoever first planted,
 Sacrilegious his hand whosoever first raised thee,
 To become the perdition of races unborn,
 And a stain on the country, thou infamous tree.

Ah! I well may believe that the man was a monster,
 Had at night stabbed his hearth-guest, and strangled his
 father,
 Dealt in poisons of Colchis—committed, in short,
 Every crime the most fell which the thought can con-
 ceive;—

He, the villain who, bent upon treason and murder,
 Stationed thee, dismal log, stationed thee in my meadow,
 With remorseless design coming down unawares
 On the head of a lord who had done thee no wrong.

Who can hope to be safe? who sufficiently cautious?
 Guard himself as he may, every moment's an ambush.
 Thus the sailor of * Carthage, alarmed at a squall
 In the Euxine, beyond it no danger foresees.

* "Navita Bosporum
 Pœnus perhorrescit."

See Munro, Introduction, xxii. 111, for accepting Lachmann's *Thynus* or

Thus the soldier of Rome mails his breast to the Parthian,
 And believes himself safe if secure from an arrow ;
 And the Parthian, in flying Rome's dungeon * and chains,
 Fondly thinks that in flight he escapes from the grave !

Death has seized, and shall seize, when least looked for, its
 victims.

Ah ! how near was I seeing dark Proserpine's kingdom,
 And the Judge of the Dead and the seats of the Blest,
 Sappho wailing melodious of loves unreturned ; †

Ay, and thee, too, with strains sounding larger, Alcæus,
 To thy golden shell chanting of hardships in shipwreck,
 And of hardships in exile, and hardships in war,
 While the Shadows admiringly hearken to both ;

Due to either is silence as hushed as in temples,
 But more presses the phantom mob, shoulder on shoulder,
 Drinking into rapt ears the grand song, as it swells
 With the burthen of battles and tyrants o'erthrown.

No wonder, when spelled by the voice of the charmer,
 The dark hell-dog his hundred heads fawningly crouches,
 And the serpents that writhe interweaved in the locks
 Of the Furies, repose upon terrible brows ;

And Prometheus himself and the Father of Pelops,
 By the dulcet delight are beguiled from their torture,
 While the hand of Orion the arrow lets fall,
 And the spectres of lions unheeded flit on.

Thœnus for Pœnus—"Horace says that men only guard against dangers near at hand and expected. The Punic skipper has no special business in the straits of the Bosporus, all along the shore of which lived the Thyni, Thuni, or Thœni."

* "*Italum robur.*" Orelli gives the weight of his authority in favour of interpreting "*robur*" as the Roman prison ("*Tullianum*"), an inner cell in which malefactors were placed, and in which the State captives, as Jugurtha, were also sometimes immured. Yonge adopts the same interpretation. Dillenburger translates it in the simple sense of the strength or power of Italy, which Maclean also favours.

† "*Querentem*
Sappho puellis de popularibus."

"*Incertum autem est quid quereretur.*"—Estré, Horat. Prosop. 26. Estré

ODE XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

Who this *Postumus* may have been is, in spite of the various conjectures of various commentators, as uncertain as, happily, it is immaterial. It is, at all events, an agreeable supposition that he may be identical with the *Postumus* whom *Propertius* (*Lib. iii. Eleg. 10*) reproached for leaving his wife *Galba* to join a military expedition, possibly that of *Ælius Gallus* against the *Arabians*. This supposition would give a more pathetic significance to the "*placens uxor*" of the ode.

Postumus, Postumus, the years glide by us,
Alas ! no piety delays the wrinkles,
Nor old age imminent,
Nor the indomitable hand of Death.

Though thrice each day a hecatomb were offered,
Friend, thou couldst soften not the tearless Pluto,
Encoiling Tityus vast,
And Geryon, triple giant, with sad waves—

Waves over which we all of us must voyage,
All whosoe'er the fruits of earth have tasted ;
Whether that earth we ruled
As kings, or served as drudges of its soil.

Vainly we shun Mars and the gory battle,
Vainly the Hadrian hoarse with stormy breakers,
Vainly, each autumn's fall,
*The sicklied airs through which the south wind sails.**

Still the dull-winding ooze of slow Cocytus,
The ill-famed Danaïds, and, to task that ends not,
Sentenced, Æolides ;
These are the sights on which we all must gaze.

cites the various interpretations, and inclines to that of the commentators in *Cruquius*—viz., *Sappho* complained of the girls of her country that they loved *Phaon* whom she loved. This is, at all events, the most agreeable conjecture. *Welcker* has written with ingenious eloquence in vindication of *Sappho's* memory from the scandal, "*quod nimis diu ei adhæsit.*"

* "*Auster,*" "*the sirocco.*"

Lands, home, and wife in whom thy soul delighteth,
 Left; and one tree alone of all thy woodlands,
 Loathed cypress, faithful found,
 Shall follow to the last the brief-lived lord.

The worthier heir thy Cæcuban shall squander,
 Bursting the hundred locks that guard its treasure,
 And wines more rare than those
 Sipped at high feast by pontiffs,* dye thy floors.

ODE XV.

ON THE IMMODERATE LUXURY OF THE AGE.

This ode is generally considered to be among those written to assist Augustus in his social reforms, and, as Macleane observes, it should be read in connection with the earlier odes of Book III. Dillenburger assigns the date to A.U.C. 726, in which year Octavius, then Censor, restored and adorned the public temples fallen into decay. Macleane favours that date. But the poem alludes also to the sumptuary laws passed by Augustus at various periods;—practically inoperative, as sumptuary laws always must be in rich communities.

Lo, those regal piles rising ! methinks, to the harrow
 They will leave but few acres ; on every side round us
 Vasty stewponds for fishes extend
 Wider bounds than the Lake of Lucrinus.

Yield the vine-wedded elms † to that Cælebs the plane-
 tree ;
 Then the violet, the myrtle, the whole host of odours
 Scatter sweets where the owner of old
 Placed his pride and his wealth in the olive ;

* As the English say, "A dinner fit for an alderman," so the Romans said, "A banquet fit for a pontiff." "Pontificum dapes, Saliaræ cœnæ."

† "Platanusque cælebs,
 Evincet ulmos."

I have added to ulmos the explanatory epithet "vine-wedded," without which the general reader could not understand the author's intention. The elm, as supporting the vine, was useful and remunerative, the plane-tree not.—Horace intimates that the growth of luxury was hostile to the "resources of industry,"—that garden flowers and plants appropriated the soil in which the vine and the olive had sufficed for the income of other and simpler owners—Poets and Communists sometimes agree in contempt for the rudiments of Political Economy.

Serried laurel must, next, screen each stroke of a sun-beam.

Ah! not such the decrees left by Rome's hardy
Founder,

Nor the auspice of Cato unshorn,

Nor the customs bequeathed by our fathers.

Petty then was to each man the selfish possession,
Mighty then was all to men the Commonwealth's treasure;

No one sought the cool shade of the North

Under peristyles planned out for temples ; *

The chance turf next at hand roofed the citizen's dwelling,

But the State, at its charge, rarest marble devoted

To the State's sacred heirlooms ;—the shrines

Of the gods, and the courts of a people.

ODE XVI.

TO POMPEIUS GROSPHUS.

According to the scholiast in Cruquius, this Pompeius Grosphus, a Sicilian by origin, was of the Equestrian order. Cicero (in *Cic. Ferr.* II. iii. 23) speaks of Eubulides Grosphus Centuripinus, as a man of eminent worth, noble birth, and princely wealth. Estré conjectures that this Grosphus was made a Roman citizen by Pompey, and took his name, which descended to the Grosphus of the ode as son or grandson. In *Epist.* i. 12, Horace commends him to Iccius, then acting as superintendent or steward to Vipsanius Agrippa's estates in Sicily, as one whom Iccius might willingly oblige, for he would never ask anything not honest and just.

For ease prays he who in the wide Ægæan

Storm-seized, looks up on clouds that heap their darkness

O'er the lost moon, while dim the constellations

Fade from the sailor.

* "Nulla decempedis

Metata privatis opacam

Porticus excipiebat Arceton."

No private man had porticoes measured by a ten-feet rule, which appears to have been a measurement for temples and public buildings. The peristyles at Pompeii, which form an inner court to the house, give sufficient idea of these corridors, opening to the north for coolness in summer, and to the south for sunshine in winter.

Ease, still for ease, sighs Thracia fierce in battle,
 Still for ease sighs the quivered Mede. Ah, Grospus!
 Nor gems nor purple, no, nor gold can buy it;
 Ease is not venal.

Bribed by no king,* dispersed before no lictor,
 Throng the wild tumults of a soul in trouble,
 And the cares circling round a sleepless pillow,
 Under ceil'd fretwork.†

He lives on little well who, for all splendour,
 Decks his plain board with some prized silver heirloom.‡
 From him no greed of gain, of loss no terror,
 Snatch the light slumbers.

Why, briefly strong, with space in time thus bounded,
 Launch we so many arrows into distance?
 Why crave new suns? What exile from his country
 Flies himself also?

Diseas'd Care § ascends the brazen galley,
 And rides amidst the armed men to the battle, ||
 Fleeter than stag, and fleeter than, when driving
 Rain-clouds, the east wind.

The mind, which now is glad, should hate to carry
 Its care beyond the Present; what is bitter
 With easy smile should sweeten: nought was ever
 Happy on all sides.

* "Non enim gazæ." "Gazæ," from a Persian word, means "the king's treasury," "the royal coffers."

† "Laqueata tecta," "non totius domus sed cubiculorum et tricliniarum."
 —DILLENBURGER.

‡ "Paternum salinum" — "the paternal or hereditary salt-cellar." Horace here, as elsewhere, distinguishes the comparative poverty of a small independence from absolute neediness and squalor. The poverty he praises is not without its own modest refinements. The board may be simple, but still it can display the old family salt-cellar, kept with religious care. If the owner has not increased the paternal fortune, he has not diminished it.

§ "Vitiosa cura." In the translation, Orelli's interpretation of "vitiosa," "morbosa"—i. e. morbid or diseased, from the vice of the mind whence it springs—is adopted. But this hardly gives the full force of the word. Horace means that Care, which *spoils or infects* everything, ascends the galley, &c.

|| "Turmas equitum." "This properly refers to the horsemen riding to battle made anxious by the hope of booty or the fear of death."—ORELLI.

Untimely death snatched off renowned Achilles ;
 Tithonus lived to dwindle into shadow ;
 And haply what the Hour to thee shall grant not
 Me it will profer.*

• Around thine home a hundred flocks are bleating,
 Low the Sicilian heifers, neighs the courser
 Trained to the race-car ; woofs in Afric purple
 Twice-tinged array thee :

To me the Fate, that cannot err,† hath given
 Some roods of land, some breathings, lowly murmured,
 Of Grecian Muse, and power to scorn the malice
 Of the mean vulgar.

ODE XVII.

TO MÆCENAS.

This ode is addressed to Mæcenas in illness, but the date of the illness is necessarily uncertain in the life of a valetudinarian like Mæcenas. Though, as Maclean observes, the last two lines of this ode, showing that Horace had not yet paid the sacrifice he had vowed to Faunus for his preservation from death, make it most probable that it was written not long after C. 13 of this book, the composition of which has been assigned, with some hesita-

* "With '*turmas equitum*' is usually compared '*post equitem ædet atra cura*,' but the sense there is a little different. Here he speaks of care following a man to the field of battle; there he refers to the rich man ambling on his horse."—MACLEAN.

* "*Et mihi forsân, tibi quod negarit,
 Porriget Hora.*"

I think, with Orelli, that this simply means, "Fortune, or the Hour, will perhaps give something of good to me which she denies to you; and I dissent altogether from the usual interpretation—viz., "Time may perhaps give me a longer life than it concedes to you." That interpretation would be very little in keeping with Horace's general politeness in addressing a friend. Nothing can well be worse-bred than telling a man that perhaps you will live longer than he will. Besides, Horace immediately proceeds to define that which is granted peculiarly to himself in opposition to the riches bestowed upon Grosphus.

† "*Parca non mendax*"—"sure," "unfailing in the fulfilment of their decrees." Compare "*veraces*," C. Sæcul, 25, and Persius, v. 42, "*Parca tenax veri*."—So ORELLI. "Genius is represented as the gift of Fate in Pind. Od. ix. 26, 28; also in Nem. iv. 41-43, where the poet infers from it his own eventual triumph over detraction; as Horace may be said to do here."—XONGE.

tion, to A.U.C. 728. Mæcenas was subject to what appears to have been a low nervous fever, attended with loss of sleep. According to the verses attributed to him, and censured with a stoic's lofty disdain by Seneca (Epp. 101), Mæcenas had a passionate and clinging desire for life, very uncommon in a Roman, deeming that, under any suffering or infirmity, life was still dear—

“Vita dum superest bene est:
Hanc mihi vel acuta
Si sedeam cruce sustine.” *

If this sentiment was sincerely expressed, the pathos of the poem is increased. A man so dreading death may well desire a companion in the last journey. And it is not unlikely that the melancholy view which Horace habitually takes of the next world, and his exhortations to make the best of this one, may have been coloured, perhaps insensibly to himself, by his conversations and intercourse with Mæcenas.

Why destroyest thou me with the groan of thy sufferings?
Neither I nor the gods will let thee die before me,

O Mæcenas, the glory and grace,
And the column itself, of my life.

Ah! if some fatal force, prematurely bereaving,
Wrenched from me the one half of my soul, could the
other

Linger on, with its dearer part lost,
And the fragment of what was a whole?

No! in thy life is mine; both, the same day shall
shatter.

I have made no false vow; where thou lead'st me I
follow;

Fellow-travellers, the same solemn road
We will take, we will take, side by side.

Me, no flames bursting forth from the jaws of Chimæra,
Me, no Gias once more rising up hundred-handed,
Could dispart from thyself,—such the will
Of omnipotent Justice and Fate.

* The fragment is thus very happily rendered into English by Mr. Farrar in the biographical essay on Seneca, which forms the larger portion of his impressive and eloquent work, “The Seekers after God”:—

“Numb my hands with palsy,
Rack my feet with gout,
Hunch my back and shoulder,
Let my teeth fall out;
Still, if life be granted,
I prefer the loss—
Save my life and give me
Anguish on the cross.”

Whether *Libra*, or *Scorpio* with aspect * malignant,
 In mine horoscope, ruled o'er the Houses of Danger,
 Or moist *Capricorn*, lord of the west;
 It is strange how our stars have agreed.

Thee, thine own native *Jupiter* snatched from fell
Saturn,
 And outshining his beam, stayed the wings of the *Parcæ*,
 When the theatre hailed thee restored,
 And the multitude thrice shouted joy.

Me the fall of the tree would have brained, had not
Faunus,
 To men born under *Mercury*, guardian benignant,
 O'er my head stretched the saving right hand,
 And made lighter the death-dealing blow.

Then forget not to render to *Jove*, the Preserver
 Of a life so august, votive chapel and victims,
 While I, to mine own sylvan god,
 Offer grateful mine own humble lamb.

ODE XVIII.

AGAINST THE GRASPING AMBITION OF THE COVETOUS.

This ode is in a metre of which there is no other example in *Horace*. It is said to have been invented by *Hipponax* of *Ephesus*, and is called generally

* "*Adspicit*," "aspected," is still the technical term in use among astrologers, according to whom the native star may be evilly aspected in various ways. But "*pars violentior*" would apply to the hostile influences affecting "the Lord of life," chiefly found in the significations of the 8th and 12th House. By his allusion to *Capricorn*, *Horace* clearly refers to his dangers by sea—"Sicula unda." To astrology (a science then so much in fashion) *Horace* often refers—sometimes with scorn, sometimes with a seeming credulity—always as a man who knew very little about it. But where he speaks of it with scorn, as in addressing *Leuconœ*, Book I. Ode xi., it is less to denounce astrology itself as an imposture, than to dissuade from all attempts to divine the future—"better that the future should remain unknown and un conjectured." On the other hand, where, as in this ode, he seems to affect credulity, it is only for a playful purpose. He regarded "the Science of the Chaldee," as he did most of the popular beliefs affecting the future, without serious examination of its truth or falsehood, as a question of speculative philosophy, but to be freely used whether in sport or in earnest, for the purposes of poetic art.

by his name; though sometimes Euripidian, because often used by Euripides. It abounds in trochees. I can only attempt to give a general idea of its trippingness and brevity of sound. It treats, with more than usual beauty, Horace's favourite thesis of declamation against the grasping nature of avarice; and, as Dillenburg observes, it takes up and expands the sentiment with which he had closed Ode xvi.

To me nor gold nor ivory lends
Its shine to fret my ceiling;
Nor shafts, in farthest Afric hewn,
Prop architraves Hymettian.*

I do not claim, an unknown heir,
The spoils of Orient kingdoms,†
No wives ‡ of honest clients weave
For me Laconian purples.

Yet mine is truth and mine some vein
Of inborn genius kindly;
Though poor, I do not court the rich,
But by the rich am courted.

I do not weary heaven for more;
I tax no kindly patron;
Content with all I own on earth.
Some rural acres Sabine.

Day treads upon the heels of day,
New moons wane on to perish;
Thou on the brink of death dost make
Vain contracts for new marble;

* The Numidian or Libyan marble, known to us as the Giallo antico. The "architraves Hymettian" ("trabes Hymettiae") are the white marble of Hymettus.

† "Neque Attali
Ignotus heres regiam occupavi."

Attalus the third made by will the Romans his heirs; the older commentators suppose that the lines satirically imply the will to have been fraudulently obtained. But the word "ignotus" does not necessarily bear that signification. As Orelli observes, the irony consists in the fact that Attalus did not know the persons he enriched. Torrentius supposes the lines to refer to Aristonicus, who, after the death of Attalus, seized on the throne by false pretences, defeated Licinius Crassus, was afterwards conquered by Perpenna, carried to Rome, and strangled in prison by orders of the Senate. The former interpretation is preferable.

‡ "'Honestæ clientæ.' I have seen no satisfactory explanation of the words 'honestæ clientæ.' Mr. Long has suggested to me that they may refer to the rustic women on a man's farms—the wives of the *Coloni*."—MACLEANE.

Building proud homes, and of thy last—
The sepulchre—forgetful ;
As if the earth itself too small
Thou robb'st new earth from ocean,

And, urging on a length of shore
Upon the deep's foundation,
Thou thrustest back the angry wave
That wars in vain on Baiæ.*

What, must thou also, greeding still,
Remove thy neighbour's landmark—
Must ruthless avarice overleap
Each fence of humble clients ?

And man and wailing wife, expelled
The dear paternal dwelling,
Clasp ragged babes and exiled gods
To wandering homeless bosoms ?

And yet no surer hall awaits
The wealthy tyrant-master,
Than that which yields yet ampler room
In yet more greedy Orcus.

Where farther tend ? Impartial earth
Opes both for prince and peasant ;
No gold bribed Charon to row back
The crafty-souled Prometheus.

Death holds the haughty Tantalus ;
Death holds his children haughty :
Invoked or not, Death hears the poor,
And *He* gives rest to labour.

* In allusion to the practice of the wealthy Romans in building villas out into the sea, on artificial foundations—as, long afterwards, rose the whole city of Venice.

ODE XIX.

IN HONOUR OF BACCHUS.

Macleane appears to me greatly to underrate the beauty of this poem, in which he says the Greek fire is wanting. This is not the opinion of the earlier critics, nor of readers in general. It has as much of the character of the dithyramb as the taste of a Roman audience would sanction and the character of the Latin language allow. The date of the poem is uncertain. Macleane suggests that it was perhaps composed at the time of the Liberalia, though in what year there are no means of determining. From its dithyrambic character, Orelli conjectures it to have been a copy from some Greek poem. The metre in this and the translation immediately following has some slight deviations from the preceding versions of the Alcaic, but not such as to affect the general character and form of the rhythm.

Amid sequestered rocky glens,—ye future times believe
it!—

Bacchus I saw, in mystic verse his pupil nymphs in-
structing—

Instructing prick'd ears intent
Of circling goat-hoofed Satyrs.

Cevoë, with the recent awe is trembling yet my spirit,
Filled with the god, my breast still heaves beneath the
stormy rapture.

Cevoë! spare me; Liber, spare,
Dread with the solemn thyrsus!

Vouchsafed to me the glorious right to chant the head-
strong Thyads,

The wine that from the fountain welled, the rills with
milk o'erflowing,

And, from the trunks of charm'd trees,
The lapse of golden honey.

7 Vouchsafed to sing thy consort's crown which adds a
star to heaven,*

Or that just wrath which overwhelmed the house of
Theban Pentheus,

And doomed to so disastrous end
The frantic king Lycurgus.†

* Ariadne.

† Lycurgus, the King of the Edones, persecuted Bacchus on his passage through Thrace, and imprisoned his train of Satyrs. The mythologists vary as to the details of his punishment for this offence, but he was first afflicted with madness, and finally torn to pieces by horses.

Thou bow'st the rivers to thy will, barbarian ocean
rulest ; *

Bedewed with wine in secret hills, thy charm compels
the serpents

To interweave, in guileless coil,
The locks of Thracian Mænads.

Thou, when aloft through arduous heaven the impious
host of giants

Scaled to the Father's realm, didst hurl again to earth
huge Rhœtus—

Fronting his might with lion-fangs,
And jaws of yawning horror ;

Albeit thou wert deemed a god more fit for choral
dances,

For jest and sport the readiest Power, of slenderer use
in battle ;

Yet peace and war found thee the same,
Of both the soul and centre.

When flashed the golden horn that decks thy front through
Stygian shadows,

Harmless the Hell-dog wagged his tail to greet thy glorious
coming,

And gently licked with triple tongue
Thine hallowed feet receding.†

* "Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum." "Flectis amnes" does not mean, as it is usually translated, "thou turnest aside the course of the rivers;" the reference is to the Hydaspes and Orontes, over which Bacchus is said to have walked dryshod; and "flecto" here must be taken either in the sense of "to bow" or "direct," or, in its more metaphorical sense, "to appease." By "mare barbarum" is meant the Indian Ocean.

† Orelli observes that in this stanza there are two images,—one at the entrance of Liber into Hades, when Cerberus gently wags his tail to greet him—the other when Liber is leaving and the Hell-dog licks his feet. The poet thus expresses the security with which the god passes through the terrors of the nether world.

ODE XX.

OF HIS FUTURE FAME.

Horace has no ode more remarkable than this for liveliness of fancy and fervour of animal spirits. It is composed half in sport, half in earnest, though I cannot agree with Macleane that it has in its style anything of "the mock heroic," properly so called, still less that it was written impromptu. Its rapid vivacity is no proof of want of artistic care. Dillenburg (in his Qu. Hor.) conjectures the ode to have been written in youth, and on the occasion of Mæcenæ's first invitation (recorded Sat. I. vi.), so interpreting "*quem vocas, dilecte Mæcenæ.*" But, as Macleane observes, "the epithet '*dilecte*,' implying a familiarity of some standing, is opposed to this view;" to which I may add the remark, that it is scarcely probable that Horace would have spoken with such confidence of his future fame till his claims as a lyrical poet were acknowledged by competent judges, to whom most of the odes in the first two, or perhaps the first three, books, if not yet collected into one publication, were familiarly known. It was probably enough written in some moment of joyous excitement occasioned by a success more signal than any private invitation from Mæcenæ could confer; but we know too little of the various stepping-stones in Horace's poetical career to form any reasonable conjecture as to its date and occasion. It is enough that the poem itself so wonderfully vindicates the pretension of the poet to be also the prophet.

I shall soar through the liquid air buoyed on a pinion
Not familiar, not slight; I will tarry no longer

On this earth; but victorious o'er envy, two-
formed,

Bard and bird, I abandon the cities of men.

Born of parents obscure though I be, O Mæcenæ,
I who still from thy mouth hear the title "*Belovéd*," *

I shall pass not away through the portals of death,

I shall not be hemmed round by the waters of
Styx.

* "*Quem vocas dilecte.*" I agree with Mr. Conington in accepting Ritter's interpretation that "*dilecte*" is Mæcenæ's address to Horace. Upon this disputed point a very illustrious scholar, to whom, indeed, I am indebted for line 6 in the translation, writes to me thus:—"I rather doubt the naked use of '*vocas*' in the sense of '*invite to your society*' ('*revocas*' is used Sat. I. vi. 61, but then of a particular repeated invitation, not of a general one); I therefore incline to prefer the interpretation '*Quem, Mæcenæ, vocas dilecte,*' though I admit the boldness of this construction." Munro prints "*dilecte.*"

Now, now on my nether limbs rougher skin settles ;
 Now above to the form of white bird I am changing ; *
 Swiftly now from the hands and the shoulders
 behold
 Smooth and smoother the down of the plumes
 springing forth !

Than the swift son of Dædalus swifter † I travel.
 I shall visit shores loud with the boom of the Euxine,
 And fields Hyperboræan and African sands,
 And wherever I wander shall sing as a bird.

Me the Colchians shall know, me the Dacian ‡ dis-
 sembling
 His dismay at the sight of his victor the Roman ;
 Me Scythia's far son ;—learned students in me
 Shall be Spain's rugged child and the drinker of
 Rhône.§

* "Album mutior in alitem superne." The white bird is, of course, the swan—"Multa Diræum levat aura cycinum."—Lib. IV. Od. ii. 25.

† "Horace did not write 'Dædaleo ocior.' The old Bernese and other high authorities have 'notior,' which, if a gloss, suits the sense and context admirably, far better than 'tutior,' 'audacior,' or any other conjecture."—MUNRO, *Introd.* xxvi. Bentley has "tutior."

‡ "Et qui dissimulat metum
 Marsæ cohortis Dacus."

The Marsian infantry was the flower of the Roman armies, and the Marsian here represents the might of Rome. Either the interruption to the rapidity of the verse by the allusion to the Dacian's haughty dissimulation of the terror with which he regards the Roman arms must be considered, as it has been considered by critics, one of those "impertinences," for the sake of a popular hit, which is noticed in the preliminary essay as a defect in Horace ; or it may possibly escape that reproach, and, pertinently to the purpose of the poem, mean that whatever the disguised terror in which the Dacian holds the Roman soldier, he will welcome the Roman poet.

§ "Mc peritus
 Discet Hiber, Rhodanique poter."

"Peritus Hiber" does not mean "the learned Spaniard," as it is commonly translated. The adjective applies, as in similar cases is habitual with Horace, both to "Hiber" and "Rhodani poter;" and as Dillenburger, Orelli, and Maclean agree, the meaning is, "that these barbaric nations will become versed in me." Maclean thinks that by "Hiber" is probably meant the Caucasian people of that name ; I follow, however, the interpretation popularly accepted—and sanctioned by Orelli—that "Hiber" means "the Spaniard." The "Drinker of Rhône" is the Gaul.

Not for me raise the death-dirge, mine urn shall be
empty; *

Hush the vain ceremonial of groans that degrade me,
And waste not the honours ye pay to the dead
On a tomb in whose silence I shall not repose.

* "Absint inani funere nenix." "Inani funere," because the body is
not there.—ORELLI.

BOOK III.—ODE I.

ON THE WISDOM OF CONTENT.

This ode opens with a stanza which modern critics generally consider to be an introduction not only to the ode itself, but also to the five following—all six constituting, as it were, serial parts of one varied poem, written about the same time and for the same object—viz. to aid in the reformation of manners which Augustus undertook at the close of the civil wars. The date of these and other odes conceived in the same spirit (as Lib. II. Od. xv. and xviii.) would therefore be referable to the period from A.U.C. 725 to A.U.C. 728. The first line of the introductory stanza to this ode imitates the formal exhortation of the priest at the Mysteries, warning away the profane. The conclusion of the stanza, "*Virginibus puerisque canto*," if, as recent interpreters assume, addressed to the chorus of boys and girls surrounding the priests and singing the praises of the gods, has also, according to the scholiasts, a much wider significance, and is a special address to the rising generation. "Horace," says Macleane, "speaks as if he despaired of impressing his precepts on any but the young, and bids the rest stand aside, as incapable of being initiated in the true wisdom of life." It is not easy to assign an appropriate heading to this ode. That which I select appears, on the whole, better than any other in use, though not quite satisfactory. The whole ode, which ranks high among the noblest attempts of a poet to embody didactic purpose in lyrical form, consists in a succession of brilliant images or pictures, seemingly detached, but constituting a moral whole: 1stly, The solemn recognition of the supreme God triumphant over brute force ("*Clari Giganteo triumpho*"), and governing the universe; 2ndly, The impartiality of Fate, and the certainty of death; 3rdly, The misery of the guilty conscience not to be soothed by sensual or artistic enjoyments. At line 25, "*Desiderantem quod satis est*," the main object of the poem—viz. in the inculcation of that wisdom of contentment by which Horace contrives to unite Epicurean with Stoic philosophy—develops itself, and is continued to the close.

I hate the uninitiate crowd—I drive it hence away;
Silence, while I, the Muses' priest, chant hymns unheard
before;

I chant to virgins and to youths,
I chant to listeners pure.

Dread kings control their subject flocks; o'er kings them-
selves reigns Jove,
Glorious for triumph won in war when giants stormed
his heaven,

And moving, with almighty brow,*
The universe of things.

* "*Cuncta supercilio moventis*." With his usual felicity of wording, Horace avoids the commonplace expression of "the Olympian nod," though

Man vies with man—'tis so ordained ; this, wider sets his
 vines,*
 That, nobler-born, the Campus† seeks, competitor for
 power
 With one who boasts of purer life,
 And one of clients more :

Necessity with equal law assorts the varying lots ;
 Though this may bear the lofty name and that may bear
 the low,
 Each in her ample urn she shakes,
 And casts the die for all.‡

To him above whose guilty neck hangs down the naked
 sword,
 Sicilian feasts shall furnish not the sweets that flavour
 food,
 Nor song of bird nor chord of lute
 Charm back the truant sleep.§

the line implies that and something more ; it implies the Deity's intellectual government of all things, and explains the connection with the stanzas that immediately follow,—the nod of Jove confirms the law of Fate to which all men are subjected.

* "Est ut viro vir latius ordinet
 Arbusta sulcis."

"Est ut," "it is the case, it is ordained that men should vary in wealth and condition."—YONGE. "Latius ordinet arbusta sulcis"—viz., one man may compete with another man in extent of possessions : literally, that he may marshal trees—chiefly, but not exclusively, vines—in parallel lines, or in the shape of the quincunx, to a greater extent than another.

† "Descendat in Campum." It was on the Campus Martius that the Comitia Centuriata, at which the election of magistrates took place, were held. The Campus was on low ground ; but Yonge observes that "descendat" is the exact word to express a contest, to descend into the arena.

‡ "Omne capax movet urna nomen." The image is taken from the use of the dice, so familiar to the Romans. Fate is represented as holding the urn which contains the lots of all men. This she keeps shaking (as we shake or rattle the dice-box), and casts out the lots indifferently.

§ "Non avium citharæque cantus." It must not be supposed that the natural song of the wild bird out of doors is here meant. Horace is speaking of artificial luxuries in contradistinction to the banks and vales of the following stanza, to which the song of the wild bird would apply. Here he means the singing-birds which the Romans kept in aviaries within their houses. Their notes, and the sound of distant music, and the trickling of water, were among the artificial means for soothing the nerves and inducing sleep, practised by the luxurious. Mæcenas, who suffered from insomnia during that kind of nervous depression which saddened his later years, is said by Seneca to have endeavoured to lull himself to sleep by the aid of

Sleep does not scorn the lowly cots that shelter rural
 toil,
 Nor banks that find their pall of state in shadowy summer
 boughs,
 Nor vales in Tempë never vexed
 Save by the Zephyr's wing.

To him who curbs desire within the bounds of "The
 Enough,"
 The wildest blasts that heave the sea awake no fear of
 wreck:
 He quails not though Arcturus set,
 Or Hædus rise, in storm;

Though reel the vines beneath the hail, though crops belie
 the hope,
 Though trees despoiled of fruit accuse now spring's corroding
 showers,
 Now summer's scorch and fiery stars,
 Now winter's crowning wrongs.

Lo, where the mighty moles extend new lands into the
 deep,
 The scalèd races feel their sea shrink round the invading
 piles;
 As many a builder's burly gang
 Heaves the huge rubble down,*

Obedient to a lord who scorns so small a bound as
 earth,
 Yet Conscience, whispering fears and threats, ascends with
 him the tower,
 Black Care sits by him in the bark,
 Behind him, on the steed.†

distant music. It is not to Mæcenas, however, that Horace here alludes, for
 such an allusion in this place would have been an unfeeling affront.

* "Huc frequens
 Cæmenta demittit redemptor
 Cum famulis."

"Cæmenta," the rough mixture of large and small stones, mortar, &c.
 (rubble), which served for foundations. "Redemptor," literally the "con-
 tractor" or "architect."

† "Sed Timor et Minæ
 Scandunt eodem, quæ dominus; neque
 Decedit ærata triremi, et
 Post equitem sedet atra Cura."

Since Phrygian marble* nought avails to soothe a mind
diseased,
And nought the pomp of purple robes albeit outshining
stars,
And nought the Achæmenian balm,
Nought the Falernian vine;

Why should I rear some hall sublime to Rome's last taste
refined,
With pillared doors † which never ope but envy enters
in?—
Oh, why for riches, wearier far,
Exchange my Sabine vale?

ODE II.

THE DISCIPLINE OF YOUTH.

As in the preceding ode the virtue of contentment is enforced, so this commences with enjoining that early training in simple and hardy habits which engenders the spirit of content, because it forms the mind betimes to disdain luxury. Discipline of this kind is the foundation of courage, love of country, the independence of character which loves virtue for its own sake, and the self-restraint which is essential to social good faith and honour.

To bear privation ‡ as a friend—to love its wholesome
stint,
Train the youth nerved by hardy sports which form the
school of war,
A rider dread, with practised spear,
To harry Parthian foes,

"Minæ internæ propter facinora commissa."—ORELLI. "Threats of conscience." "Scandunt," ascend the lofty tower or belvedere, which was then the fashionable appendage to the villas of the wealthy. "The 'ærata triremis' was the rich man's private yacht."—MACLEANE. The distinction between "Post equitem sedet atra Cura," and "Cura nec turmas equitum relinquît," Lib. II. Od. xvi. 22, has been noticed in the note to the line last mentioned.

* "Phrygius lapis," a costly marble from Synnada in Phrygia, white, with red spots, in great esteem for columns, &c.

† "Postibus invidendis," "Postes" were the jambs, columns, or pilasters that flanked the entrance door, and the word is often used for the door itself. I do not know of any authority for interpreting "postes" as the rows of pillars *within* the "atrium" itself, which some commentators are inclined to do. I ask indulgence for my paraphrase of *invidendis*.

‡ "Pauperiem." It is difficult here, as elsewhere, to find an English

Inured to danger and to days beneath unsheltered skies.
On him from high embattled walls of kings at war with
Rome,

Matron and ripening maid shall gaze
And inly sigh, "Alas !

"O never may our princely lord in arms unskilled,
provoke

Yon lion whom 'twere death to touch ; by the fell rage for
blood,

Where most the slaughters thicken round,
Hurried, in rapture, on ! "

Glorious and sweet it is to die—when for our native
land ; *

Ev'n him who runs away from Death, Death follows fast
behind—

Death does not spare the recreant back,
And hamstrings limbs that flee.

Virtue ne'er knows of a defeat which brings with it dis-
grace ; †

The blazon of her honours ne'er the breath of men can stain ;
Her fasces she nor takes nor quits
As veers the popular gale.

word that correctly renders the sense of "pauperies." In this passage I can think of no better word than "privation," interpreted as the privation of luxuries. Poverty would be here wholly inapplicable, this ode being addressed, with the one that precedes and the three that follow it, to youths quite as much of the richer classes as of the poorer. "Robustus acri militia puer : " I take "robustus" with "militia"—the boy made robust by martial exercise and discipline. Among the Romans, the age for military exercise began at seventeen.

* "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." "In Horace's mind there was a close connection between the virtue of frugal contentment and devotion to one's country."—MACLEANE.

† "Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordi læ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus."

The meaning of these lines has been much disputed, but seems to me sufficiently clear. The point is in the epithets, "sordidæ," "intaminatis." It cannot be truly said that Virtue is ignorant or unconscious of a defeat or rejection ("repulsæ" applies to the defeat at a popular election (α)), but it is

(α) Thus, in the Epistles, I. i. 42, Horace says,—

"Vides, quæ maxima credis

Esse mala, exiguum censum turpemque repulsam ; "

which Macleane, referring to "repulsæ—sordidæ" of this ode, interprets quaintly, "He who would secure an election must have a command of money."

Virtue essays her flight through ways to all but her
 denied;
 To those who do not merit death she opes the gates of
 heaven,
 And, spurning vulgar mobs and mire,
 Soars with escaping wing.

There is a silence unto which a safe reward is due.
 With him whose tongue the sacred rites of Ceres blabs
 abroad,
 May I ne'er sit beneath a roof,
 Nor launch a shallop frail!

For Jove neglected oft confounds the good man with the
 bad;
 And though avenging Punishment is lame indeed of foot,
 Yet rarely lags she long behind
 The swiftest flight of Crime.

ODE III.

ON STEADFASTNESS OF PURPOSE.

The two preceding odes, addressed to youth, inculcate the formation of private character; this ode and the two that follow have a political intention and bearing. In this ode Horace commences with his famous picture of the steadfast man not turned aside from that which his reason and conscience hold to be right, either by the excitement of a populace or the threat of a tyrant. Among the mortals which the exercise of this virtue has raised to the gods he places Augustus, who certainly did not want firmness of purpose in founding and cementing his authority, and to whom the Senate had already decreed the honours habitually paid only to the Divine Powers. The poet's mention of Romulus among those thus promoted to the rank of immortals, leads on to what in itself appears, at first sight, a somewhat prolix and irrelevant digression—viz., the speech of Juno predicting the glories of Rome, and prohibiting the restoration of Troy. Closely

said truly that Virtue knows not any such defeat as can disgrace her (*sordidæ*). The honours that Virtue seeks are distinguished from civil honours, inasmuch as the latter, being conceded by the people or the state, are by the people or the state to be reversed or sullied; but the honours which Virtue seeks, being acquired by herself alone, cannot by others be stained or touched (*intaminatis*). Cicero has exactly the same sentiment (*Pro Sestio*, 28, 60), and Horace almost literally versifies the passage, "*Virtus lucet in tenebris—splendetque per sese semper, neque alienis unquam sordibus obsolecit.*"—See Orelli's note, vol. i. p. 345.

examined, the digression is not purely episodical, but in harmony with the preceding verses, and a development of the purpose of the whole poem; for it is in the nature of the steadfast man, unswayed by the fickle passions of the time, to adhere firmly to the interests of his country, and cherish the memory of its glories and heroes. We are told by Suetonius ("Life of Julius Cæsar," c. 79), that it was a current report that Julius Cæsar meditated a design of transferring the seat of empire from Rome to Alexandria, or to Ilium. Lucan, ix. 997, ascribes to him the same intention. But we are not to suppose, with some, that Augustus entertained any such notion: this ode in itself is a proof to the contrary; for Horace would certainly not have volunteered a direct opposition to the wish of Augustus in poems intended to praise and support his policy, and, no doubt, composed with his entire approval. But it is possible enough that, when Augustus commenced his work of reformation, there were many among the broken remains of the old political parties who, whether from the dilapidation of their fortune, the distaste for Roman institutions, the supremacy of Augustus himself and aversion to his reforms, the animosities of faction—which, if crushed down, were still sore and rankling—or the restless love of change and adventure, might have entertained and proclaimed a desire for establishing a settlement in the East, for which the ancestral site of Troy would have been a popular selection. If Julius Cæsar really did entertain, or was commonly supposed to have entertained, the design imputed to him by Suetonius and Lucan, many of his followers and disbanded soldiers may have shared in this project, and rendered it a troublesome subject for Augustus to deal with. The idea is not likely to have gone to the extent of a transfer of the seat of empire from Rome to Troy (nor does Horace intimate *that* notion in this ode). More probably it was confined to establishing at Troy, or in its neighbourhood, a colonial or branch government, with special privileges and powers. Nor would there have been wanting plausible political reasons for thus planting a military Roman settlement to guard the empire acquired in the East. Upon the assumption that such an idea had favourers sufficiently numerous to raise it to importance, and that Augustus wished to discourage it, the intention of Horace, in the speech he ascribes to Juno, becomes clear.

Not the rage of the million commanding things evil,
 Not the doom frowning near in the brows of the tyrant,
 Shakes the upright and resolute man
 In his solid completeness of soul;

No, not Auster, the Storm-King of Hadria's wild waters,
 No, not Jove's mighty hand when it launches the
 thunder;

If in fragments were shattered the world,
 Him its ruins would strike undismayed.

By this virtue* did Pollux and wandering Alcides
 Scale with toil, starry ramparts, and enter on heaven,

* "I ac arte," ἀρετῇ, "by the virtue of this constancy, unwearied by labours, unswerving in purpose, men, becoming the heroes and benefactors of the human race, attain to the glory of immortals."—See Orelli, note 9 to this ode

Whom between, now Augustus reclined,
Quaffs the nectar that purples his lip ; *

By this virtue deservedly, thee, Father Bacchus
Did the fierce tigers draw † with necks tamed by no
mortal ;

By this virtue Quirinus escaped,
Rapt on coursers of Mars—Acheron :

Juno having thus spoken words heard with approval
By the gods met in council, ‡ “ Troy, Troy lies in ruins—
By a fatal and criminal judge §
And the false foreign woman o’erthrown ;

“ Condemned from the day when Laomedon || cheated
Vengeful gods of the guerdon agreed ;—forfeit debtor
With its people and fraudulent king
Unto me and Minerva the pure.

“ But now the vile guest of the Spartan adult’ress
Glitters forth nevermore ;—the forsworn race of Priam
By the aid of its Hector, no more
Breaks in fragments the force of the Greek ;

“ Sunk to rest is the war so prolonged by our discords,
Ever henceforth to Mars I give up my resentment,
And my grudge to the grandson ¶ who springs
From the womb of a priestess of Troy.

* “ *Purpureo bibit ore nectar.*” Horace speaks in the present tense, and no doubt with reference to the decree of the Senate after the battle of Actium—viz., that libations should be offered to Octavian in private as well as in public tables, and his name should be inserted in the hymns of praise equally with those of the gods.—DIO. 51, 19. Compare Lib. IV. Od. v. 33 *et seq.*, and Lib. II. Ep. i. 15.

† “ *Vexere tiges,*” *i. e.* to the seats of the gods, to Olympus. The tigers are the symbols of the savage ferocity tamed by Bacchus.—ORELLI. Bacchus is here represented as the civiliser of life.

‡ Met in council to deliberate whether Romulus should be admitted among the gods.

§ Paris adjudging the golden apple to Venus.

|| “ *Ex quo destituit deos
Meroede pacta Laomedon.*”

Troy is here represented as doomed by the crime of its founder Laomedon, who, according to legend, defrauded Neptune and Apollo of the reward promised them for building the walls of the city. It is Laomedon who is meant by “the fraudulent king,” “*duce fraudulentio*”—not Priam, on whom, innocent himself, the fraud of his ancestor is visited.

¶ Romulus being Juno’s grandson, born of Mars her son, and Ilia the Trojan priestess.

"I admit him to enter the luminous dwellings;
 I admit him to sip * of the juices of nectar,
 And, enrolled in the order serene
 Of the gods, to partake of their calm.

"While between Rome and Ilion there rage the wide
 ocean,
 May the exiles be blest wheresoe'er their dominion;
 So long as the wild herd shall range,
 And the wild beast shall litter her cubs

"Undisturbed, 'mid the barrows of Priam and Paris,
 May the Capitol stand, brightening earth with its
 glory,
 And dauntless Rome issue her laws
 To the Mede she subduces by her arms.

"Wide and far may the awe of her name be extended
 To the uttermost shores, where the girdle of ocean
 Doth from Africa Europe divide,
 And where Nile floods the lands with his swell.

"Be she stronger in leaving disdainfully buried
 In the caverns of earth the gold—better so hidden,
 Than in wringing its uses to men,
 With a hand that would plunder the gods.†

"What limit soe'er may obstruct her in nature
 Let her reach by her arms; and exultingly visit
 Either pole, where the mist or the sun
 Holds the orgies of water or fire.

* "Ducere nectaris succos." "Ducere," i.e. "sorbillere," to sip.—ORELLI.
 Several MSS. have "discere," which reading is favoured by Dillenburger.
 Orelli, Munro, and Maclean prefer "ducere," "which," as the last observes,
 "is in very common use in the sense of 'quaffing.'"

† "Quam cogere humanos in usus
 Omne sacrum rapiente dextra."

The point here, as Orelli observes, is in the antithesis between "humanos" and "sacrum." Maclean paraphrases the general meaning of the passage thus,—“Let Rome extend her arms as she will, only let her not, as her possessions increase, learn to prize gold above virtue.” The more literal meaning, according to Dillenburger and Orelli, is, that in the lust of gold the hand of rapine sacrilegiously despoils the sacred vessels dedicated to gods in their shrines and temples.

"I to Rome's warlike race speak such fates, on con-
dition

That they never, too pious to antique forefathers,
Nor confiding too far in their power,
Even wish Trojan roofs to restore.

"What though Troy could revive under auspices fatal—
All her fortunes should be repetition of carnage ;

I myself leading hosts to her doom—
I the consort and sister of Jove !

"Rose her brazen wall thrice, with Apollo for founder,*
Still her brazen wall thrice should be razed by my
Argives ;

Thrice the captive wife mourn for her lord,
Thrice the mother her children deplore."

Ah, this strain does not chime to my lute's lively
measures !

Whither tendest thou, Muse ? Cease, presumptuous, to
mimic

The discourses of gods ; nor let down
To a music low-pitched, lofty themes.

ODE IV.

INVOCATION TO CALLIOPE.

It is observable that in this ode as well as in the last, and in Odes v. and vi., composed for political purposes, Horace indulges much more in the flights and fancies and seeming digressions proper to poetry purely lyrical than in Odes i. and ii., in which, inculcating moral or noble sentiments applicable to men of all parties, he is earnestly didactic. But treating political subjects, on which men's minds were divided, he shows wonderful delicacy of art in conveying his purpose through forms of poetry least likely to offend. In Ode iii., dissuading from the project of a settlement in Troy, it is not he that speaks, it is Juno. In Ode iv., desiring to imply that the ascendancy of Augustus is the intellectual and godlike mastery over irrational force, he begins by an invocation to Calliope, intimating his ambition to accomplish a majestic or sustained poem without revealing its purport ; passes on to the lovely stanzas descriptive of his own devotion to poetry from childhood ; links this description with inimitable subtlety of touch to Augustus's culture of the humanising arts (v. 37, "Vos Cæsarem," &c.) ; implies the union of such literary tastes with the policy of peace ("militia

* "Auctore Phœbo," the founder of the first Troy.

simul Fessas cohortes addidit oppidis," &c.), and with conciliatory and clement dispositions ("lene consilium," &c.); and then, with a lyrical suddenness, bursts into the theme for which he had invoked the muse at the commencement,—“Scimus ut impios;” insinuating, in the myth of the victory obtained over brute force by the gods that represent wisdom (Pallas), industry (Vulcan), social and domestic order (Juno), the ennobling arts (Apollo), not only the victory of Augustus, but the social and civilising influences to which the victory is ascribed, and by which it is lastingly maintained.

Descend, O Queen Calliope, from heaven,
And on thy fife discourse in lengthened music; *
Or lov'st thou more the lyre
By Phœbus strung; or thrill of vocal song?

Hear ye, or doth the sweet delirium fool me?
I seem to hear her, and with her to wander
Where gentle winds and waves
Steal their soft entrance into hallowed groves.

Me, when a child, upon the slopes of Vultur
Strayed, truant, from my nurse Apulia's threshold,†
And tired with play and sleep,
Did mythic doves with budding leaves bestrew;

A miracle to all who hold their eyrie
In beetling Acherontia, or whom forests
Embower in Bantian glens,
Or rich Forentum's lowland glebes enclose,

That, safe from prowling bear and baleful adder—
That, heaped with myrtle and the hallowing laurel,
Calm I should slumber on,
Infant courageous under ward divine.

Yours, yours am I, O Muses, whether lifted
To Sabine hills—or whether cool Præneste,
Or Tibur's sunny slopes,
Or limpid Baiæ ‡ more my steps allure.

* “Longum—melos.”

“In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out.”—MILTON.

Macleane says “longum” means a sustained and stately song. Yonge observes, that though it may be so translated, it is enough to understand it, with Orelli, as a mode of saying “Come, and leave me not hastily or soon.”

† See Excursus at the end of the ode.

‡ “Liquidæ Baiæ.” The epithet applies either to the salubrity and

The lines arrayed and routed at Philippi,
 The accurs'd tree, the rock of Palinurus,*
 Stormed by Sicilian waves,
 Spared me, the lover of your choirs and founts.

Where ye be with me I would go undaunted;
 Tempt, a glad mariner, the madding Euxine;
 Or, a blithe traveller, brave
 The sands that burn upon Assyrian shores;

Visit the Briton, terrible to strangers,
 Concanian hordes, drunk with the blood of horses,
 And, safe from every harm,
 Quivered Geloni and the Scythian stream.

High Cæsar, seeking to conclude his labours,
 Settling in peaceful towns war-wearied cohorts,†
 Ye solace and refresh
 In the Picrian grotto's placid shade.

purity of the waters, or to the clearness of the air at Baiæ.—Schol. Cruq. Orelli prefers the latter interpretation. "Limpid" appears the best translation of "liquidæ," being applicable equally to either air or water, which "liquid," in our sense of the word, would not be.

* "Nec Sicula Palinurus unda." Cape Palinurus, a promontory on the western coast of Lucania. All attempts to ascertain at what period of his life, or on what occasion, Horace escaped shipwreck off Palinurus, are but mere conjectures.

† "Militia simul
 Fessas cohortes addidit oppidia."

The MSS. vary in the reading—"addidit," "abdidit," and "reddidit." Dillenburger prefers "abdidit," which the scholiasts explain as being sent to winter quarters. Orelli powerfully contends for "addidit," as significant of new towns or colonies, in favour of which he cites Tacitus, Ann. xiii. 31, "Colonie Capua atque Nuceria additis veteranis firmatæ sunt." After the conquest of the Salassi, a people of the Gaulish Alps (A.U.C. 729), Augustus assigned their territory to the Prætorian troops, who built Augusta Prætoria (Aosta). To other troops were assigned lands in Lusitania, Augusta Emerita (Merida). Maclean agrees with Orelli. Munro, a higher authority on such questions than Maclean, prefers and adopts "abdidit." The true reading being, however, uncertain, I have left it equally vague in the translation. I may observe, however, that as Maclean, in common with other eminent commentators, considers this ode written between A.U.C. 725 and 728, the line cannot refer to the new towns in the territory taken from the Salassi, A.U.C. 729.

Ye are the natural givers of mild counsel,
Your joy to give it, ye yourselves so gentle! *

† We know how He, whose law
Tempers the sluggish earth and windy sea,

He who, the Sole One, rules with tranquil justice
The 'stablished states—the varying crowd of mortals,
Gods, and the Ghastly Realms—
Smote with prone bolt the Titan's impious crew,

And banded giants towering into battle :
That horrid youth in strength of arm confiding—
Brethren who sought to pile
Pelion on dun Olympus, and to Jove

Himself sent fear. But what availed Typhoëus,
What Mimas or Porphyryon's stand of menace,‡
What Rhœtus, or the bold
Hurler of trees uptorn, Enceladus,

Rushing against Minerva's sounding ægis ?
Here, keen, stood Vulcan—here the matron Juno,
And he, who never more
Will from his shoulders lay aside the bow,

* “Vos lene consilium et datis, et dato
Gaudetis, animæ.”

“Ye give peaceful counsel, and rejoice in giving it because ye are gentle.”
—MACLEANE.

† Here Horace, starting from the picture of Augustus cultivating the Muses, and taking from them humane counsels, proceeds with poetic abruptness to symbolise the victory of Augustus over the violent and irrational forces hostile to the great social interests of man. The reader must not suppose (as some critics have inconsiderately done) that Horace signifies Augustus himself in the attributes he assigns to Jove. He would very imperfectly understand Horace who could conceive him thus to abase to the level of an earthly viceregent that supreme divinity, to whom there is no likeness and no second. Horace does but imply that the same Divine Powers who defeated the brute forces of the Titans and giants were on the side of Augustus in the civil wars.

‡ “Aut quid minaci Porphyryon statu.” As more poetic and expressive, I have adopted the literal translation of “status”—*i. e.* “a standing still,” as opposed to motion—rather than that of “attitude,” in which sense Forcellini interprets the word in these lines,—an interpretation commended by Yonge.

Who, in the pure dew of Castalia's fountain,
 Laves loosened hair,* who holds the Lycian thicket
 And his own native wood,
 Apollo, Delian, and Pataréan king.

By its own weight sinks force, when void of counsel :
 Let force be tempered and the gods increase it :
 But force which urges on
 To each unhallowed deed—the gods abhor.

Witness this truth, the hundred-handed Gyas—
 Witness the doom of Dian's vast assailer,
 Lustful Orion, quelled
 By the chaste conqueror with the virgin shaft.

Earth heaped above them mourns her buried monsters,
 And wails her offspring, into lurid Orcus
 Hurl'd by the heavenly bolt ;
 The swiftest fires consume not Ætna, piled

Over the struggling giant ; † the wing'd jailer ‡
 Of lustful Tityus never quits its captive ;
 Three hundred fetters hold
 The ravisher Pirithous fast in hell.

* Every reader of taste will be struck by the exquisite grace with which Horace lingers on this lovely picture of Apollo (Augustus's favourite deity), in contrast, as Orelli observes, to the monstrous images to which he is opposed. "Delius et Patareus:" Apollo is mythically said to have resided (or given oracles) at Patara, in Lycia, for six months in the year—the other six at Delos, his native isle. Maclean remarks that, "In enumerating the principal gods who assisted Zeus in the battle, Horace means to say, that although they were present, it was Pallas to whom the victory is mainly owing, otherwise the force of his argument is lost." But, as is said in the introduction, Horace appears to me to have desired emphatically, though symbolically, to intimate the nature of the Powers that were ranged on the side of Pallas, i.e. in the cause of Augustus—Vulcan, the representative of industry—Juno, of social order and marriage—Apollo, of arts and letters. This supposition is in accordance with the social or political objects to which these odes are devoted, and with the special benefits which Horace elsewhere ascribes to the reign of Augustus.

† "Nec peredit
 Impositam celer ignis Ætnam."

The fires of Ætna, however swiftly they burst forth, cannot consume the heap piled above Enceladus, so as ever to free him.—ORELLI. Horace does not say who was the giant crushed under Ætna. Callimachus says it was Enceladus, and also Briareus; Pindar and Æschylus say it was Typhœus. I have left this question in the translation as vague as Horace leaves it, though I have been compelled to take the licence of adding the words, "the

EXCURSUS.

"*Me fabulosæ Vulture in Apulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ
Ludo fatigatumque somno.*"

I omit in the translation the adjective Apulian (Apulo) applied to Vultur, because, as between Apulo in one line and Apuliæ in the next, the text is generally supposed to be corrupt. Äpu(lo) in the first line, is Äpu(liæ) in the second; and though there are sufficient instances of variation of quantity in proper names—such as Priamus, Priamides, Sicanus, Sicania, Italus, &c.—yet it is thought improbable that in so elaborate a poem Horace would have varied the quantity in two consecutive lines, and, says Munro, "to shorten an essentially long Italian syllable like Apulia or Appenninus would be portentous in classical times." Passing by the prosodical objection, a graver difficulty has been found in the construction, "*Me in Apulian Vultur beyond the threshold of my nurse Apulia.*" The Appennine range, still called "*Monte Vulture,*" was partly in Apulia, partly in Lucania. And Horace, Satire ii. 1, says it is doubtful whether he was a Lucanian or an Apulian, for the farmers of Venusia (his birthplace) ploughed the boundaries of both these provinces. Had he said "*Lucanian Vultur,*" "beyond the threshold of Apulia," the passage, therefore, would have been clear; but "*in Apulian Vultur, out of Apulia,*" is a puzzle for commentators. It is not to be wondered at that Bentley, ever ready upon slighter ground to disturb a text and hazard an invention, should vehemently repudiate this reading: and getting rid of Apulia and poetry altogether, boldly propose to read, "*Nutricis (or Altricis) extra limina sedula,*" "beyond the threshold of my careful nurse." Another critic, still more ingenious, not contented with taking "*altrix*" or "*nutrix*" literally as Horace's nurse in flesh and blood, has discovered her name to be Pulia, "*extra limina Pulæ;*" in which case the lines may be imitated thus:—

"Me on the slope of Brighton Downs,
Beyond the threshold of nurse Downie."

The most recent and the most plausible conjecture will be found in the preface to Mr. Yonge's edition, p. vi., "*Altricis extra limina villulæ,*" "beyond the precincts of my native homestead." To this Munro objects "that diminutives used to such excess in the language of the people, in the comic poets, in Catullus and others, almost disappeared from the higher poetry of the Augustan and later ages." Mr. Yonge suggests, p. vii., a yet bolder, but a less acceptable emendation, "*Nutricis extra limina villicæ,*" observing, that the "*villica*" was an important person in a plain country-house—the responsible manager for every part of the household arrangements. The construction would then be, "beyond the threshold of my nurse the bailiff's wife." As the obscurity of this passage has tasked the subtlest critics, I feel that I shall gratify all Horatian scholars by subjecting the following communication from a very high authority:—"I cannot see any difficulty about the Apuliæ and Apulo; the adjective and substantive often differ in accent, as gallant and gallant. Horace claims Vultur as an Apulian mountain, but says that he has strayed beyond its Apulian side; just as a child at Macugnaga might say that he had strayed on the '*Piedmontese Monte Moro*' beyond the limits of Piedmont."

struggling giant," in order to prevent a misconception of the meaning,—such as occurs, for instance, in Smart, "Nor does the active fire consume Ætna, that is placed *over it.*"

‡ The vulture.

ODE V.

THE SOLDIER FORFEITS HIS COUNTRY WHO SURRENDERS HIMSELF
TO THE ENEMY IN BATTLE.

In this ode the political object of Horace is to stigmatise the Roman soldiers, who, being made prisoners—or, to use an appropriate French word, *détenus*—after the defeat of Crassus, had accustomed themselves to the country in which they were detained, married into barbarian families, and accepted military service under the conqueror; and in thus energetically representing the moral disgrace of these men, Horace is very evidently opposing some proposition then afloat for demanding their restoration from the Parthians. Such demand, which would no doubt be urged by the relatives of the *détenus*, and perhaps by many old fellow-soldiers in the Roman army, might easily have acquired the importance of what we call a party question. And if Horace here opposes it, it is pretty certain that Augustus opposed it also at that time. Hence the ode would have been written before Augustus redemanded (A.U.C. 731) the Roman captives and standards from Phraates. And the date A.U.C. 728 or 729, assigned to the ode by Orelli, is probably the true one. A demand which circumstances rendered reasonable and politic in 731, might have been very inopportune and unwise two or three years before. In aiming at his political object, Horace skilfully eludes its exact definition. He begins by saying, that as it is by his thunder we believe in Jove, so the power of Augustus will be recognised when he shall have added the Britons and Parthians to his empire. Thus, agreeably with the oratorical character of his poetry, on which I have observed in the preliminary essay, his exordium propitiates the ear of the party he is about to oppose, viz. those clamorous for the restoration of the Parthian prisoners. He follows this exordium with a rapid outburst on the ignominy of these very prisoners, and then, with admirable boldness, places the argument against their restoration in the mouth of the national hero Regulus. It is in these and similar passages that Horace not only soars immeasurably above the level of didactic poetry properly so called, but justifies his claim to a far higher rank even in lyrical poetry than many of his modern critics are disposed to accord to him. He attains to that region of the sublime which belongs to heroic sentiment, and which is the rarest variety of the sublime even in the tragic drama.

'Tis by his thunder we believe Jove reigns
In heaven : on earth,* as a presiding god,
When to his realm annexed
Briton and Persian,† Caesar shall be held !

What ! hath the soldier who with Crassus served,
Lived the vile spouse of a barbarian wife ?
Shame to Rome's Senate ! ‡ shame
On manners that invert the Rome of old !

* "Præsens divus" is obviously 'præsens in terris,' as opposed to 'cælo.'
—MACLEANE.

† Persian for Parthian, as Lib. I. Od. ii. 22.

‡ "Pro Curia," &c.—viz., "Shame to the Senate for the scandal to its dignity in having so long endured a disgrace so ignominious."—ORELLI.

Marsian, Apulian, sons-in-law to foes
Of their own sires! grown grey in hireling mail
Beneath a Median king!

Oblivious of the sacred shields of Mars,

Oblivious both of toga and of name,
And Vesta's unextinguishable fire,*

While yet live Jove and Rome! †

Ah! this the provident mind of Regulus

Foresaw, when arguing that to buy from Death
Captives unworthy pity, on vile terms,

Would serve in after days,

As the sure precedent of doom to Rome.

"I," thus he said, "have with these eyes beheld
The Roman standards nailed to Punic shrines;

From Roman soldiers seen

The bloodless weapons wrenched without a blow;

"Seen the stout arms of Roman citizens

Twisted, all slave-like, behind free-born backs,

While foes retitled safe fields,

And left expanded portals sentryless.

"The soldier, ransomed by your gold, forsooth,

Comes back the braver! you add loss to shame.‡

Never the wool regains

Gone hues, when once drugg'd with the sea-weed's
dye;

"Never true valour, when it once departs,

Deigns to resettle in degenerate souls.

If, when from toils set free,

The hind will fight, the captive will be brave

* "Horace collects the most distinguished objects of a Roman's reverence—his name, his citizenship (toga), the shield of Mars only to be lost, and the fire of Vesta only to be extinguished, when Rome should perish."—**MACLEANE.**

† Incolumi Jove." "Salvo Capitolio," Schol.—viz., the Capitol in which stood the temple of Capitoline Jove.

‡ "Flagitio additis Damnum." Orelli, Dillenburger, and Macleane agree in considering that "damnum" does not refer, as some suppose, to the loss of the ransom, but to the damage done by the example of ransoming captives who had evinced so little courage.

"Who hath consigned himself to faithless foes,
 He will crush Carthage in fresh battle-fields,
 He—who hath felt the thong
 On passive wrists,—and owned the fear of death.

"How to hold life ignoring,—he hath made
 Peace for himself amidst his country's war,*
 O shame! great Carthage hail,
 Throned on the ruins of a Rome disgraced!"

Then it is said, he turned from the embrace
 Of his chaste wife and babes, as one to whom
 All the old rights are lost; †
 Stern, and with manly face bent earthward
 down.

Until the unexampled counsel fixed
 The wavering senate on its author's side,
 And, pauseless, through the ranks
 Of mournful friends, the glorious exile passed.

Albeit he knew what the barbarian skill
 Of the tormentor for himself prepared,
 He motioned from his path
 The opposing kindred, the retarding crowd,

Calmly as if, some client's tedious suit
 Closed by his judgment, ‡ to Venafrian fields
 Or mild Tarentum, built
 By antique Spartans, went his quiet way.

* "Hic, unde vitam sumeret inscius,
 Pacem duello miscuit."

That is, such a man, not comprehending that it is only by his own unyielding valour that he should save his life, confounds peace and war by making peace for himself on the field of battle. Conditions of peace belong to the state, not to the individual soldier, upon whom the state imposes the duty to fight at any hazard of life.—See Orelli's note.

† "Capitis minor." The expression signifies the man who has lost his civil right, as did the Roman citizen taken prisoner by the enemy.

‡ The patrons were accustomed to settle the dispute between their clients.

ODE VI.

ON THE SOCIAL CORRUPTION OF THE TIME.

Macleane observes that, "As the former (five) odes are addressed more to qualities of young men, this refers more especially to the vices of young women, and so Horace discharges the promise with which this series of odes begins." To me, on the contrary, it is precisely because of the lines which so freely describe the vices of young women, single and married, that I hesitate to class this ode among those to which the introductory verse of the first ode applies. Let any man consider if a poet, as the Muse's priest, could have addressed, in the original, lines from 21 to 32, not to freed-women and singing-girls, but to the well-born maidens and brides of Rome. That the poem was written about the same time as the others is a reasonable conjecture, and probably with the same intention of assisting the reforms of Augustus, among which Horace subsequently celebrates the stricter laws regulating and affecting marriage. But I do not think the poem was or could be one of those specially addressed to the young; and, independently of the lines I have referred to, the concluding stanza, in fierce condemnation of themselves and their immediate parents, would be very unlike the skilful way in which Horace "*admissus circum præcordia ludit*."

Roman, the sins thy fathers have committed,
From thee, though guiltless, shall exact atonement,
Till tottering fanes* and temples be restored,
And smoke-grimed† statues of neglected gods.

Thou rul'st by being to the gods subjected,
To this each deed's conception and completion
Refer; full many an ill, the gods contemned
Have showered upon this sorrowing Italy.

Twice have Monæses‡ and the Parthian riders
Of Pacorus crushed our evil-omened onslaught,
And to their puny torques smiled to add
The spoils of armour stripped from Roman breasts,

* The restoration of the temples and fanes decayed by time, or burned down in the civil wars, was among the chief reforms of Augustus.—Suet., Oct. xxx.

† "Smoke-grimed,"—partly by conflagrations commemorated by Tacitus and Suetonius, partly by the fumes from the sacrifices. Stated times for the washing of the statues, with solemn rites, were appointed.

‡ Pacorus, son of the Parthian king Arsaces XIV., defeated Decidius Saxa, legate to M. Antony. Four years later, when Pacorus was dead, the Parthians defeated Antony commanding in person. It is not known who is meant by Monæses. Plutarch mentions a Parthian of that name who fled to Antony, but it nowhere appears that he bore arms against the Romans. Orelli and Macleane favour the conjecture that by Monæses is meant Surenas, who defeated Crassus, A.U.C. 701—supposing Surenas to be merely an Oriental title of dignity, and Monæses to have been the proper name of Crassus's conqueror.

Dacian and Æthiopian,* dread-inspiring—
 One with his archers, with his fleets the other—
 Well-nigh destroyed this very Rome herself,
 While all her thought was on her own fierce brawls.

This age, crime-bearing, first polluted wedlock,
 Hence race adulterate, and hence homes dishallowed ; †
 And from this fountain flowed a poisoned stream,
 Pest-spreading through the people and the land.

The ripening virgin, blushes, learns delighted
 Ionic dances ; in the art of wantons
 Studiously fashioned ; even in the bud,
 Tingles, within her, meditated sin.‡

Later, a wife—her consort in his cups,
 She courts some younger gallant, whom, no matter,
 Snatching the moment from the board to slip,
 And hide the lover from the tell-tale lights.§

* This is an allusion to the threats of Antony and Cleopatra against Rome—

“Dum Capitolio
 Regina dementes ruinas,
 Funus et imperio parabat.”
 —Lib. I. Od. xxxvii.

The Dacian archers were auxiliaries in Antony's army at Actium. By the Æthiopians is meant the Egyptian fleet. The ode must therefore have been written after the battle of Actium.

† Here Horace, tracing the corruption of the times to the contempt of the marriage-tie, whether by adultery or the excess to which the licence of divorce was carried, aids Augustus in the reforms he effected in the law of marriage.

‡ “Jam nunc et incestos amores.
 De tenero meditatur ungui.”

I have adhered to the received and simplest interpretation of “de tenero ungui,” “from earliest youth or tender years.” But another interpretation, which Orelli considers very ingenious and appears to approve, will be found in his note to the passage, “penitus ex intimis nervis”—as we say in English, “tingling to the finger-ends ;” or, as the French say, clever or wicked, “au bout des ongles.”

§ “Impermissa raptim
 Gaudia, luminibus remotis.”

“Raptim non est ‘furtim’ sed ‘celeriter,’ ita est statim post vencrem in triclinium redeat,” &c.—ORELLI.

Prompt at the beck (her venal spouse conniving)
 Of some man-milliner * or rude sea-captain
 Of trade-ship fresh from marts of pilfered Spain,
 Buying full dearly the disgrace she sells.

Not from such parents sprang that race undaunted,
 Who reddened ocean with the gore of Carthage,
 Beat down stout Pyrrhus, great Antiochus,
 And broke the might of direful Hannibal.

That manly race was born of warriors rustic,
 Tutored to cleave with Sabine spades the furrow,
 And, at some rigid mother's bluff command,
 Shouldering the logs their lusty right hands hewed,

What time the sun reversed the mountain shadows,
 And from the yoke released the wearied oxen,
 As his own chariot slowly passed away,
 Leaving on earth the friendly hour of rest.

What does time dwarf not and deform, corrupting !
 Our father's age ignobler than our grandsires'
 Bore us yet more depraved ; and we in turn
 Shall leave a race more vicious than ourselves.

ODE VII.

TO ASTERIA.

This poem tells its own tale. It has that peculiar grace in which Horace is inimitable. Orelli says, "On account of its elegant pleasantry, and the mode in which the action is brought out into evidence—although the whole scene, and the three persons who play their part in it, are pure poetic inventions—it may be classed among Horace's happiest poems." It is indeed a miniature lyrical comedy, and, slight though it be in substance, may be cited as an example of the skill with which Horace can give to a few stanzas the lively effect of a drama. The date is unknown, but is referred by some to A.U.C. 729.

* "‘Institor,’ ‘an agent, a trader in articles of dress or for the toilet.’”
 —YONGE. I have translated this “man-milliner.” for there seems some kind of antithesis intended between the effeminate occupations of the “institor” and the rough manners of the shipmaster.

Nay, Asteria, why weep'st thou for Gyges,
Whom, enriched with Bithynia's rich cargoes,
The first sparkling zephyrs of spring
Shall waft back to thee, constant as ever?

By the south wind on Oricus driven,
At the rise of the turbulent goat-star,
Unsleeping, he weeps, through the night,
The dull chill of his partnerless pillow,

But the agent of Chloë, his hostess,
Tells the youth that in her he has kindled
A flame no less ardent than thine,
In a thousand ways craftily tempting :

Warns him how the false consort of Prætus
Duped her credulous lord, by feigned charges,
Into plotting Bellerophon's death,
For too chastely regarding his hostess.*

Tells how Peleus Hippolyte † slighted,
And was all but consigned to dark Hades ;
Then seeks to allure him by tales
Teaching lessons for sinning in safety :

All in vain ! To his words is thy true-love
Deaf as rocks to the breakers Icarian ;
But keep sharp look-out on thyself,
Lest too charmed with thy neighbour Enipeus ;

* Prætus, believing the story of his wife Anteia, that Bellerophon had attempted to seduce her, but unwilling himself to slay his guest, sent him to his father-in-law Iobates, king in Lycia, with sealed letters, in which Iobates was requested to destroy the bearer.

† This lady, otherwise called Astydamia, made the same charge against Peleus to her husband Acastor that Anteia did to Prætus against Bellerophon, and for the same reason. Acastor, like Prætus, having scruples of conscience which forbade him to slay his guest with his own hand, invited Peleus to hunt wild beasts in Mount Pelion ; and when Peleus, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep on the mountain, Acastor concealed his sword, and left him alone and unarmed to be devoured by the beasts. Peleus on waking and searching for his sword was attacked by Centaurs, but saved by Chiron.

Though no rider so skilled and so noticed
 Wheels a steed on the turf of the Campus ; *
 No swimmer so lustily cleaves
 Rapid way down the stream of the Tuscan.

Make thy door fast at eve, never looking
 Down the street if shrill fifes serenade thee ;
 And be but more rigidly cold
 Whensoever he complains of thy coldness.

ODE VIII.

TO MÆCENAS, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HORACE'S ESCAPE
 FROM THE FALLING TREE.

According to Franke, Horace's escape from the tree was in A.U.C. 728. Ritter places it in 724. This poem commemorates the anniversary of that accident.

Learn'd as thou art in lore of either language, †
 Thou marvellest why these hymeneal Kalends
 Of March ‡ I keep—I, solitary Cœlebs,
 Wherefore these flow'rets ?

This censer full of incense ? this heaped fuel
 On the live sod ? Know that, escaped the death-blow
 Of the dire tree, I a white goat to Bacchus
 Vowed, and feast off'rings.

The day, thus sacred, with the year returning,
 Shall free from pitch-seal'd cork-bonds which confine it,
 That jar § which first imbibed the smoke-reek under
 Tullus the Consul.

* "Flectere equum." This was to wheel the horse round in a small circle.—MACLEANE.

† Viz., Greek and Latin, which, as the commentators observe, comprehended all the learning a Roman could well acquire.

‡ The Matronalia, in honour of Juno Lucina, were held in the March Kalends.

§ "Amphoræ fumum." The jar, or amphora, was kept in the apotheca, and ripened by the smoke from the bath below it. The pitch and cork which fastened it protected the wine itself from being smoked. The wine in the amphora now to be broached, dating back to Tullus the Consul, A.U.C. 683, would have been a year older than Horace himself.

In honour of thy friend thus saved, Mæcnas,
 Quaff brimming cups—a hundred be the number;
 Let the gay lights watch with us for the morning,
 Noise and broil banished.

Give to thy provident cares for Rome a respite,
 Routed are Cotiso's fierce Dacian armies,
 Mede wroth with Mede, upon fraternal slaughter,
 Wastes his wild fury.*

Subject to Rome, and curbed in tardy fetters,
 The old Cantabrian foe on shores Hispanian;
 Lo! the grim Scythians meditate retreating—
 Lax are their bow-strings.

As one who takes in private life his leisure,
 A while forego the over-care for nations;
 Leave things severe; life offers one glad moment—
 Seize it with gladness.

ODE IX.

THE RECONCILIATION.

"One of Buttmann's remarks with reference to this Ode is well worth quoting: 'The ancients had the skill to construct such poems so that each speech tells us by whom it is spoken; but we let the editors treat us all our lives as schoolboys, and interline such dialogues after the fashion of our plays with the names. To their sedulity we are indebted for the alternation of the lyrical name Lydia with the name Horatius in this exquisite work of art; and yet even in an English poem we should be offended by seeing Collins at the side of Phyllis.'"—MACLEANE

The poem itself is, perhaps, an imitation from the Greek. Maclean observes, "It is just such a subject as one might expect to find among the erotic poetry of the Greeks."

HE.

"While I yet to thee was pleasing,
 While no dearer youth entwined lavish arms round thy
 white neck,

* The precise dates of these historical allusions are matters of controversy, and not possible to determine. By the Mede is meant the Parthian, distracted by the civil feuds between Phrautes and Tiridates.

Happy then, indeed, I flourished,
 Never Persian king * was blest with such riches as were
 mine."†

SHE.

"While no other more inflamed thee,
 And below no Chloë's rank Lydia in thy heart was
 placed,
 Glorious then did Lydia flourish,
 Roman Ilia's lofty name not so honoured as was mine."‡

HE.

"O'er me now reigns Thracian Chloë,
 Skilled in notes of dulcet song and the science of the
 lute;
 If my death her life could lengthen,
 So that Fate my darling spared, I without a fear could
 die."‡

SHE.

"From a mutual torchlight kindled
 Is my flame for Calais, son of Thurian Ornytus,§
 If my death his life could lengthen,
 So that Fate would spare the boy, I a double death
 would die!"

HE.

"What if Venus fled—returning,
 Forced us two, dissevered now, back into her brazen
 yoke;
 If I shook off auburn Chloë,
 And to Lydia, now shut out, opened once again the
 door?"

* "Persarum vigui rege beator." The opposition between the lover's comparison in this stanza and the girl's in the next ("Romana vigui clarior Ilia") is this: The lover means that he was richer in her love than the wealthiest king; the girl that she (the humble freed-woman) was more honoured in his love than the most illustrious matron.

† Ilia, as the mother of Romulus, queen and priestess, stands here as the noblest type of Roman matrons, "Romanorum nobilissima."

‡ "Si parcent animæ fata superstiti." "Animæ meæ" denotes a familiar expression of endearment, as in Cicero, ad. Fam. xiv. 14; and as the Italians still call their mistress, "Anima mia."

§ "Thurini Calais—Thressa Chloë." The alliteration between the names here selected seems studied. In making Chloë a Thracian and

SHE.

"Than a star though he be fairer,
 Lighter thou than drifted, cork—rougher thou than
 Hadrian wave,*
 Yet how willingly I answer,
 'Tis with thee that I would live—gladly I with thee
 would die."

ODE X.

TO LYCE.

This humorous ode belongs to a kind of serenade common enough with the Greeks, and is probably imitated from a Greek original. There is no reason for supposing the Lyce whose cruelty is here complained of, to be identical with the Lyce who is lampooned in Book IV. Ode xiii.

Didst thou drink at the uttermost waters of Don,
 To some savage barbarian, O Lyce, the spouse,
 Still, thy heart with compassion might think of me stretched
 Where the north winds are quartered outside of thy door.

Hark! the hinge of thy gate; hark! the plants in thy
 hall,†

With what dissonant howl they re-echo the blasts,
 And with what icy clearness the frost-air above
 Renders crisper the snows that are heaped below!

Calais the son of a Sybarite (Thurium, a town of Lucania, near the site of the ancient Sybaris), the poet perhaps insinuates that the lady who had replaced Lydia was somewhat too rude or masculine—the gentleman who had replaced the lover of the dialogue somewhat too soft and effeminate.

* "Improbo—Hadria." Orelli interprets "improbo" by "tōfent," "raging." The poets use the word "improbus" to imply anything in violent excess. Ritter, with perhaps over-subtlety, considers that the comparison to a cork refers, not to levity of temperament, but to the insignificant stature of the poet in contrast to the beauty of Calais.

† "Nemus Inter pulchra satum tecta." Small trees were sometimes planted round the impluvium of a Roman house. This is the interpretation adopted by Orelli. Ritter contends that the line refers to one of the two sacred groves situated between the two heights of the Capitoline.

Lay the haughtiness hateful to Venus aside,
Lest the wheel should run back and the rope should be
snapped,*

Thy gay parent Tyrrhenian ne'er meant to produce
A Penelope cruel to suitors in thee.

Ah! although thou art proof against presents and prayers,
And the pale-blue complexion of lovers disdained;
Nor ev'n bowed to revenge on the spouse led astray
By a roving Pierian † less chaste than a Muse;

Yet, while granting thy heart is not softer than oak,
And as mild as the snakes in the land of the Moor,
Spare the life of a suppliant! I am of flesh,
And can bear not for ever this porch and that sleet. ‡

ODE XI.

TO THE LYRE.

"The common inscription, 'Ad Mercurium' (to Mercury), adopted by Bentley and others, is plainly wrong, and calculated to mislead. The inscription should be 'Ad testudinem' (to the lyre or shell) if anything, for Mercury disappears after the first two verses. The miracles alluded to, except Amphion's, were those of Orpheus, and of the lyre in his hands, not Mercury's—which Orelli not perceiving, contradicts himself."—MACLEANE.

Mercury (for, tutored in thy lore, Amphion
Charmed into motion rocks by his sweet singing),
And thou, my lyre, with sevenfold chord resounding
Measures not skill-less,

* "Ne currente retro funis eat rota." This line has been tortured to many interpretations. "Lest the wheel turn back and the rope with it," is Orelli's, accepted by Maclean, who observes, the metaphor in that case is taken from a rope wound round a cylinder, which, being allowed to run back, the rope runs down, and the weight or thing attached goes with it. "The rope may break and the wheel run back," is the construction Maclean gives in his argument to the ode.

† "Pieria pellice," Macedonian lady of pleasure.—ORELLI, RITZER. There is some humour as well as wit in coupling "pellice" with an epithet so suggestive of an opposite idea.

‡ "Aquæ Cælestis patiens." The expression can scarcely apply to rain, since the night has been described as one of wind and frost:—

"Glaciet nives
Puro numine Juppiter;"

"puro" being, as Maclean observes, "an epithet well suited to a clear,

Albeit once, unmusical, unheeded,*
 Now welcome both in banquet-halls and temples,
 Teach me some strain resistlessly beguiling
 Lyde to listen.

Wild as the filly in its third year, frisking
 Through the wide meadows, the least touch dismays her
 Never yet won, she views as saucy freedom
 Evën the wooing.

But thou† hast power to lead away the tigers,
 And in their train the forests; stay swift rivers;
 Cerberus himself, dread jailer of dark thresholds,
 Soothed into meekness,

Yielded to thy bland voice his hundred strongholds
 Of fury-heads, each garrisoned with serpents,
 And hushed the triple tongue in jaws whose breath-reek
 Tainted the hell-gloom;

The tortured lips of Tityos and Ixion
 Reluctant smiled; awhile their urn stood thirsty
 As paused the Danaïds, to the charmer's music
 Dreamily list'ning.

Let Lyde hear the guilt of those stern virgins,
 Hear, too, their well-known penance; doomed for ever
 To toil at filling up a sieve-like vessel;
 Tell her how surely

frosty night." The wind would keep off the snow, but there might be gusty showers of sleety hail. Horace, however, no doubt, uses the expression in a general sense, such as the "floods of heaven," whether they be snow, rain, or sleet.

* "Nec loquax," *i. e.*, "canora,"—DILLENBURGER, ORELLI. Horace, though a born poet, if ever there was one—and telling us that even as an infant, when the doves covered him with bay and myrtle, he was marked out for the service of the Muses—does not disclaim, here and elsewhere, to intimate that, if a born poet, he had taken very great pains to make himself a good one.

† "Thou" refers not to Mercury, but to the lyre—*i. e.*, symbolically to the power of song and music, as exercised by Orpheus.

Slow fates await such crimes,—though under Orcus;
 Impious—for can impiety be greater?
 Impious in giving to the sword their bridegrooms,
 Ruthlessly murdered.*

Amidst the many, One alone was worthy
 The nuptial torch;—a maid, through all the ages,
 By glorious falsehood to her perjured father,
 Nobly immortal.

“Rise,” to her youthful bridegroom, thus she whispered;
 “Rise, lest there come, and whence thou dost suspect not,
 Into thy lids the everlasting slumber!
 Baffle my father;

“Elude my blood-stained sisters—lionesses;
 Each—woe is me!—her separate victim rending:
 Softer than they, I can nor strike nor hold thee
 Pent in these shambles!

“Let my sire load me with his barbarous fetters,
 Wroth with the pitying love that spares a husband,
 Or ship me outlawed to Numidian deserts!
 Be it so! Hasten!

“Go wheresoe’er swift foot or sail can bear thee;
 Blest be the auspice! Night and Venus favour!
 Go; be some word that mourns me and remembers
 Carved on my tombstone!”†

* The old mythologists differ among themselves as to the fable of Danaus and the fate of his daughters. Horace here adopts the common story that Danaus, having reason to think that the fifty sons of his brother Ægyptus were plotting against him, fled with his fifty daughters from Libya (the domain assigned him by his father Belus, Ægyptus having Arabia), and ultimately became King of Argos. His nephews came to his new realm and demanded his daughters in marriage. Danaus consented, but, in distrust or revenge, enjoined his daughters to murder their bridegrooms with the swords he gave them for that amiable purpose. On alone, Hypermnestra, spared her husband, Lynceus. According to the earlier writers, the Danaïdes were purified of their crime, and even married again. Later poets, deeming it perhaps more prudent to make a severe example of such dangerous bed-fellows, sent them to Orcus.

† It is pleasant to think that the modern law of what is called “poetic justice,” has a precedent in the final restoration of this young lady to the arms of the husband she had so mercifully spared. Ovid’s Epistle of Hypermnestra to Lynceus, supposed to be written while imprisoned by her father, is much indebted to Horace’s lines. But perhaps both poets borrowed from a common source which is lost to modern discoverers.

ODE XII.

NEOBULE'S SOLILOQUY.

Most of the earlier commentators took it for granted that the poet is here addressing Neobule. Dillenburger, Orelli, and Maclean prefer to consider that Neobule is throughout the ode addressing herself. The poem is, perhaps, more or less imitated from one by Alcæus, of which only a single verse is preserved. The metre of the ode has given much trouble to commentators, especially to those who insist upon the theory that all Horace's odes are reducible to quatrain stanzas, while this ode is in a stanza of three lines, according to the authority of MSS. (with the exception of the Turinese one). An attempt to remodel it into quatrain will be found in Orelli's excursus to the ode, and is adopted by Yonge in his edition.

How unhappy the lot of poor girls; neither play to their
fancies in love,
Neither balm for their sorrows in wine! frightened out of
their souls by the lash
In the tongue of some testy relation.*

Neobùle, wing'd Love has flown off with thy spindles and
basket of wools!
And thy studious delight in the toils of Minerva is chased
from thy heart
By young Hebrus, the bright Liparæan.

Hardy swimmer in Tiber to plunge gleaming shoulders
anointed with oil!
Sure, Bellerophon rode not so well; as a boxer no arm is
so strong;
And no foot is so fleet as a runner.

Skilful marksman, when over the campaign the hounds
drive and scatter the deer,
To select the right stag for his dart; and as nimble to start
the wild boar,
Lurking grim in the dense forest-thicket.

* Literally "uncle." "Uncles," Torrentius observes, "had considerable power over their nephews and nieces by the Roman law, and, being less indulgent than fathers, their severity passed into a proverb."

ODE XIII.

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

The site of this fountain has been a matter of controversy, interesting to those who seek to ascertain the localities of places endeared to them by the poets. Acon and others assumed it to be in the neighbourhood of Horace's Sabine home, and identify it with the rivulet of Digentia (Licenza). It is, however, generally now agreed, upon what appears sufficiently competent authority, that Bandusia was in Horace's native soil, about six miles from the site of Venusia (Dillenburger, Orelli, Maclean). If so, it is conjectured that the poem would have been written in earlier life, when Horace revisited his native spot—perhaps A.U.C. 717—since it is held scarcely probable that he would have thought of consecrating the fountain in Venusia, when he was settled in the remote district of his Sabine farm. It may, however, be likely enough, as Tate contends (Horat. Restit. p. 88), that Horace transferred the name, endeared to him by early association, to the spring near his later home. Yonge suggests the query, "Was Bandusia the name of the place, or of the presiding nymph of the fountain?"—See Orelli's full and very elegant note on this subject.

Fount of Bandusia, more lucid than crystal,
 Worthy of honeyed wine, not without flowers,
 I will give thee to-morrow a kid,
 Whose front, with the budded horn swelling,

Predicts to his future life Venus and battles;
 Vainly! The lymph of thy cold running waters
 He shall tinge with the red of his blood,
 Fated child of the frolicsome people!

The scorch of the Dog-star's fell season forbears thee;
 Ever friendly to grant the sweet boon of thy coolness
 To the wild flocks that wander around,
 And the oxen that reek from the harrow.

I will give thee high rank and renown among fountains,
 When I sing of the ilex o'erspreading the hollows
 Of rocks, whence, in musical fall,*
 Leap thy garrulous silvery waters.

* "*Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem Saxis*"—the cavern overshadowed with the ilex from which the fountain gushes.—ORELLI.

ODE XIV.

"Composed at the close of the Cantabrian war, A.U.C. 729, when Augustus's return was expected, or on his return the following year."—
MACLEANE.

In noticing the critical animadversions on this ode "as unequal to the occasion," Macleane observes justly that "it was evidently only a private affair." The familiar lightness of the concluding stanzas would indicate a merry-making kept with a few personal friends.

Joy, O ye people! it was said that Cæsar
Went forth like Hercules, in quest of laurels
Bought but by death; now home from shores Hispanian
Comes he back victor.

Let her whose joy in her sole lord is centred*
Join, in thanksgivings due, the glad procession—
Join with the sister of our glorious chieftain—
Join with the mothers,

Chastely adorned by sacrificial fillets†—
Mothers of children now no more imperilled;
Youths and young brides hush, at such time ill-omened,
Each lighter whisper.

Truly to me this holiday is sacred,
And its bright sunshine chases cloudy troubles.
I fear nor open feud nor stealthy murder,‡
Earth yet holds Cæsar!

Up, boy, and bring the perfume and the garlands,
And wine that to the Marsian war bears witness,
If one jar, baffling Spartacus the Rover,
Somewhere lurks hidden.§

* "Unico gaudens mulier marito." See Orelli's note on "unico," which some have interpreted in the sense of "unique" or "peerless;" Dillenburg, as "dear" or "beloved."

† Worn by the Roman matrons to distinguish them from freed women.

‡ "Nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam."

"Tumultum" here evidently means "intestine feud" or "popular outbreak;" "vim," "assassination," or "personal violence." With Cæsar is identified the prevailing security of law.

§ "The Marsic or Social war was continued from A.U.C. 663 to 665; and the Servile war, headed by Spartacus, lasted from A.U.C. 681 to 683; therefore the wine Horace wanted would have been sixty-five years old at least.

Go, and bid silver-tongued Neæra hasten,
 Binding in Spartan knot her locks myrrh-scented;*
 But, if obstructed by that brute her porter,
 Quietly come back.

Nothing cools fiery spirits like a grey hair;
 In every quarrel 'tis your sure peacemaker;
 In my hot youth, when Plancus was the consul,
 I was less patient.†

ODE XV.

ON AN OLD WOMAN AFFECTING YOUTH.

The names in this poem are, of course, fictitious, and the satire itself is of very general application even in the present day. Its date is undiscoverable.

Mend thy life—it is time; cease such pains to be vile,
 Flaunting wife of the indigent Ibycus;
 Fitter far for the grave, do not gambol with girls,
 Interspersing a cloud 'mid the galaxy.

That which Pholoë thy daughter may suit well enough,
 In thee, hoary Chloris, is horrible:‡
 'Tis permitted to her to besiege the young rakes
 In their homes, with much greater propriety:

No Bacchante the timbrel excites with its clash,
 Than that daughter of thine can be livelier;
 And her fancy for Nothus so warms her and stings,
 That no roe on the hills is more frolicsome.

There seems to have been something remarkable in the vintage of that period, so as to make it proverbial; for Juvenal, one hundred years afterwards, speaking of the selfish gentleman who keeps his best wine for his own drinking, says:—

‘Ipse capillato diffusum consule potat,
 Calcatamque tenet bellis socialibus uvam.’”

—S. v. 30, 89.—MACLEANE.

* “Myrrheum crinem.” The scholiasts interpreted this expression “myrrh-coloured.” Orelli and other recent commentators support the interpretation “myrrh-scented.”

† i.e., when Horace was in his twenty-third year.

‡ “Anus cum ludit, Morti delicias facit.”—P. SYRUS.

What becomes thee the best is a warm woollen dress ;
 Get thee fleeces from famous Luceria ;*
 What become thee the least are the lute and the rose,
 And the cask tippled dry with young rioters.

ODE XVI.

GOLD THE CORRUPTOR.

This ode is among Horace's most striking variations of the moral he so frequently preaches—content *versus* gold. But here he does full justice to the power of gold as the corruptor. I have not adopted for this ode the forms of metre I have elsewhere employed for rendering odes in the same measure (Asclepiadean, with a Glyconean in the 4th line), but one by which I have not unfrequently rendered the Alcaic stanza, with the slight variation of a monosyllabic termination in the second verse, while the termination of the first verse is dissyllabic.

The brazen tower, the solid doors,† the vigil
 Of dismal watch-dogs sentried night and day,
 Might have sufficed to guard
 From midnight loves imprisoned Danaë;

But Jove and Venus laughed to scorn Acrisius,
 The timorous jailer of the hidden maid,‡
 Opening at once sure way,
 The god transformed himself into—a Bribe.

More subtle than the flash of the forked lightning,
 Gold glides amidst the arméd satellites;
 More potent than Jove's bolt,
 Gold through the walls of granite bursts its way :

* A town in Apulia now called Lucera. In its neighbourhood was one of the largest tracts of public pasture-land. The wools of Luceria were celebrated.

† “Robustæque fores.” Orelli suggests “firmissimæ,” and objects, not without fine critical taste, to the interpretation of Forcellini and others—viz., “oaken doors,” as a descent in poetic expression, just after insisting on “brazen tower.” Certainly, in line 9, Ode iii., “Illi robur et æs triplex,” “robur” comes first.

‡ Acrisius shut up his daughter in a brazen tower from fear of the oracle, who had predicted that she should bear him a son who would cause his death. He is therefore timorous or panic-stricken (pavidus) because of the oracle.

So fell the Argive Augur with his kindred,*
 Gain, tempting one, whelmed in destruction all;
 The man of Macedon†
 By gifts cleft gates, by gifts sapped rival thrones—

Gifts have ensnared a Navy's fiercest chiefs,‡
 Care grows with wealth, with wealth the greed for more.
 O my Mæcenas! gem
 Of Roman knighthood,§ ever have I feared

To lift a crest above the crowd conspicuous—
 Rightly; the more man shall deny himself,
 The more shall gods bestow.
 I do not side with wealth, but, lightly armed,

Bound o'er the lines, deserting to Contentment;
 Owner more grand in means the rich despise,
 Than were I said to hide,
 In mine own granaries, all Apulia yields

Her toiling sons, want-pinched amidst heaped plenty:—
 A brooklet pure, some roods of woodland cool,
 Faith in crops, sure if small—
 Are a lot happier, though he knows it not,

Than his who glitters in the spoils of Afric.
 Though not for me toil the Calabrian bees,
 Nor wines in Formian jars
 Languish their fire in length of years away,

* Amphiarus; his wife Eriphyle, bribed by her brother Polynices, persuaded him to join in the siege of Thebes. There he fell, ordering his sons to put their mother to death. Alcmaon obeyed, and finally perished himself in attempting to get the gold necklace with which Eriphyle had been bribed.

† Philip of Macedon.

‡ This is held to refer to Menas, *alias* Menodorus, commander of Sextus Pompeius's fleet. He deserted from Pompeius to Augustus, then again to Pompeius, and again to Augustus. He had been freed-man to C. M. Pompeius.

§ "Mæcenas, equitum decus." By this significant reference to Mæcenas as the ornament of knighthood, Horace associates Mæcenas with himself in the philosophy of contentment—Mæcenas, having always remained in the equestrian order, to which he was born, declining promotion to the senatorial.

Nor fleecy wools gain weight in Gallic pastures,
 Yet Penury keeps aloof; nor, lacked I more,
 More wouldst thou me deny:

Widening my means by narrowing my desires,

I shall have ampler margin for true riches
 Than if to Lydia adding Phrygian realms.

Who covets much, much wants;

God gives most kindly giving just enough.

ODE XVII.

TO L. ÆLIUS LAMIA.

This personage was the son of the L. Æ. Lamia who supported Cicero in the suppression of the Catiline conspiracy, and appears during the civil wars to have espoused the party of Caesar. Horace's friend was consul A.D. 3; afterwards appointed by Tiberius governor of Syria, but not allowed to enter on the administration of the province. He became, A.D. 32, "Præfectus Urbi," and died the following year. Mitscherlich says "His own good sense will easily show any well-bred gentleman (urbanum) that Horace here, in a well-bred, gentlemanlike way, offers himself as a guest; in plain words, hints that Lamia should ask him to dine." On which the commentator in Orelli observes, with much feeling asperity: "In the whole poem there is not a vestige of this sort of gentlemanlike good-breeding, if gentlemanlike good-breeding it be, which it is permitted vehemently to doubt." Evidently the commentator is an Italian. A gentleman of that country would certainly dispute the good-breeding of any friend offering to drop in at dinner.

Noble Ælius, whose house hath its rise in that Lamus
 From whom both the first and the later descendants

(As attesting memorials* record)

The great name of Lamia inherit,

Thou canst trace back, indeed, to an absolute monarch,
 Holding sway, it is said, over Formia's walled ramparts,

And the waters of Liris, that flow

Into grassy domains of Marica.

To-morrow the east wind shall send us a tempest,
 Which—if true be the crow, that old seer of foul weather—
 Shall strew in the grove many leaves;

On the shore,† many profitless sea-weeds.

* "Per memores—fastos." "Family records," not the "fasti consulares."—MACLEANE.

† The shore of Minturna, on the borders of Latium and Campania, where the nymph Marica was worshipped

While thou canst, then, protect from the rains the dry
 faggots;
 Spend to-morrow in resting thyself and thy household;
 Feast thy genius with wine—but not mixed;
 And do not forget a young porker.

ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

Faunus was not a stationary divinity. He was supposed to come in the spring, and depart after the celebration of his festival in December. From "parvis alumnis" (translated "young weanlings"), we may suppose this ode was written in spring.—MACLEANE. Ritter denies that by "parvis alumnis" young animals are meant; and contends that the words refer to young plants, transferred from the nursery to fields or orchards. Ritter also dissents from the general interpretation, which I have followed, that "Veneris sodali" is to be coupled with "crateræ." According to him, the companion of Venus is Faunus, the lover of the Nymphs, and not the wine-bowl.

Faunus, thou lover of coy nymphs who fly thee,
 Enter my bounds, and fields that slope to sunlight;
 Enter them gently; and depart, propitious
 To my young weanlings,

If tender kid, when the year rounds, be offered;
 If to the bowl, Venus's boon companion,
 Fail not libation due! *—With ample incense
 Steams thine old altar,

* "Si tener pleno cadit hædus anno,
 Larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
 Vina crateræ. Vetus ara multo
 Fumat odore," &c.

As I have here adopted a novelty in the punctuation, suggested by Macleane, it is well to subjoin his reasons for the innovation. "I have not followed the usual punctuation, which makes 'fumat' depend upon 'si,' with a comma at 'crateræ,' and a period at 'odore.' Horace claims the protection of Faunus for his lambs in the spring on the ground of his due observance of the rites of December, which he then goes on to describe. 'Pleno anno' means at the end of the year when the Faunalia took place." Therefore the division in the poem at which, after the invitation to Faunus in the spring, Horace passes on to describe the festival in the winter, is more intelligible, and far less abrupt, by commencing it with the sacrifice on the altar.

Loose strays the herd on grassy meads disporting,
 What time December's Nones bring back thy feast-day;
 Blithe, o'er the fields, streams forth the idling hamlet,
 Freed—with its oxen.

Fearless the lambs behold the wolf prowl near them;
 The woodland strews its leaves before thy footstep;
 And on his hard task-mistress Earth, exulting,
 Thrice stamps the delver! *

ODE XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.—IN HONOUR OF MURENA'S INSTALLATION IN THE
 COLLEGE OF AUGURS.

A. Terentius Varro Murena, adopted by A. Terentius Varro, whose name he took, according to custom, subdued the Salassi, an Alpine tribe, and divided their territory among Prætorian soldiers, who founded the town of Augusta, now Aosta. He was named Consul Suffectus for B.C. 23. In B.C. 22 he was involved in the conspiracy of Fannius Cæpio against the life of Augustus, and, though his guilt seems doubtful, executed. This is the same person whom Horace addresses under the name Licinius, Book II. Ode x., "Rectius vives Licini," &c. The metre in the original is the second Asclepiæan; but I have found it easier to preserve fidelity to the sense and spirit of the poem by employing one of the varieties of rhythm which I have appropriated to the *Alcæic*.

You inform us how long after Inachus flourished
 Royal Codrus, who feared not to die for his country;
 What noble descendants from Æacus sprung,
 What battles were fought under Ilion the sacred;

* "Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
 Ter pede terram."

"'Fossor' is put generally, I imagine, for a labouring husbandman, who may be supposed to have no love for the earth that he digs for another."—MACLEANE. This triple stamp is a dancing measure, which is likened to the anapæst, where two feet are short and one long. Macleane quotes Sir John Davies's poem (*Orchestra*) in explanation of this measure—

"And still their feet an anapæst do sound," &c.

But it is perhaps best understood by anyone who happens to have learned, in the old-fashioned hornpipe, that step familiarly called "toe, heel, and cloe,"—touching the ground lightly with the toe, next with the heel, and then bringing down the whole sole of the foot with a stamp. I have seen that step, or something very like it, performed in a village dance in the south of Italy.

But you say not a word upon things more important—
What the price one must pay for a cask of old Chian?

Baths,* rooms—where and whose? What the moment
to thaw

These frost-bitten limbs in the sunshine of supper?

Hillo, boy, there, a cup! † Brim it full for the New Moon!

Hillo, boy, there, a cup! Brim it full for the Midnight!

And, boy, there, a cup! Brim it full—to the health
Of him we would honour!—Murena the Augur.

Let the bowls be proportioned to three or nine measures,
As each comrade likes best; ‡ the true poet will ever

Suit his to the odd-numbered Muses, and quaff

Thrice three in the rapture the Nine give to brim-
mers.

But the Grace, with her twin naked sisters, shuns quarrel,
And to more than three measures refuses her sanction.

Ho! ho! what a joy to go mad for a time!

Why on earth stops the breath of that life Bercyn-
thian?

And pray, why is that harp so unsocially silent,
And the lively Pandæan pipe idly suspended?

Quick, roses—and more! Let it rain with the rose!

There's nothing I hate like the hand of a niggard.

* “*Quis aquam temperet ignibus.*” Orelli considers this refers to the water to be warmed for the baths; Ritter, to the water to be warmed for admixture with wine. I have adopted the former interpretation, though I think it doubtful.

† “Here, in a kind of phantasy, the poet transports himself with Telephus into the midst of the entertainment.”—ORELLI.

‡ “*Tribus aut novem
Miscentur cyathis pocula commodis.*”

“The ‘cyathus’ was a ladle with which the drink was passed from the mixing-bowl to the drinking-cup. The ladle was of certain capacity, and twelve ‘cyathi’ went to the Sextarius. Horace says, in effect, ‘Let the wine be mixed in the proportion of three cyathi of wine to nine of water, or of nine of wine to three of water.’ . . . ‘Commodis,’ ‘fit and proper,’—‘cyathi,’ that is, ‘bumpers.’”—MACLEANE. The above seems the best and most intelligible interpretation of a passage in which, if conjectures were cyathi, the commentators would have greatly exceeded the number allowed to the nine Muses.

Let the noise of our mirth split the ears of old Lycus.
He is envious—our riot shall gorge him with envy.

The ears of our neighbour, his wife, let it reach.

No wife could suit less the grey hairs of old Lycus.*

Thee, O Telephus, radiant with locks of thick cluster,
Thee, with face like the star of the eve at its clearest,

Budded Rhode is courting; I too am on fire,

But me Glycera keeps in the flames, burning
slowly. †

ODE XX.—OMITTED.

ODE XXI.

TO MY CASK.

This poem appears composed in honour of some occasion in which Horace entertained the famous L. Valerius Messala Corvinus. No man in that great age was more remarkable for the variety of his accomplishments than this Corvinus. Sprung from one of the greatest consular families, he espoused the senatorian party in the civil wars, and attached himself especially to Cassius. He held the third place in the command of the Republican army, and at Philippi turned Augustus's flank, stormed his camp, and nearly took him prisoner. Subsequently he made terms with Antony, whom he left for Augustus, after Antony's league with Cleopatra—and at Actium commanded the centre of the fleet with great distinction. Besides his eminence as a commander and a statesman, he was conspicuous as an orator, a wit, a historian, and a grammarian. He also wrote poetry.—See Smith's Dictionary for fuller details of life, art. "Messala."

* The graduated process of a drinking-bout is most naturally simulated in these verses. First stage, the amiable expansion of heart in the friendly toast—the toleration of different tastes;—each man may drink as much as he likes. Secondly, the consciousness of getting drunk, and thinking it a fine thing;—joy to go mad. Thirdly, the craving for noise;—let the band strike up. Fourthly, a desire for something cool;—roses in ancient Rome—soda-water in modern England. Fifthly, the combative stage;—aggressive insult to poor old Lycus. Sixthly, the maudlin stage, soft and tender; complimentary to Telephus, and confidently pathetic as to his own less fortunate love-affairs.

† Commentators have endeavoured to create a puzzle even here, where the meaning appears very obvious. Rhode runs after you (*petit*), who are so handsome—Glycera does not run after me, but keeps me languishing; the sense is consistent with the tone, half envious, half sarcastic, with which the poet always speaks of Telephus, the typical beauty-man and lady-killer.

Coeval with me, born when Manlius was consul,
 Whatsoe'er the effects of thy life, while in action—
 Spleen or mirth, angry brawl or wild love,
 Or, O gentle cask,* ready slumber—

Under what head soe'er there be entered account of †
 The grapes thou hast kept since in Massicus gathered,
 Thou art worth being roused on a day
 Of good fortune; descend ‡ for Corvinus

Asking wines by age mellowed! He will not neglect thee,
 All imbued though he be with Socratical maxims.
 Father Cato, full often, 'tis said,
 Warmed his virtue with wine undiluted. §

Thou givest a soft-pricking spur to the sluggish,
 Makest gentle the harsh, and confiding the cautious.
 Chasing care from the brows of the wise,
 Thou unlockest their hearts to Lyæus.||

Hope and nerve thou restorest to minds worn and harassed,
 Add'st the horn that exalts to the front of the beggar;
 Fresh from thee he could face down a king,
 Fresh from thee, brave the charge of an army.

Thee, shall Liber and Venus, if Venus come merry,
 And the Graces, reluctant their bond to dis sever,
 And the living lights gaily prolong,
 Till the stars fly from Phœbus returning.

* "Pia testa." The exact meaning of "pia" here has given rise to much critical disputation. Maclean says he knows no better translation than Francis's "gentle cask," for the meaning is to be derived from its connection with "*facilem somnum*." Yonge adopts the same interpretation, "gentle, kindly,"—observing "it would be '*impia*' if producing '*querelas*, '*rixas*,'" &c. I have translated "testa" cask, as a word familiar to the English reader, but it here properly means the amphora, a vessel into which the wine was, as we should say, bottled.

† "Quocunque nomine," "on whatever account." On the technical meaning of "*nomen*," signifying "an entry in an account," see Mr. Long's note on Cicero in Verr. 11, 1, 38. "'*Lectum*,' which Forcellini interprets '*selected*,' rather applies to the gathering of the grape from which the wine was made. Massic wine was from Mons Massicus in Campania."—MACLEAN.

‡ "Descende"—*i. e.* descend from the place where it was kept (apotheca), in the upper part of the house.

§ "Mero," wine undiluted.

|| "Retegis Lyæo." "The dative case, 'to' Lyæus, appears here to be employed rather than the ablative."—ORELLI.

ODE XXII.

VOTIVE INSCRIPTION TO DIANA.

Nothing more need be said of this ode than that it is one of the votive inscriptions common among the ancients, and that a pine-tree would be very fittingly dedicated to Diana. The attempts made to extract a story out of the occasion and the offering are preposterous. That which is chiefly noticeable in this and other poems by Horace, more or less similar, is the rare and admirable merit of terseness. The poet has sufficient reliance on himself to be sure that, however briefly and simply he expresses himself on a subject to which brevity and simplicity belong, his unmistakable mark will appear on the work.

Guardian of mountain-peaks, and forests—Virgin,
Goddess triformed—who, thrice invoked, benignly
Dost hear young mothers in their hour of travail,
And from death save them;

Thine be this pine which overhangs my villa,
To which each closing year shall be devoted
A youthful boar, of sidelong thrusts indulging
Vain meditations.

ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

Jani and other commentators have supposed the Phidyle here addressed to be Horace's country housekeeper, and that Horace in this ode answers some complaint of hers that her master did not permit her to sacrifice in a manner sufficiently handsome. Orelli observes that Phidyle could not be Horace's servant, for she is represented as sacrificing according to her own choice and will. But this no servant could do: the act of sacrifice for the whole family belonged exclusively to the head of the establishment. The ode, if addressed to any individual at all—which it probably was not—would have been addressed, therefore, to some mistress of a plain country household.

If with each new-born moon thou lift to Heaven thy sup-
pliant hands,
If with some grains of frankincense, fresh corn, and flesh
of swine,
My rustic Phidyle, thy rites
Appease thy simple Lares,

Thy fruitful vines shall neither feel the south wind's poisoned
 breath,*
 Nor mildew blight to sterile dearth thy harvests in the ear,
 Nor appled autumn sicklied airs
 Infect thy tender weanlings.

Let victims whose devoted blood shall tinge the Pontiff's
 axe
 Pasture on snow-clad Algidus, mid oak and ilex groves,
 Or, fattening fast on Alban meads,
 Grow ripe for pompous slaughter : †

But not from thee thy homely gods ask hecatombs of sheep;
 Content are they with what thou giv'st—content with rural
 crowns;
 So twine thy humble rosemary wreath,
 And weave thy fragile myrtle.

The costliest offering softens not the household gods, if
 wroth,
 More sure than a votive cake or grains of crackling salt,
 Provided that no sin pollute
 The hands which touch the altar.

ODE XXIV.

ON THE MONEY-SEEKING TENDENCIES OF THE AGE.

This ode, like those with which Book III. commences, appears written with a design to assist Augustus in the task of social reform after the conclusion of the civil wars. Orelli ascribes the date to A.U.C. 725, 726, Maclean to 728. It is more purely didactic than the first five odes of this book—that is to say, it has less of the genuine lyrical mode of treating moral subjects. If in that respect inferior to those odes—as regards the higher range of poetry in the abstract—it is inferior to no ode in elevation of sentiment.

* "Pestilentem Africum," the sirocco. — ORELLI

† The flocks and herds that belonged to the College of Pontiffs were fed on Algidus and the meadows of Alba Longa.

Into the vaults of Capitolian Jove ;

Or that safe treasure-house—the nearest ocean !

To weed out avarice dig down to the root,

And minds relaxed rebrace by rougher training.

Look at yon high-born boy—he cannot ride !

Horseback too rude for him—the chase too dangerous !

Skilful and brave—to trundle a Greek hoop ;

And break the laws which interdict the dice-box : *

While his mean father with a perjured oath

Swindles alike his partner and his hearth-guest,

Spurred by one passion—how to scrape the pelf—

His worthless self bequeaths an heir as worthless.

The immoderate † riches grow, forsooth, and grow,

But ne'er in growing can attain completion ;

An unknown something, ever absent still,

Stints into want the unsufficing fortune.

ODE XXV.

HYMN TO BACCHUS.

Of this ode Orelli says, that it belongs more properly than any other ode of Horace to the dithyrambic genus, any closer imitation of which was denied to the language and taste of the Romans, as savouring of affectation or bombast. Nowhere in Horace is there more of the true lyrical enthusiasm : the picture of the Bacchante, astonished by the landscape stretched below her, is singularly beautiful. Dillenburger and Orelli conjecture the poem to have been written A.U.C. 725-726 ; Macleane thinks it may have

* “Græco trocho.” This hoop, made of metal, was guided by a rod like our hoops nowadays. It seems to have been used in the thoroughfares, and by youths as well as mere children. The laws against gambling were stringent, and in Cicero’s time it was an offence sufficiently serious for Cicero to make it a grave charge against M. Antony that he had pardoned a man condemned for gambling, as he was himself a habitual gambler. Juvenal says that the heir still in his infancy (bullatus) learnt the dice from his father.

† “Improbæ divitiæ.” “Improbæ” has not here the sense of “dishonest” or “iniquitous,” as it is commonly translated ; it means, rather, “immoderate,” “out of all proportion.” Macleane rightly observes that “improbus” is one of the most difficult words to which to assign its proper meaning. It implies excess, and that excess must be expressed according to the subject described.

been on the announcement of the taking of Alexandria, A.U.C. 724. It was evidently while some new triumph of Caesar's was fresh in the mind of the poet and of the public.

Whither, full of thee, O Bacchus,

Am I hurried by thy rapture, with a spirit strange possessed?

Through what forests, through what caverns?

Underneath what haunted grottoes shall my voice be heard aloud,

Pondering words to lift up Cæsar

To his rank 'mid starry orders, in the council-halls of Jove?

O for utterance largely sounding,

Never yet through mouth of poet made the language of the world!

As the slumberless Bacchante

From the lonely mountain-ridges, stricken still with wonder, sees

Flash the waves of wintry Hebrus,

Sparkle snows in Thracian lowlands, soar barbarian Rhodopæ,

Such my rapture, wandering guideless,*

Now where river-margents open, now where forest-shadows close.

Lord of Naiads, lord of Mænads,

Who with hands divinely strengthened, from the mountain heave the ash:

Nothing little, nothing lowly,

Nothing mortal, will I utter! Oh, how perilously sweet

'Tis to follow thee, Lenæus,

Thee the god who wreathes his temples with the vine-leaf for his crown!

* "Ut mihi devio

Ripas et vacuum nemus

Mirari libet."

Some of the MSS. have "*rupes*" instead of "*ripas*," and that reading is adopted by Lambinus and Muretus. Dillenburger, Orelli, Maclean, Munro, and Yonge agree in preferring "*ripas*," as having the authority of the best MSS. Assuming this latter reading to be right, it renders more appropriate

ODE XXVI.

VENUS.

This ode has been generally supposed to be written when Horace had arrived at a time of life sufficiently advanced to retire from the service of the ladies, and Malherbe, the French poet, had it in his eye when, at the age of fifty, he made farewell visits to the fair ones he had courted till then, and informed them that he resigned his commission in the armies of Cytherea. But I think with Maclean that the ode represents nothing more than a successful gallant's first refusal; and that to apply it to Horace himself, or to assume, from the opening, that he was getting into years, and about to abandon lyrical poetry, is to mistake the character and scope of the ode.

I have lived till of late well approved by the fair,
And have, not without glory, made war in their cause;
Now the wall on the left side of Venus * shall guard
My arms, and the lute which has done with the service.

Here, here, place the flambeaux which lit the night-march;
Here, the bows and the crowbars—dread weapons of siege,†
Carrying menace of doom to the insolent gates
Which refused at my conquering approach to sur-
render.

the previous description of the Bacchante's amaze in seeing all the landscape expand before her. The poet then comes on the river-bank as he emerges from the forest, the country thus opening upon him, and again closed in. So in Schiller's "Der Spaziergang" the poet plunges into the wood, and following a winding path, suddenly the veil is rent. The passage is well translated by a lamented friend, Dr. Whewell:—

"Lost is the landscape at once in the dark wood's secret recesses,
Where a mysterious path leads up the winding ascent;

Suddenly rent is the veil; all startled, I view with amazement,
Through the wood's opening glade, blazing in splendour the day."

I cannot help thinking that Horace had in his mind an actual scene, as Schiller had in the Walk—that it was in some ramble amidst rocks, woods, and water, that the idea of this dithyramb occurred to him. We have his own authority for believing that, like most other poets, he composed a good deal in his rural walks,—"*circa nemus uvidique Tiburis ripas operosa parvus Carmina fingo.*"

* In the temple of Venus, on the left wall, as being most propitious.—MACLEAN. The left side, as the heart side, is now, in many superstitious practices derived from the ancients, considered the best for divinations connected with the affections. In chiromancy, the left hand is examined in preference to the right, not only for the line of life, but for the lines supposed to prognosticate in affairs of the heart.

† The torches to light the gallant to the house he went to attack, and the crowbar to burst open her door, are intelligible enough. What is

Regal goddess who reignest o'er Cyprus the blest,
 And o'er Memphis, unchilled by the snow-flakes of Thrace,
 Lift on high o'er that arrogant Chloë thy scourge,
 And by one touch—but one—fright her into sub-
 mission.

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA UNDERTAKING A JOURNEY.

We know nothing more of Galatea than the ode tells us, by which she appears to have been a friend of Horace's meditating a journey to Greece. Upon the strength of a line in which he asks her to remember him, an attempt has been actually made to include her in the catalogue of Horace's mistresses; whereas the poem, in the digressive introduction of the glorious fate which awaited Europa, might much more plausibly be supposed to intimate that some lover or spouse of very high degree was reserved for Galatea at her journey's end. The beautiful picture of Europa's flight and remorse is among the instances of Horace's exquisite adaptation of the dramatic element to lyrical purposes.

Let the ill omen of the shrilling screech-owl,*
 Or pregnant bitch, or vixen newly littered,
 Or tawny she-wolf skulked down from Lanuvium †
 Convoy the wicked ;

Let the snake break ‡ off their intended journey,
 If their nags start, when arrow-like he glances
 Slant on the road—I, where I love, a cautious
 Provident Augur,

meant by "arcus," "the bows," is by no means so clear. The weapon may be merely symbolical (Cupid's bow and arrows), or it may have been the arbalist or cross-bow, and used to frighten the porter.—See Orelli's note.

* "*Parra recinentis*." Maclean observes that it is not determined what this bird "*parra*" was, or whether it is known in these islands. I venture to call it, as other translators have done, the screech-owl, which is still, in Italy as elsewhere, deemed a bird of bad omen. Orelli treats of the subject in an elaborate note, which, however, decides nothing. Yonge says, "I believe it is the owl."—See his note.

† "*Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino*." The wolf runs down from the wooded hills round Lanuvium, because that town was near the Appia Via, leading to Brundisium, where Galatea would embark.—MACLEAN, ORELLI. "*Rava lupa*." What exact colour "*rava*" means is only so far clear that Horace applies it both to a lion and a wolf. Orelli says the word is properly applied to the colour of the eye, and is between black and tawny, as in many animals.

‡ "*Rumpat*." I follow all the best recent editors, English and German, with

Ere the weird crow, reseeking stagnant marshes,
 Predict the rain-storm, will invoke the raven
 From the bright East, and bid the priestlier prophet
 Promise thee sunshine.*

Go where thou mayst, be happy; and remember
 Me, Galatea! May no chough's swart shadow
 Darken thy path—and not one green woodpecker
 Dare to tap leftward.†

But see with what fierce tempest—prone Orion
 Rushes on baleful! I have known the breakers
 In Hadria's gulf; and with what fawning smoothness
 Sins the pale west wind.

To feel the blinding shock of rising Auster,
 The howl of dark seas lashing shores that tremble—
 This we wish only to the wives and children
 Of our worst foemen.

Europa, thus to the fair bull deceiving
 Trusted her snowy form; thus, ensnared in
 The widths of ocean, eyeing its dread monsters,
 Paled from her courage:

She but of late in meads the wild-flowers culling
 Weaver of garlands votive to the wood-nymphs,
 Now beheld only through night's darkling glimmer
 Stars and wide waters.

Once reaching Crete, Isle of the Hundred Cities,
 "Father," she cried, o'ercome with shame and sorrow,
 "A daughter's name, alas, a daughter's duty
 I have abandoned!

the single exception of Munro, in reading "rumpat" and line 15, "vetet." Munro prints "rumpit"—"vetet" showing good reason for his preference. Introduction, p. xxxi.

* The crow flying back to his pool or marsh indicated bad weather. The raven croaking from the east was an omen of good weather, therefore the poet summons the raven in time to forestall the crow. He calls the raven "*oscinem corvum*." The epithet is technically augural. "*Oscines aves*" were birds which the augurs consulted for their note, as they consulted the birds called "*præpetes*" for their flight.

† "Pious," a woodpecker or heighhould.—ORELLI. "The green woodpecker."—YONGE.

“What have I done? what left? * The crimes of virgins
A single death does not suffice to punish.
Am I awake? have I in truth committed
Sin, and so vilely?

“Or am I guiltless—duped by a vain phantom
Leading a dream out of the ivory portal?
Wise choice, indeed,—here, lost in desert waters,
There, culling blossoms!

“O that the bull were to my wrath delivered!
O for a sword to hack his horns, and mangle
The monster now so hated, though so lately—
Woe is me!--worshipped.

“Shameless, my household gods I have forsaken,
Shameless, I loiter on the road to Orcus!
Would to the gods that I were in the desert
Strayed among lions!

“While in these cheeks the bloom be yet unwithered,
And all the sap of the luxuriant life-blood
Make their prey tempting, may this fatal beauty
Feast the fierce tigers.

“I hear my absent father, ‘Vile Europa,
Why pause to die? More ways than one, O coward!
Here, at this elm-tree, strangled by thy girdle,
Sole friend not quitted;

“‘Or there, down yonder precipice, plunge headlong
Whirled by the storm-blast to thy grave in ocean;
Unless, O royal-born, it please thee better,
Sold into bondage,

“‘To card the wool of some barbarian mistress,
And share with her the base love of a savage.’”
While thus she raved despairing, Venus softly
Neared her, arch-smiling,

* “Unde quo veni.” “‘Unde’ implies not that she was so distracted that she had forgotten from whence she had come, but what an exchange I have made.”—MACLEANE.

With the boy-archer—but his bow was loosened ;
 And sating first her mirth, thus spoke the goddess :
 “Thou wilt not scold when this loathed bull returning,
 Yields to thy mercy.

“ Know thyself bride of Jove the all-subduing.
 Hush sobs ; learn well to bear thy glorious fortune ;
 Thou on one section of the globe * bestowest
 Name everlasting.”

ODE XXVIII.

ON THE FEAST-DAY OF NEPTUNE.

It is but a waste of ingenious trifling to conjecture who or what Lyde was, or, indeed, if any Lyde whatever existed elsewhere than in the poet's fancy. The poem is very lively and graceful, and evidently intended for general popularity as a song, without any personal application to the writer.

What, on the feast-day of Neptune,
 Can I do better? Up, Lyde! Out from its hiding-
 place, quick,
 Drag forth the Cæcuban hoarded ;
 Make an attack upon Wisdom! On to the siege of her
 fort!

See how the noon is declining,
 Yet, as if day were at stand-still, laggard, thou leav'st in
 the store
 The cask which has lazily slumbered
 Since Bibulus acted as consul ; now is its time to awake.

Sing we, by turns, of King Neptune,
 And the green locks of the Nercids ; then to thy bow-
 shapen lyre
 Chant us a hymn to Latona,
 And to the swift-footed Dian, and to her arrows of light ;

* “Sectus orbis” literally means “half the world,” as the ancients divided our planet only into the two great divisions, Europe and Asia.

Then, as the crown of thy verses,

Chant to the goddess who visits, borne on her car by the
swans,

Cyclades, Cnidos, and Paphos ;

Night, too, shall have her deserts, and lullabies rock her
to sleep.*

ODE XXIX.

INVITATION TO MÆCENAS.

No ode of Horace specially addressed to Mæcenas exceeds this in dignity of sentiment and sustained beauty of treatment. Horace's descriptions of summer are always charming, and though he rejects the prosaic minuteness by which modern poets, when describing external nature, make an inventory of scenic details as tediously careful as if they were cataloguing articles for auction, he succeeds in bringing a complete picture before the eye, and elevates the subject of still life by the grace of the figures he places, whether in the fore or the back ground. But he has seldom surpassed the beautiful image of summer in its sultry glow and in its languid repose which adorns this ode, in contrast with the statesman, intent on public cares, and gazing on Rome and the hills beyond from his lofty tower. It is unnecessary to point out the nobleness of the comparison between the course of the river and the mutability of human affairs, or the simple grandeur of the lines on Fortune so finely, though so loosely, paraphrased by Dryden ; and so applicable to public men that it has furnished with illustrations appropriate to themselves some of the greatest of English statesmen.

Long since, Mæcenas sprung from Tuscan kings,

A vintage mellowing in its virgin cask,

Balms to anoint the hair,

And roses meet for wreaths on honoured brows,

Wait at my home for thee. Snatch leisure brief,

And turn thy gaze from Tibur's waterfalls†

The slopes of Æsula,‡

And parricidal Telegon's blue hills ;

* "Dicetur merita Nox quoque nenia." The word "nenia" is applied to funereal dirges, and also, as Dillenburger observes, to the songs by which nurses rocked infants to sleep ; and Orelli and Macleane suggest that such is the meaning of the word here.

† "Ne semper udum Tibur." I interpret "udum" as referring to the cascades of Anio ; it may mean the rills meandering through the orchards of Tibur.

‡ Munro has Æfulæ. "The *f* is found in some of the best MSS. of Horace, in the best of the scholiasts, as well as of Livy, as shown by Huebner in the *Hermes*, i. p. 426, who completes the proof by citing three inscriptions, one of them Greek, in which the gentile names, *Æfolanus*, *Æfulanus*, *Αἰφουλανός*, occur."—Munro's *Horace*, *Introd.* xxviii.

Desert fastidious wealth, and that proud pile
 Soaring aloft, the neighbour of the clouds ; *
 Cease to admire the smoke,
 The riches, and the roar of prosperous Rome.

Sweet to the wealthy the relief of change ;
 Nor needs it tapestried woof nor Tyrian pall
 For simple feast, whose mirth
 In humble roofs unknits the brows of Care.

Now, hidden long, Andromeda's bright sire
 Glares forth revealed : now rages Procyon,
 And the mad Lion-star, †
 As Sol brings back the sultry days of drought.

Now doth the shepherd, with his languid flock,
 Seck streams and shades, and thickets dense, the lair
 Of the rough Forest-God ;
 And silent margins miss the wandering winds.

All rest save thou, intent on cares of state
 And fears lest aught against thy Rome be planned
 In farthest east, or realm
 Of Persian Cyrus, or by factious Don.

The issues of the Future a wise God
 Veils in the dark impenetrable Night,
 And smiles if mortals stretch
 Care beyond bounds to mortal minds assigned.

That which is present heed, and justly weigh ;
 All else flows onward as the river runs—
 Now, in mid-channel calm, ‡
 Peacefully gliding to Etruscan seas ;

* The lofty tower or belvedere of the palace built by Mæcenæ on the Esquiline Hill, whence Nero looked down on the conflagration of Rome.

† This fixes the season to the beginning of July, when Cepheus, a northern star below Ursa Minor, rises. Cepheus was mythically King of Æthiopia, and father of Andromeda. Procyon rises about the same time, and is followed, eleven days afterwards, by Sirius. Leo completes the picture of summer heat.

‡ Orelli has "æquore"—most of the MSS. "alveo,"—which last reading is adopted by Ritter, Yonge, and Munro.

Now, when wild torrents chafe its quiet streams,
 Rolling, along with its resistless rush,
 Loosed crags, uprooted trees,
 And herds and flocks, and the lost homes of
 men,

While neighbouring forests, and far mountain-peaks
 Mingle their roar. Happy * indeed is he,
 Lord of himself, to whom
 'Tis given to say, as each day ends, "I have
 lived : "

To-morrow let the Sire invest the heaven
 With darkest cloud or purest ray serene,
 He mars not what has been,
 Nor from Time's sun blots out one fleeting hour.

Fortune, exulting in her cruel task—
 Consistent in her inconsistent sport—
 Shifts favours to and fro,
 Now to myself, now to another kind.

I praise her seated by me ; † if she shake
 Her parting wings I give back what she gave,
 And, in my virtue wrapped,
 Make honest Poverty my dowerless bride.

'Tis not for me, when groans the mast beneath
 Fierce Africus, to gasp out piteous prayers,
 And bargain with the gods,
 Lest gainful bales from Cyprus or from Tyre

* "Cui licet in diem
 Dixisse Vixi."

See Orelli's note against the usual interpretation of this passage. The meaning is,—“Happy the man who at the end of each day can say, ‘I have lived.’” Ritter connects “vixi” with all the lines that follow to the end of the ode—a construction which, I suspect, few critics will be inclined to favour. Munro stops the connection at “vexit.”

† “Laudo manentem.” Orelli says that there is extant a rare coin of the time of Commodus, inscribed “Fortunæ Manenti,” in which a woman is represented *seated* holding a horse by the halter with her right hand—in the left a cornucopia. I have availed myself of this image in translating “manentem.”

Add to the treasures of the greedy deep ;
 Then from the wreck my slender boat * the gale
 And the Twin-star shall speed,
 Safe with one rower through Ægean storms.

ODE XXX.

PREDICTION OF HIS OWN FUTURE FAME.

This ode appears clearly intended to be the completing poem of some considerable collection of lyrical pieces, forming in themselves an integral representation of the idiosyncrasies of the poet in character and in genius, thus becoming his memorial or "monumentum." It is therefore generally regarded as the epilogue, not to the Third Book only, but to all the first three books, after the publication of which, Horace made a considerable pause before he published the Fourth. There is a great difference in tone between this and Ode xx. Book II., addressed to Mæcenas. That ode, half sportive, half earnest, seems written in the effervescence of animal spirits, and might have been called forth in any moment of brilliant success. But this is written in dignified and serious confidence in the firm establishment of the poet's fame. It is unnecessary to defend Horace here from the charge of vainglory, to which a modern poet, arrogating to himself the immortality of fame, would be exposed. The manners of an age decide the taste of an age. The heathen poets spoke of the immortality of their verses with as little scruple as Christian poets speak of the immortality of their souls. Not to mention the Greek poets, Dillenburger gives a tolerably long list of passages from the Latin—Ennius, Virgil, Propertius, Ovid, Martial—who spoke of their conquest over time with no less confidence than Horace here does. The metre in the original is the same as that of Ode i. Book I., which perhaps strengthens the supposition that the poem is designed to complete a collection which that ode commenced.

I have built a monument than bronze more lasting,
 Soaring more high than regal pyramids,
 Which nor the stealthy gnawing of the rain-drop,
 Nor the vain rush of Boreas shall destroy ;
 Nor shall it pass away with the unnumbered
 Series of ages and the flight of time.
 I shall not wholly die ! From Libitina †
 A part, yea, much, of mine own self escapes.
 Renewing bloom from praise in after ages,
 My growth through time shall be to fresher youth,
 Long as the High Priest, with the Silent Virgin,
 Ascends the sacred Capitol of Rome.‡

* "Biremis scaphæ," a two-oared boat, rowed by a single rower.

† Venus Libitina, the Funereal Venus—Death.

‡ Viz., "while the Pontifex Maximus shall, on the ides of every month,

From mean estate exalted into greatness—

Where brawls * loud Aufidus with violent wave,
And arid † reigned o'er rustic subjects, Daunus—

I, in the lips of men a household name,
Shall have my record as the first who wedded
To Roman melodies Æolian song.

Take airs of state—the right is earned—and crown me,
Willing Melpomene, with Delphic bay.

THE SECULAR HYMN.

Religious games, called *Ludi Tarentini*, *Terentini*, or *Taurii*, had been held in Rome from an early period of the Republic. Their origin is variously stated, though the most probable mythical accounts agree that they were instituted and devoted to *Dis* and *Proserpina* in consequence of a fearful plague—whether by one *Valerius* in gratitude for the recovery of his three children, or in the reign of *Tarquinius Superbus*, in order to propitiate those formidable deities. In the latter case the plague had affected pregnant women, and their children died in the womb; and sterile cows (*Taureæ*) being sacrificed, the games were called *Ludi Taurii*. By these accounts it would seem that the games were connected with the health of off-spring, and by all accounts that they were instituted in honour of *Dis* and *Proserpina*. To those eminent scholars who hold the Etrurian origin of the *Tarquins*, “the *Tarenti* and *Taurii* are but as different forms of the same word, and of the same root as *Tarquinius*” (*Smith's Dict.*, art. “*Ludi Sæculares*”). If so, the deities honoured were doubtless Etrurian—not Greek nor Roman—though the Romans subsequently identified them with divinities familiar to their own worship.

Be that as it may, during the Republic these games appear to have been only celebrated three times, at irregular intervals in no way connected with fixed periods or cycles (*sæcula*).

When Augustus had completed (A.U.C. 737) the second lustre, or the ten years for which the imperial power was first confided to him, it was very natural that he should wish for the solemnity of an extraordinary festival at once popular and religious; and probably also the desire of establishing a dynasty would give rise to the idea of rendering this solemnity regular, but at far-distant dates; thus associating indirectly the duration of the

go up to the Capitol to offer Sacrifices to *Vesta*, her virgins walking solemnly in the procession, as they did, while the boys sang hymns in honour of the goddess. With a Roman this was equivalent to saying ‘for ever.’”—*MACLEANE*.

* “*Mantua Virgilio gaudet, Verona Catullo,
Pelignæ dicar gloria gentis ego.*”

—*OVID, Amores, iii. 15, 17.*

† “*Pauper aquæ Daunus,*” “*Daunus scant of water.*” The epithet is thus, by poetic licence, applied to the legendary king, which, in plain prose, belongs to the country he ruled, i. e., the southern part of *Apulia*, as the *Aufidus* flowed through the western.

Empire with the welfare and existence of Rome. The custodiers of the Sibylline books, who had been increased from two to ten, and subsequently, probably by Sulla, to fifteen (*quindecimviri*), were ordered to consult those oracles, and they reported that the time was come to revive the old Tarentine games. They introduced, however, certain innovations, such as the cyclical or secular period, for their celebration (pretending that such periods had been always observed, or at least enjoined), and the substitution of Apollo and Diana for Dis and Proserpina. The latter change seems natural enough. Diana had among her attributes those of Proserpina, and Apollo was the deity whom Augustus especially honoured as his patron god. Dis and Proserpina were no longer in fashion, and were probably never very popular with the genuine Romans; while, as the festival was not designed, like the old Tarentine games, for the averting of some national calamity or mortal disease, but rather to attest the blessings enjoyed under the Empire, and implore their continuance, the direct invocation of the infernal divinities would have been very inappropriate; and, indeed, their powers as averters of evil had become transferred to Apollo and Diana (as the sun and moon), who were also the bestowers of good. Sacrifices were, however, offered to Dis and Proserpina on the first day of the ceremony among other gods, in the list of whom they are placed last. Still it may be seen in the following Hymn that much of the original character of the Tarentine or Taurian games was retained, however modified to suit altered circumstances. Diana is especially implored to protect mothers and mature their offspring. Augustus approaches the altar with white steers for sacrifice, as cows had been sacrificed to Dis in the Taurian games (though, as black animals had been offered to the infernal deities in time of calamity, the white colour of the steers was significant of the change to celestial divinities and the felicity of the period), and the games commenced in the *Tarentum*, i.e., the same ground that had been consecrated to the Tarentine games. The nature and order of the ceremonies, which lasted three days and three nights, was entrusted to *Atius Capito*, a celebrated jurist and antiquary, and Horace was requested to compose the principal hymn on the occasion. The games were held in the summer of the year B.C. 17. They were repeated four times during the Empire, but not at the periods enjoined by the *Quindecimviri* under Augustus, viz., in cycles of 110 years. The second took place, A.D. 47, in the reign of Claudius; the third, A.D. 88, in the reign of Domitian; and the fourth in the reign of Philippus, A.D. 248. For further particulars of the ceremony the general reader is referred to Smith's *Diet.*, art. "*Ludi Sæculares*;" and for the mystical belief that the world was moving in a cycle, the completion of which constituted the *Magnus Annus*, when all the heavenly bodies returned to their original relative places, see Orelli and Maclean's introduction to the *Secular Hymn*. As the length of the ten *sæcula* which constituted the great Platonic year of the universe was not defined, but declared from time to time by prodigies from heaven, so this belief may account for the irregular periods in which the *Secular Festival* was held during the Empire.

When Horace boasts (*Lib. III. Carm. xxx.*) that he shall be spoken of as the first who adapted *Æolian* song to Italian measures, he must mean something more than the mere introduction of Greek lyrical metres into the Italian language. In this task Catullus had preceded him. He nowhere mentions Catullus; and though that omission has been ascribed to jealousy, there is no evidence of so envious a defect in Horace's general character. He bestows lavish praise on the eminent poets of his own time; and a jealous poet is more apt to be jealous of living contemporaries than of defunct predecessors. Nor is it to be forgotten that, if Horace confines his boast to the mere introduction of Lesbian metres, the Sapphics of Catullus must have been sufficiently fresh in popular recollection to afford his enemies ene

of those opportunities for confuting a boast and turning it into ridicule which are not voluntarily courted by a man of such good sense and of such knowledge of the world as Horace is allowed to have been. And it is not to the Alæic metre, but exclusively to the Sapphic, as connected with his name, that he refers, Lib. IV. Carm. vi.

"Ego dis amicū,
Sæculo festas referente luces,
Reddidi carmen, docilis modorum
Vatis Horati."

Horace's boast, then, is only to be justified by the supposition that although Catullus had preceded him in the adoption of the Sapphic metre, he had not adapted it to song—had not incorporated it in the popular form of lyrical music—and Horace had done so, and been the first to do it.

I apprehend, therefore, that Horace's vaunted originality consisted in being the first by whom the borrowed metres were set to Italian music—the first by whom, through arts not before divulged, the words were to be united with musical strings ("Non ante volutas per artes Verba loquor socianda chordis"—Lib. IV. Carm. ix.), and thus popularised in banquet-halls and temples as national songs (Lib. III. Carm. xi.). It seems to me that in this sense he says he is pointed out as "*Romane fidicen lyre*" (Lib. IV. Carm. iii.), "*fidicen*" being a word especially applicable to a musician, and only metaphorically to a poet.

That several of the odes were not adapted to singing does not invalidate this supposition. Such will be the case with every copious lyrical poet, who may, nevertheless, like Moore, have achieved his main popularity through the adaptation of his verse to musical accompaniment and national airs.

Whether the music to which the measures employed by Horace were set was composed by himself in whole or in part, or by others, is a question on which there are no data for legitimate conjecture. If by himself, one might suppose that some record of the fact would be preserved by Suetonius or the scholiasts. On the other hand, if composed by another, it seems strange that a poet of character so grateful as Horace's should have refrained from all mention of one to whom he was under no mean obligations for the popularity his verses had acquired, and with whom he must have been necessarily brought into frequent and familiar intercourse. It may, however, be said, as sufficient reason for such silence in either case, that a Roman of Horace's day would not have held the art of a musical composer in high account.

The writers who have sought to elucidate the obscure subject of ancient music consider it probable that nothing like the modern system of musical rhythm existed among the ancients, and that, since there is no mention of *notation* distinct from the metre of the song, the time was marked by that metre where vocal music was united with instrumental (Burney's "*History of Music*;" Hawkins's "*Hist. of Music*;" Smith's Dict., art. "*Musica*"). By this the reader can judge for himself whether Horace's task in timing the music to his own rhythms would not have been comparatively easy; and whether, if it were thus easy, it would have been considered worthy of commemoration by his contemporaries, or been preserved in such brief records of his life as were consulted by Suetonius, or known to the scholiasts.

At all events, Horace appears, on the occasion of the Secular Hymn, to have superintended the rehearsal of the recitative as "*διδάσκαλος*," according to the custom of dramatic and lyric poets of Greece; and (Lib. IV. Carm. vi.) the young girls who take part in the chorus are enjoined not only to preserve the Lesbian metre, in which the hymn was composed, but to remember "*pollice ictum*," the beat of his finger in marking time.

Regarded only as a poem, the Secular Hymn, though it deserves higher

praise than Maclean and other critics have bestowed on it, cannot be said to equal the genius exhibited in many of the odes, especially in Book III. But if set—whether by Horace himself, or by others whom he more or less schooled and directed—to some music which became a grand national air, such as “God save the King,” or “The Marseillaise,” we can readily account for the special pride with which he refers to it, and the increased rank which it appears to have won for him in popular estimation.

In the Secular Hymn, and in some of the Sapphic odes of the Fourth Book, Horace more conforms than he does in the first three books to the Greek usage, in the variation of the cæsura and the introduction of the trochee in the second place. I have judged it necessary, for the solemnity of feeling which is instilled into this poem, to add another foot to the fourth line in the translation.

O Phœbus, and O forest-queen Diana,
Ye the twin lustrous ornament of heav’n,
Though ever holy, in this time most hallowed
Be most benign to prayer !

For duly now, as Sibyl verse enjoins us,
Pure youths, with chosen virgins linked in chorus,
To Powers divine o’er the Seven Hills presiding,
Uplift the solemn hymn.

O Sun, the nurturer,* in bright chariot leading
Day into light to hide it under shadow,
Born still the same, yet other, mayst thou never
See aught more great than Rome !

Blest Ilithyia,† mild to watch o’er mothers,
And aid the timely coming of the new-born,
Whether thou rather wouldst be as Lucina
Or Genitalis hailed,

* “Alme Sol.” This epithet is to be taken in its proper sense as derived from *alō*, Sun the Nurturer—MACLEANE.

† “Ilithyia.” This name, here applied to Diana, is equally applicable to Juno, and, in the plural number, to the minor deities attending on childbirth. There appears to me, if I mistake not, a singular beauty which has escaped the commentators in the choice of names here given to Diana. Ilithyia and Lucina (the one Greek, the other Latin) are names which Diana shares with Juno, and therefore, as applied to childbirth, imply the children born in sacred wedlock. The name “Genitalis” is that which Diana shares with Venus, and therefore implies the offspring of chaste if ardent love. Thus, “whether thou preferrest the name of Lucina or Genitalis,” would mean, “whether thou preferrest the name that associates thee with Juno or that which associates thee with Love.”

Goddess as each, mature our offspring ; prosper
 The law that guards the sanctity of marriage,*
 And may it give new blossom and new fruitage
 To the grand parent-stem !

So that as each eleventh solennial decade
 Round to its close, this sacred feast renewing,
 In song and sport, assembled Rome may hallow
 Three days and joyous nights.

And ye, O Parcæ, who have sung prophetic
 Truths,† which, once said, the sure events determine,
 Fixed as divine decrees,—a glorious future
 Join to the glorious past.

Fertile in fruits and flocks, let Earth maternal
 With spikèd corn-wreath crown the brows of Ceres ;
 Pure from all taint let airs and dews of heav'n
 Nourish the new-born life.

Mild, all thine arrows sheathed within the quiver,
 Hear thy boy-suppliants, merciful Apollo ; ‡
 Hear thy girl votaries, crescent-crownèd Luna,
 Queen of the clustered stars.

If Rome be your work—if beneath your safeguard
 A band of wanderers, Ilion's scanty remnant,
 Ordained to change their city and their Lares,
 Have held this Tuscan land—

* The Julian law (*de maritandis ordinibus*), for the discouragement of celibacy and the regulation of marriage, was among the social and moral reforms aimed at by Augustus, and passed the year before the celebration of the Secular games. It appears to have been a law well meant, but in some respects singularly unwise and impracticable. The unmarried person could not succeed to a legacy unless he married within a hundred days after the bequest. Fancy poor Horace himself condemned to decide between forfeiting the bequest of a villa at Tarentum or marrying some Glycera or Pyrrha !

† Viz., the oracular Sibylline verses.

‡ This line seems to refer to the new statue of the Apollo of Actium set up by Augustus in the Palatine temple. In the Apollo of Actium invoked by Augustus before his battle with M. Antony, the bow is bent—in the Apollo of the Palatine the bow is laid aside for the lyre and plectrum.—See MACLEANE'S excellent note on this line.

They, unto whom, through Troy that blazed unharmed,
 Pure-souled Æneas, his lost land's survivor,
 Opened free path, and heritage more ample
 Than aught relinquished gave;—

Gods, grant to docile youth worth's upright manners—
 Gods, grant to placid age worth's calm contentment—
 Grant to the Roman race growth, power, and riches,*
 And all that can adorn !

Bless him who nears with milk-white steers your altars,
 Whose blood flows bright from Venns and Anchises ;
 Still every foe in battle may he conquer,
 And after conquest spare.

Awed by our arms, and by the Alban lictors,†
 Now the Mede owns our power on land and ocean ;
 Now Ind and Scythia, she of late so haughty,
 To Rome for pardon sue.‡

Now Faith and Peace, and antique Shame and Honour
 Flock fearless back, and Virtue long-neglected ;
 And with them comes their sure companion Plenty,
 Rich with o'erflowing horn.

May he adorned with fulgent bow—the Augur,
 Phœbus, the darling of the nine Camenæ—
 He the mild Healer, lifting the sore burden
 That weighs down weary limbs §—

* “ Remque prolemque.” “ Res ” seems here used in its double signification of power and riches. The nearest approach to its sense in a single word would perhaps be the old Anglo-Saxon “ weal.”

† Viz. by our military prowess and civil justice.

‡ “ Responsa petunt.” “ Responsa ” here has many significations, the choice of which may well baffle a translator. It may mean replies to proffered amity and submission—it may mean the opinions given by a juriconsult to his client, or the mandates of the imperial government to its dependants—or it may mean replies to the prayer of the barbarians to be admitted to the protection and equity of the Roman laws, or the responses vouchsafed by an oracular or godlike power to a suppliant for relief or pardon. The last construction is adopted in the translation.

§ Apollo is here addressed in his fourfold capacity : 1stly, As the god of power, but adorned rather than armed (as at Aetium) with his bow ; 2ndly, As the prophetic seer or augur (the religious attribute) ; 3rdly, As the beloved of the Muses—i. e., the patron of peaceful arts and letters ; 4thly, As the divine healer, which may, perhaps, here be used in a latent significa-

If shrines in Palatine he views with favour,
The coming lustre bless, and link it onward
To those yet brighter, through all time prolonging
Rome and the Latian race.

And oh, may She who holds the sacred hill-tops
Of Aventine and Algidus, Diana,
To the Fifteen,* and to her own young vot'ries,
Lend an approving ear!

So we, the choir of Dian and of Phœbus,
Versed in their praise, take home with us hope certain
That, heard by Jove and each divine Immortal,
These words are felt in heaven.

tion, healer of the pains and wounds of the civil wars. Possibly all these attributes may have been symbolised in the pedestal of the statue, or on the walls of the Palatine temple, to which direct reference is made in the following stanza.

*. "Quindecim—virorum," the elect Fifteen who had the custody of the Sibyl books, the charge of the Secular games and solemnities, and in fact, were the priesthood of Apollo.—See Smith's Dictionary, art. "Ludi Sæculares."

BOOK IV.—ODE I.

Franke, in his "*Fasti Horatiani*," assumes the first three books of the Odes to have been composed between A.U.C. 724 and 730, in which latter year, or in the beginning of 731, they were given to the public, in the interval between Horace's thirty-eighth and forty-first year. Horace then appears to have devoted himself chiefly to his Epistles, and not to have published the Fourth Book of Odes till A.U.C. 741, when he was in his fifty-second year. It is said that Augustus had expressed a desire for its publication, as comprising the odes (iv. and xiv.) in honour of the victories of Drusus and Tiberius. These two odes are indeed unexcelled, even by the finest in the three preceding books; nor are most of the others below the standard of Horace's matured genius. The first ode was, he says himself, written in his fiftieth year. Maclean, in common with some other commentators, conjectures that it may have been an imitation from the Greek, and adds, "that he may have published it to fill up his book, not as a prologue to it, as many of the chronologists say,—for what is there in this ode that bears that character?" Not much, indeed, unless Horace wished to apprise his readers that they are not to expect in this book the lighter gallantries which had place in the former books. This book, indeed, only contains two love-poems besides the first—viz., the tenth and the eleventh; and one is glad to think that the tenth (omitted in the translation) was merely an artistic imitation or translation from the Greek.

Wars long suspended, now
Urgest thou, Venus? Spare! O spare! I pray;
I am not what I was
Under the reign of good Queen Cinara.

Mother of loves so sweet,
Thyself so cruel, cease to subject him
Whom the tenth lustre finds
No longer pliant to thy soft commands:

Go where, with blandishing prayers,
Youth calls thee back; hearts easier kindled seek,
And, borne on purple wings,
Greet Paullus Maximus * in banquet hours.

* If, as Estré observes ("*Horat. Prosop.*"), this be the Paullus Fabius Maximus who was consul A.U.C. 743, the words "*centum artium puer*" could scarcely be applied to him, even in the widest sense in which the poets took the word "*puer*" or "*juvenis*." In fact he could not well have been younger than Horace. On the other hand, if, as some commentators, including Ritter, suppose, it was the son of this P. Maximus and the friend of Ovid who is meant, he would, it is true, have only been about twenty; but how could the line "*pro sollicitis non tacitus reis*," which refers to his eloquence as an advocate, apply to a youth of that age?

Noble and fair is he ;
 Nor his the lips to pleading suitors mute ;
 Youth of a hundred arts
 To bear thy conquering standards wide and far ;

When'er some rival, rich
 In gifts, he conquers, laughing, he shall place,
 By Alban waters, under citron roofs,
 Imaged in marble, Thee.

There shalt thou take delight
 In spiced balms, and songs commingled sweet
 With Berecynthian fife
 And lyre—nor silent be the fluten reed.

There, twice a-day, shall youths
 Choral with tender maidens, chant thy name.
 As thrice, in Salian dance,
 Quakes the green sod to feet that twinkle white.

Me youth nor maid allures,
 Nor the hope credulous of mutual hearts,
 Nor Bacchic contests gay ;
 I wreathe my brows with vernal flowers no more.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

ODE II.

TO IULUS ANTONIUS.

Iulus Antonius was the second son of M. Antony the triumvir by Fulvia ; the elder, Antyllus, was put to death by Octavian after the battle of Actium. Iulus, then in his infancy, was brought up with great tenderness by his stepmother Octavia, married her daughter Marcella, and rose to the highest honours of the State—prætor, A.U.C. 741 ; consul, A.U.C. 744. His end was tragical. He was either executed by Augustus or destroyed himself, A.U.C. 752, in the forty-second year of his age, on the charge of adultery with Julia, to which crime he is said to have been induced by ambitious designs on the Empire. Iulus possessed the literary accomplishments for which so many of the Roman nobles in that day were remarkable. He was a pupil of L. Crassitius, a celebrated grammarian, at whose school were instructed

youths of the first Roman families. According to the scholiasts, he composed not only works in prose, but twelve books in heroic verse upon Diomed, which Acron styles "egregios;" though, as Maclean observes with his customary good sense, "As it is most likely Acron never saw them, his testimony is not worth much." Horace, however, in this ode pays a high compliment to his poetic powers. The ode itself is a noble homage to Pindar, and interesting for Horace's estimate of his own peculiar powers, and his frank confession of the pains he took with his verses. The poem was written during Augustus's absence from Rome for two years, when, A.U.C. 737, the Sygambri, a fierce German tribe (whose name Jac. Grimm derives from "sign," victory, and "gomber," strong), had, with two other tribes, invaded the Roman territory in Gaul, and defeated the Roman legate Lollius with great slaughter. Augustus went in person into Gaul. The German tribes retreated at his approach, gave hostages, and obtained peace. Augustus, however, did not return to Rome till he had restored order in Germany, Gaul, and Spain. As he was expected in Rome long before he returned, the ode was probably written soon after the Sygambri had given hostages and obtained peace, A.U.C. 738, or beginning of 739. It is commonly supposed that Antonius had urged Horace to celebrate the triumphs of Augustus in Pindaric style, and that he modestly excuses himself from that request. The tone of the ode favours this assumption, though it does not leave it clear that Antonius had made such a request.

Iulus, he who would with Pindar vie,
Soars, with Dædalian art, on waxen wings,
And falling, gives his name unto the bright
 Depths of an Ocean.*

As from the mountain-top a headlong stream,
Nourished by rains beyond familiar banks,
Seethes, and immense with might of deep-mouth'd sound,
 Rushes down Pindar.

All due to him Apollo's laureate crown,
Whether through daring dithyrambs he roll
Language, new-formed,† borne on the lawless wave
 Of his wild music;

Whether he sing of gods or god-born kings,
By whom the Centaurs with just doom were slain,
And dire Chimæra's flame was quenched; or those
 Palm-crowned in Elis,

Led as Celestials home; and chants the strife
Of steed or cestus; offering gifts, o'er Time
More potent than a hundred monuments
 Wrought from the marble;

* As Icarus gave his name to the Icarian sea.

† "Nova verba," "new forms of expression"

Or wails the youth snatched from a weeping bride,
 And, in lamenting, lifts his force of soul,
 Valour, and golden worth, unto the stars,
 Foiling black Orcus.

Ample the gale which buoys the Theban swan,
 Whene'er to heights amid the cloud he soars.
 I, like the bee of the Matinian hill,
 Gather the wild thyme,

With lavish labour hiving thrifty sweets ;
 Lowly, by Tibur's grove and dewy banks,
 I seek the honey that I store in song,*
 Kneaded with labour.

But thou, the minstrel of a grander lyre,
 Celebrate Cæsar, when his laurelled brow
 Looks from the car which, up the Sacred Hill,
 Drags the Sygambri ;

He, than whom never to this earth have Fate
 And kind gods given, nor shall give, aught more great
 Or aught more good, e'en tho' the ages rolled
 Back to the Golden.

Chant thou the games that honour the return
 Of brave Augustus granted to our prayer ;
 The joyous feast-days, the hushed courts of law,
 Vacant of suitors.

Then, too, if aught that I can speak be heard,
 My voice shall aid to swell the choral hymn,
 And sing " All hail, thou fair auspicious sun,†
 Bringing back Cæsar ! "

* " Carmina fingo." " Fingo " corresponds to " πλάττω," which word the Greeks used especially with reference to the making of honey.—ORELLI, MACLEANE.

† " Et, O Sol
 Pulcher ! O laudande ! canam, recepto
 Cæsare felix."

It is uncertain whether " felix " refers to Horace, as " happy in the return of Cæsar," or to the sun, forming part of the exclamation ; Macleane leaves the choice to the reader's taste ; Vossius and others prefer the latter application ; Orelli considers the former more tender. To me it seems more

And while, O god of triumph, slowly on *
 He moves in state, shout upon shout repeats
 "Io Triumphe!" through the length of Rome;
 Frankincense steaming

Up to benignant gods. Ten bulls, ten kine,
 Acquit thy vow; a single steerling mine,
 Fresh-weaned, and browsing into youth amid
 Prodigal pastures;

His frontal imitates the curvèd gleam
 Of the young moon in her third night;—all else
 Of tawny colour, on that front of snow
 Shimmers her signet.†

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

The sweetness and dignity of this ode have been a theme of unqualified praise to the critics. It was evidently written after the Secular Hymn, which gave authority and sanction to Horace's claim to be "*Romanæ fidicen lyre*."

according to the genius of lyrical composition to apply the epithet to the sun. We know already that Horace is happy in the return of Cæsar, otherwise he would not be joining in the procession and the hymn.

* "*Teque, dum procedit, io Triumphe,*" not "*tumque dum procedit,*" as in some of our popular editions. It is the god Triumph which is invoked by "*io Triumphe*." Orelli prefers "*procedit*" to "*procedis*," which has good authority in the MSS. (see his note), and refers it to Augustus: "*O god of Triumph; while he, Augustus, proceeds, we,*" &c. Macleane sees no reason for this preference, and adopts the text of Dillenburger, "*procedis*," which is also favoured by Ritter and Munro. Yonge follows Orelli.

† The conclusion of the ode has been, plausibly enough, blamed for a discrepancy amounting to bathos between the gravity and elevation of the preceding stanzas, and the familiar details of the steerling to be sacrificed—"*Desinit in vitulum mulier formosa superne*" (STEINER). Orelli, on the contrary, thinks it conformable to poetic art, that the height of enthusiasm should subside, as it were, in the placid anticipation of the destined sacrifice. Possibly Horace meant also, in describing the animal so minutely as already reserved for the sacrifice, to imply how eagerly expected was the return of Augustus;—the victims were already marked, the preparations already made.

Whom thou, Melpomene,
Hast once with still bright aspect marked at birth,*
On him no Isthmian toils
Shall shed the lustre of an athlete's fame;

Him shall no fiery steed
Ravish to victory in Achaian car;
In him no warlike deeds
Shall, from the hill-top of the Capitol,†

Show to a world's applause
The glorious image of a conquering chief,
With Delian leaves adorned,
Who crushed the swelling menaces of kings;

Yet him shall streams that flow
Through fertile Tibur, and the thick-grown locks
Of the green forest-kings,
Endow with lordship—in Æolian song.

Me have the sons of Rome,
Sovereign of cities, deigned to enrol amidst
The choir beloved of bards;
And now ev'n Envy bites with milder fang.

O thou Pierian Muse,
That tun'st the sweet clash of the golden shell;
Thou who, if such thy will,
Couldst make mute fishes ‡ musical as swans,

* "*Nascentem placido lumine videtur.*" The image here is taken from astrology. To Melpomene is ascribed the influence of the planet ascendant at birth, and by which, in technical terms, the "Native" (or new-born) is "aspected."

† "*Neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio.*"

"Ostendet" is a word borrowed from the ceremonies designed for pomp and ostentation. The victorious general was shown at the Capitol, where he returned thanks to Jove and the gods, deposited the spoils, and received the homage of the world.—TORRENTIUS, DACIER.

‡ This seems an allusion to the shell of the tortoise shaped into the lyre.

Thine is the boon, all thine,
 That I am singled from the passers-by,
 "Lyrist of Roman song!"—
 Thine that I breathe and please, if please I may.*

ODE IV.

IN PRAISE OF DRUSUS AND THE RACE OF THE NEROS.

When, A.U.C. 738-9, Augustus and Tiberius were in Transalpine Gaul, the fierce tribes of the Vindelici and Ræti (the first occupying a considerable range of country between the Danube and Lake Constance, the last neighbouring them to the south, and extending to Lake Como) made forays into Italy and Cisalpine Gaul, attended with great cruelty and massacre. Augustus sent against them Drusus, the younger brother of Tiberius, who was then in his twenty-third year. He defeated and drove them from Italy. It is clearly in honour of the victory under Drusus that the ode is composed. But as these tribes renewed their predatory incursions into Gaul, Tiberius was sent to the aid of Drusus with additional forces. Thus united, the two brothers reduced these and other tribes—such as the Genauni and Breuni—into the Roman province of Rætia (Rætia Prima and Secunda). It was in honour of this completed conquest, and of the part which Tiberius had in it, that Ode xiv. was composed, and, as may be reasonably supposed, somewhat subsequently to Ode iv. The opening of this poem is unusually lengthy and involved. It takes four strophes, or sixteen verses, before it disentangles itself of its similes, and reaches their application. I do not think that it deserves the blame some critics have attached to it for the slowness and complication with which the image of the young eagle is worked out; perhaps, indeed, the hesitating efforts of the bird before it gathers strength to attack dragons are artistically expressed in the labour of the verse. But I venture to doubt whether the poem would not have been better without the second simile of the lion-whelp, which has no novelty to recommend it, and is very inferior in picturesque vigour to the first one, while it is less appropriate to the eulogy on Drusus. The young eagle training itself to grapple with dragons that resist it, conveys an image of force against force; but it is very little honour to a lion-whelp to conquer a helpless roe-deer or she-goat. "Caprea" means either, but Yonge appears to me right in giving the former interpretation to the word in this passage. Ritter vindicates the simile of the lion-whelp, observing that the illustration of the sheepfold and the dragons would not be appropriate to the Ræti, and that therefore the poet adds the image by which they and Drusus are comprehended.

Ev'n as the thunder's wing'd minister—
 To whom, proved true to Jove's entrusted charge
 In gold-haired Ganymede,
 Heaven's king gave kingdom over wandering
 birds—

* "Quod spiro," "that I breathe the breath of song"—"quod movet me spiritus poeticus."—DILLENBURGER, ORELLI, RITTER.

Urged from his eyrie by the goad of youth,
 And pulses glowing with ancestral fire,
 Learns from the winds of spring,
 When gone the rain-clouds, timidly to soar,

Till on the sheepfold rushes down its foe ;
 Next, bolder grown, the hungering greed not less
 Of battle than of food,
 Drives him on dragons that resist his beak ;

Or as in gladsome pastures the wild roe,
 About to die by fangs unfleshed before,
 Sees the fierce lion-whelp,
 Fresh from the udders of the tawny dam ;—

So the Vindelici young Drusus saw
 Leading war home to their own Rætian Alps ; *
 Whence from all time they learned
 To arm their hands with Amazonian axe †

I pause not now to ask ; nor is the lore
 Of all things lore allowed ; enough that hosts,
 Victorious long and far,
 Vanquished in turn by a young arm and brain,

* "Videre Rætis bella sub Alpibus." Macleane agrees with Orelli in adopting Bentley's emendation—"Rætis" instead of "Ræti."—See Orelli's excursus to this ode, and Macleane's comprehensive note. Ritter and Munro have "Ræti."

† "Quibus
 Mos unde deductus per omne
 Tempus Amazonia securi
 Dextras obarmet, quarere distuli :
 Nec scire fas est omnia."

These lines are so little in poetic keeping with the noble earnestness of those immediately before and after them, that they have been summarily rejected by several editors, and Franke asserts them to be a silly interpolation. They are, however, justly no doubt, considered genuine by the best of the later authorities. Nor, indeed, are they inconsistent with Horace's habit of introducing a sudden change of playfulness or irony in the midst of his gravest verse. To me they seem evidently a satirical allusion either to some rival poem or to some prosy archaeological treatise of his own day upon the origin or customs of the Vindelici ; and we lose the point because we have lost the poem or the treatise. Ritter vindicates the digression, and cites in precedent, Pind. Ol. I. 28-42.

Felt what the mind and what the heart achieve,
When reared and fostered amidst blest abodes,
And with parental love
A Cæsar's soul inspires a Nero's sons.

Brave and good natures generate natures brave.
In steer and steed ancestral virtue shows.
Bold eagles never yet,
Instead of eaglets, begot timorous doves.

Still training speeds the inborn vigour's growth ;
Sound culture is the armour of the breast.
Where fails the moral lore,
Vice disennobles even the noblest born.

What to the Neros owëst thou, O Rome !
Witness Metaurus, routed Hasdrubal,
And that all-glorious day
Which chased from Latium the receding shades,

First dawn that laughed with vict'ry, since what time
Rode through Italia the dire African,
As fire through forest-pines,
Or Eurus over the Sicilian waves.

But from that day, labouring illustrious on,
Victory to victory linked, the Roman grew —
Till in the shrines laid waste
By Punic riot and fierce sacrilege,

Once more erect stood forth the gods of Rome.
Then thus outspoke perfidious Hannibal :
" We deer, foredoomed as prey
To ravenous wolves, our own destroyers chase,

" Whom 'tis our amplest triumph to elude,
And, hiding from, escape. Race which, cast forth
A waif on Tuscan seas
From Troy's red crater, still had strength to house

" In cities ravished from Ausonian soil,
Its gods, its worship, and its grey-haired sires,
Yea, and its new-born babes,
The destined fathers of the men to be ;

“Even as the ilex, lopped by axes rude,
Where, rich with dusky boughs, soars Algidus,
Through loss, through wounds, receives
New gain, new life—yea, from the very steel :

‘Not fiercer did the Hydra hewn, regrow
Against Alcides, chafed to be o’ercome ;
Nor dragon-teeth, earth-sown
In Thebes or Colchis, spring to armèd men ;

“Merged in the deeps, more fair comes forth its star : *
Wrestle and win, it bears the winner down ;
And widowed wives shall tell
Of victors vanquished on the fields it fought.†

• “No more to Carthage shall I send proud news ;
Dies, dies the power, the fortune, the renown
Of the great Punic name ;
Dies hope itself, for Hasdrubal is slain.‡

“There’s nought the hands of men from Claudius sprung
Shall not achieve, with Jove their guardian god,
Through the sharp stress of war
Sped by the providence of heedful cares.”

* “Evenit.” Orelli, following Jahn, has “exiit”—a reading unsanctioned by more recent editors.

† “Proelia conjugibus loquenda.” Orelli considers that the line refers to the Roman wives speaking with exultation of the wars waged by their husbands. Ritter, on the other hand, powerfully supports the interpretation of Mitscherlich—viz., that the line refers to the widows of the slain. His argument seems to me convincing.

‡ Torrentius considers that here ends the speech attributed to Hannibal, and that in the last verse Horace speaks in his own person—an opinion which has had many followers, and is defended by Ritter. Orelli, supported by Maclean and Yonge, on the other hand, contends that the speech of Hannibal is continued to the close of the ode—firstly, because it is more complimentary to the Neros that their praise and predicted renown should come from the mouth of their foe ; secondly, because it is more poetical to conclude the poem with the prophecy of Hannibal, and more in the spirit of Pindar, as *Olymp. 4.* and *Nem. 4.* Munro gives his authority to this reading.

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS, THAT HE WOULD HASTEN HIS RETURN TO ROME.

This ode, which Dillenburger rightly calls "*dulcissimum carmen*," may be taken in connection with the preceding and with Ode xiv. It was composed during the absence of Augustus in Germany and Gaul, and after the victories of Tiberius and Drusus. Augustus had been absent from September A.U.C. 738 to February 741. In the description of the blessings ascribed to the reign of Augustus, the security to life and property, the reformation of the previous licence of manners,—in short, the change from the calamities of civil war to the felicity of a government firm in maintaining order, and mild enough to be popular beyond all recorded precedent, Horace conveys his own vindication from the charge inconsiderately made against him for his attachment to the empire, and his enthusiasm for the emperor. And however adulatory the language he employs may appear to modern taste, it is no exaggerated expression of the common national sentiment in the times which had exalted Augustus to a share in the honours privately as well as publicly paid to the gods.

Best guardian of the race of Romulus,
And sprung thyself from deities benign,
Absent too long, fulfil thy promise pledged
To Rome's high court *—return.

Bring to thy country back, beloved chief,
The light: thy looks are to thy people Spring,
And where they smile, more grateful glides the day,
More genial shines the sun.

As the fond mother with all passionate prayers
Calls back the son more than one year away,
By adverse winds beyond Carpathian seas
Kept from sweet home afar,

Fixing intent upon the curving shore
The unmoving stillness of her wistful eyes ;—
So for her Cæsar, smit with faithful love,
His country looks and pines.

Safe† plods the steer among the rural fields ;
The rural fields Ceres and Plenty bless ;

* "*Sancto concilio*"—the Senate.

† *I.e.*, under the auspices of Augustus. "*Rura perambulat*." I adopt Ritter's interpretation that this refers to the ox at the plough, not roving through the pastures. Pales presided over pastures ; Ceres, named in the following line, over fields under the plough. The repetition of "*rura*"—

The wing'd ships fly through unmolested seas ; *
Honour's fine dread of shame

Returns ; no lusts pollute the modest home ;
Licence is tamed by manners as by laws ; †
Nor reads the husband in his infant's face
A likeness not his own.

Fast by Crime stands its comrade Punishment.
Who fears the Parthian, who the frozen Scyth ?
Who (Cæsar safe) whatever monstrous birth
Germania's womb conceives ?

Let fierce Iberia threaten war—who cares ?
Each spends safe days on his own hills, and weds
His vine to widowed elms, then, home regained,
Brimms his glad cup to thee,

Blending with prodigal libation prayers ; ‡
And, as Greece honoured Leda's starry son,
Or great Alcides,—with his household gods
Mingles thy hallowed name.

"bos rura perambulat, Nutrit rura Ceres," condemned as a false reading by Bentley and other critics less illustrious, appears to me a peculiar beauty. "Faustitas" is another name for "Copia," "plenty."

* "Pacatum per mare." "Pacatum," "unmolested by pirates." The gratitude of the merchantmen and sailors to Augustus (then Octavian) for putting down piracy is very forcibly expressed in Suetonius, Oct. 98.

† Horace here refers to the "Lex Julia de Adulteriis," passed by Augustus, A.U.C. 737, and also to an improved standard of national manners. Dion Cassius (54, 19) implies that one reason for Augustus's expedition to Gaul (that is, absenting himself from Rome) was to get rid of scandal in regard to his alleged intrigue with Terentia, the wife of Mæcenas—which Macleane rightly dismisses as mere gossip. It is pretty clear, by these verses, either that Horace had heard of no such scandal, or that both he and Mæcenas regarded it with contempt. A poet of so exquisite a taste, and so consummate a knowledge of the world, would not have ventured on the line, "Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris," if such scandal were rife at that very time, or, at least, if any credit were attached to it; for thus the compliment would have been turned into a bitter irony against Augustus, and a cruel insult to Mæcenas.

‡ Literally "at his second course;" or rather, as we should say, "at dessert"—"alteris mensis." By a decree of the Senate, libations were to be offered to Octavian after the battle of Actium at private tables as well as in public banquets, and his name to be inscribed in hymns of praise as those of the gods.—DION. CASS., l. 1-19. It is to these national honours that Horace alludes whenever he speaks of Augustus as enrolled among the gods.

Live, O good chief, Rome's feast-days to prolong !
 This is our orison at sober morn,
 Our prayer with wine-dews on the lip, when sinks
 Underneath seas the sun.

ODE VI.

TO APOLLO.

This ode may be considered the proœmium to the Secular Hymn, A.U.C. 737, although evidently written after it. As that hymn celebrates Apollo and Diana, so this ode appropriately commences with an invocation to Apollo, whom Horace invokes (line 27) to defend the dignity of the Roman Muse. The poet lingers specially on the praise of Apollo as the slayer of Achilles; because, had he who spared not the babe in the womb survived, Æneas, ancestor of Augustus, and the Trojan exiles who founded the Roman empire, would have perished. Horace, then, after a brief reference to Diana, turns, as choragus, to address the chorus of the Secular Hymn.

God, in whom Niobe's sad offspring felt
 The stern chastiser of the vaunting tongue,
 And Tityos vast, the ravisher,—and he,
 Phthian Achilles,

Almost the victor of high Troy (to thee
 Unequal, over other force supreme) ;
 Though warring with dread spear the Sea-nymph's son
 Shook Dardan towers,

As falls a pine beneath the biting steel,
 Or cypress wrenched by Eurys from its root,
 He fell, and wide and far on Trojan dust
 Stamped his great image.

The false horse, duping, in Minerva's name,
 Lost Trojans mirthful at their feast of death,
 With choral dances blithe in Priam's hall,
 Hid not Achilles.

His prey, alas ! he slew with open hand
His wrath, alas ! had given to Argive flames
 The harmless infants ev'n within the womb,
 Smiting the unborn,

Had not the Father of the gods, subdued
 By thee and Venus, with imploring prayer,
 Pledged to Æneas by his solemn nod
 Walls more auspicious.

Tuneful Thalia's sovereign melodist,
 Laving in Xanthian waves thy golden hair,
 Support the honour of the Daunian Muse,
 Beardless Agyieus!*

Phœbus on me bestowed the soul, on me
 The art of song, on me the poet's name.
 † O noblest virgins, and O ye young sons
 Of noble fathers,

Wards of the Delian goddess, with her bow
 Striking the flight of stags and lynxes still,
 The Lesbian† measure timed and tuned by me,
 Guard unforgetful,

Chanting, with ritual due, Latona's son,
 And her who kindles night with crescent beam,
 Prospers the harvests, and the sliding months
 Speeds in their circle.

Say, maid, then wedded,§ "In that hallowed year
 Which did the secular feast-lights re-illumine,
 Song dear to gods I sang—song taught by him,
 Horace the poet."

* The name of Agyieus seems here very appropriately invoked, because Apollo takes that name from the Greeks, as presiding over the thoroughfares of cities, 'quasi viis præpositus urbanis;' and all the streets of Rome would have been alive with the festival and processions connected with the Secular Hymn which the ode refers to.

† Here Horace turns to the chorus of the Secular Hymn.

‡ "Lesbium servate pedem, meique
 Pollicis ictum."

By "pollicis ictum" is meant the motion of the thumb in marking the rhythm or time of the song, not the striking of the lyre.

§ "Nupta jam dices." Horace here admonishes those who were young virgins in the chorus at the date of the Secular Hymn to remember, when wedded wives, their part in the festival, with which he associates his name.

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

The Torquatus here addressed appears to be the same Torquatus whom Horace invites to supper, *Epist. Lib. I. v.* Estré, considering there was no ground for Weichert's assumption that this person was C. Nonius Asprenas Torquatus, mentioned in Suetonius (in *Vit. Augusti*), expresses his surprise that the commentators had not thought of Aulus Torquatus, of whom Nepos speaks in his *Life of Atticus*, c. 11, who had served with Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, and was therefore Horace's old fellow-soldier. Macleane considers the poem to be one of Horace's earlier odes, and introduced to swell the fasciculus—or, as we should say, fill up the volume. I do not see much cause for that supposition. The sentiment is one habitual to Horace at every stage of his life, and it is in harmony with the tone of the epistle, published probably five or six years before the Fourth Book of Odes.

Fled the snows—now the grass has returned to the meadows,
And their locks to the trees;
Now the land's face is changed, dwindled rivers receding
Glide in calm by their shores.

Now, unrobed, may the Grace intertwined with her sisters
Join the dance of the Nymphs.
“Things immortal, hope not!” saith the Year—saith the
Moment
Stealing off this soft day.

Winter thaws, Spring has breathed; quick on Spring
tramples Summer,
And is gone to his grave;
Appled Autumn his fruits will have shed forth, and then
Dearth and winter once more.

But the swift moons* restore change and loss in the
heavens,
When we go where have gone
Sire Æneas and Tullus,† and opulent Ancus,
We are dust and a shade.‡

* “*Damna tamen celeres reparant cælestia lunæ.*” Macleane appears to me right in differing from Orelli, who refers “*damna cælestia*” to the changes of the moon. “‘*Tamen*’ shows that the changes and deteriorations of the weather and seasons are intended, and ‘*celeris lunæ*’ are the quick-revolving months,” i.e., without metaphor, time brings back the seasons—time does not bring back us men when we once vanish. Moschus in his idyll on the death of Bion has a somewhat similar idea.

† Ritter has “*Tullus, dives et Ancus,*” not “*dives Tullus,*” observing that there is no just cause for calling Tullus rich, whereas the riches of Ancus were celebrated. Munro adopts Ritter's collocation.

‡ I.e., dust in the tomb, and a shade in Hades.

Who knows if the gods will yet add a to-morrow
 To the sum of to-day?
 Count as saved from an heir's greedy hands all thou givest
 To that friend—thine own self.

When once dead, the resplendent* tribunal of Minos
 Having once pronounced doom,
 Noble birth, suasive tongue, moral worth, O Torquatus,
 Reinstate thee no more.

Her Hippolytus chaste from the shadows of Hades
 Dian's self could not free;
 Lethe's chains coiled around his own best-loved Pirithous,
 Theseus' self could not rend.

ODE VIII.

TO CENSORINUS.

On stated times, as in the Kalends of March and January, it was the custom of the wealthier Romans to make presents to their friends. To this custom Horace refers, sending his verses to Censorinus, as the most acceptable gift he could offer. C. Marcus Censorinus was a man of consular rank, bore a high reputation, and died greatly regretted.

Goblets and bronzes rare, my Censorinus,
 I on my friends would heartily bestow;
 I'd give them tripods, as Greece gave her heroes—
 Nor should the meanest of my gifts be thine,
 Were I but rich in artful masterpieces
 Such as a Scopas or Parrhasius wrought,†
 When one in stone, in liquid hues the other,
 Now fixed a mortal, now enshrined a god.

* “‘Splendida,’ an epithet more proper of the court and tribunal than of the judgment (arbitria) given. . . . The choice of poetic figure by which to enlarge the simple notion, ‘cum semel occideris,’ was probably suggested by Torquatus’s own profession as an advocate, alluded to in Ep. I. v. 8, 9.” —YONGE. Ritter takes the epithet as referring to the splendour which surrounded the tribunal of Minos, enabling him more searchingly to inspect the souls whom he judged; and observes that the splendour is here opposed to “tenebris,” line 25.

† Scopas was a famous sculptor of Paros, according to Pausanias, flourishing about 450 years B.C. Parrhasius, a painter, native of Ephesus, about 400 B.C. He was a contemporary and rival of Zeuxis.

Not mine that wealth,* nor do such dainty treasures
 Fail to thine affluence nor allure thy mind ;
 That which charms *thee* is song : song I can proffer,
 And set a value on the gift I bring.
 Marbles inscribed with a state's grateful praises,
 Wherein great chieftains live and breathe again :
 The flights † of Hannibal, his threats hurled backward,
 And impious Carthage perishing in flames,
 Made not more famed than did Calabrian Muses
 Him who bore off from conquered Africa
 As his own spoils—a Name.‡ Nor aught thy guerdon,
 If scrolls be mute upon thy deeds of good.
 Though son of Mars and Ilia, what—had silence
 Been his worth's cold obstruction—Romulus ?
 The genius, favour, voice of powerful poets,
 Consecrate Æacus, from waves of Styx
 Ravished to golden isles.§ The Muse permits not
 The mortal worthy of her praise to die ;
 Him the Muse hallows to the bliss of heaven.
 Thus in the longed-for banquet-hall of Jove
 Sits resolute Hercules ; the sons of Leda
 Thus—one twin-star—from Ocean's nether deep
 Snatch tempest-shattered barks ; and thus doth Liber,
 His brows adorned with the vine's lusty green,
 Hear as a god our mortal supplications,
 And guide the votive prayer to happy ends.

* “*Sed non hæc mihi vis.*” The sense is approached by our English idiomatic slang expression, “I am not of that force.”

† “*Celeres fugæ*” means Hannibal's hasty recall from Italy (Liv. xxx. 20).—ORELLI.

‡ “*Scipio Africanus.*” This passage has given infinite trouble to the commentators. Ennius (denoted here by the “Calabrian Muses”) celebrated the elder Scipio. But Carthage was burned, not by the elder Scipio, but by the younger Scipio Africanus, many years after the death of Ennius ; and it cannot be supposed that Horace was so ignorant as to ascribe to the elder Scipio the act of the younger. It was even proposed by Bentley to omit the seventeenth verse, referring to Carthage, altogether ; but the line is in all the MSS. extant. Others suggest that two lines are wanting after the seventeenth, which would have removed the alleged confusion ; and this theory is supported by the assertion that odes in this measure are so constituted as to be reducible to stanzas of four lines each, while this ode wants at present two verses necessary to establish that rule. But, as Macleane observes, “the rule itself is arbitrary, and a precarious foundation for such an assumption as the loss of two verses, of which no traces are to be found in the oldest MSS. and commentators.” Macleane thinks “that the confusion is easily seen through by those who avoid the commentators and judge for themselves. . . . When Horace says that the defeat of

ODE IX.

TO LOLLIVS.

As the preceding poem was addressed to a man who retained unblemished a popular reputation to the last, and whose death was considered a public calamity, so this poem, which equally treats of the immortality it is the gift of poets to bestow, is addressed to one who, if we are to take for granted such historical records of him as are left, was the subject of merited obloquy in his later years, and died by poison which he administered to himself, to the great joy of his countrymen. And it was for the vices most opposite to the special virtues Horace here ascribes to Lollius—viz., for rapacity and corruption—that his character, rightly or wrongly, has been most defamed. His vindication has been, however, very ably attempted by Tate (*"Vindiciæ Lollianae"*), and the evidence against him is generally considered to rest upon prejudiced and questionable authority.—See Estré, *Hor. Pros.* At all events it is clear that the vices imputed to him by his personal enemy, Sulpicius Quirinus, and Velleius Patereulus, the adulator of Tiberius, were not suspected by Augustus, with whom, even after his defeat by the Sygambri, A.U.C. 737, he retained eminent favour and influence, and who subsequently appointed him tutor to his grandson, Caius Caesar. If Lollius could deceive Augustus as to his real nature, it has been shrewdly observed that he might well deceive Horace. The exact date of the ode is unknown, but it has the appearance of being written after Lollius's defeat and recall; at all events, it was published not long after it, and is therefore an evidence of Horace's generous desire to soothe and sustain his friend in a time of reverse, and, no doubt, of unpopularity. The latter part of the poem is in Horace's noblest style of sentiment and expression. Ritter maintains that *Epistles* ii. and xviii., *Lib. I.*, are addressed to the Lollius of the ode; but most critics consider them to be addressed to his eldest son.

Hannibal by the elder Scipio, and the destruction of Carthage by the younger, do not hold up their name more nobly than the Muse of Calabria, —who does not supply in his own mind, 'which was employed in doing honour to the elder'?" To me the meaning seems clear enough. Just as Horace, *Lib. I. Carm. xii. v. 46*, makes the name of Marcellus, who took Syracuse, stand for all his family, and include the young Marcellus, so he here makes the name of Africanus stand for the whole family, and include especially the younger Scipio. Or, as Ritter expresses it, the fame of the elder Scipio, recorded by Ennius, was revived in the destruction of Carthage by the younger.

§ "Virtus et favor et lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis."

"Virtus et favor" are generally taken, like 'lingua,' as belonging to 'potentium vatum,' so that 'virtus' is 'vis ingenii, facultas poetica.' I doubt the accuracy of that interpretation; I think it rather means that though Æacus was virtuous (and he was much celebrated for his justice), his virtue would not have raised him to the skies but for the applause won for him by the poets. The causes, therefore, are his virtue and the public esteem ('favor'), and the poet's praise that made his virtue known."—MACLEANE. This interpretation is very ingenious, but as it is opposed to that accepted by the general body of Horatian commentators, I do not admit it in translation, though, like all the suggestions of this eminent critic, it merits respectful attention. I may add that Ritter also separates "virtus" and "favor" from "lingua potentium vatum."

Lest, perchance, thou believe that the words which to music,
I, whose birth was where Aufidus rushes far-sounding,
Linked by arts not before me divulged,
Are but sounds that are fated to die;

Remember, that though the first throne be great Homer's,
There are muses not tuneless, Pindaric and Cæan;
With Alcæus, yet threatening and fierce;
With Stesichorus, stately and grave.

Time destroys not what once sported loose in Anacreon;
To this day breathes the love, to this day glows the ardour
Which the girl of Æolia consigned
To the strings of her passionate lyre.

Spartan Helen was not the sole woman inflamed by
An adulterer's sleek locks; or seduced by the glitter
Of the vestments embroidered in gold,
And the graces and pomp of a prince;

Tenecer bent not the first skilful bow of the Cretan;
Troy was more than once harassed by valiant besiegers;
Other chiefs, besides Sthenelus strong,
Or Idomeneus mighty, achieved

Deeds as worthy as theirs of a Muse to record them;
Not the first was Deiphobus keen, or fierce Hector,
Who has met, without flinching, the blow,
In defence of his children and wife.

Many brave men have lived long before Agamemnon,
But o'er them darkly presses the slumber eternal;
All unwept and unknown, wanting Him—
Making names ever sacred *—the Bard!

Little differs worth hidden from worthlessness buried;
In the page I shall speak, and the page shall adorn thee;
I will let not, O Lollius, thy toils
Fade in livid oblivion away.

* "Vate sacro." "Sacro" here has the sense of making sacred, consecrating.

In the converse of life thine the provident wisdom,
 Thine, the temper unmoved by the changes of Fortune,*
 Whatsoever her smile or her frown,
 Neither bowed nor elate,—but erect ;

The avenger of greedy and fraudful Corruption,
 The abstainer from Gold, which draws all to its magnet—
 Consul not of the one year alone,
 For thy mind must be always in power

Whensoever an arbiter, faithful to justice,
 Over what is expedient exalts what is honest,
 Awes the briber with one lofty look,
 And through hosts clears, victorious, his way.†

It is not large possessions themselves that are blessings ;
 More rightly called 'blest,' he whose claim to the title
 Is the wisdom which puts to their use
 All the gifts that he owes to the gods,

* "Secundis
 Temporibus dubiisque rectus."

Rectus needs, I think, the paraphrase in the translation, "neither bowed nor elate ;" not with head arrogantly lifted up in prosperous nor dejected in doubtful fortune. I agree with Orelli and Macleane in considering that the lines refer to the defeat of Lollius in Germany ; and it seems that not only Horace here emphatically seeks to pay tribute to the steadfastness and integrity of his friend's character, but in the concluding stanza to vindicate his courage, and intimate that he was the last man who would have feared death.

† The meaning of these lines seems explained by reference to Lib. III. Od. ii. lines 19, 20,—

"Nec sumit aut ponit secures
 Arbitrio popularis auræ ;"

i. e. Lollius is not the mere official consul of a single year—he never lays down the insignia of his majestic virtue. It seems to me that the image is still continued through the lines,—

"Per obstantes catervas
 Explicuit sua victor arma."

The lictors dispersed opposing crowds to make way for the consul ; and "arma" here may signify their axes. Yonge renders the passage yet more symbolically, in this eloquent paraphrase : "The soul has an independent dignity so long as, true in principle and judgment, it rejects corruption, and bursts in a moral victory through the host of vices." Ritter insists on construing the lines literally, and refers them to Lollius's military administration of his province.

He who hardens his soul to reverse and privation—
 He who looks upon death as less dread than dishonour—
 Never fears, for the friends of his love
 Or the cause of his country, to die.

ODE X.—OMITTED.

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

As Horace had before (Lib. III. Od. xxviii.) invited Lyde to the feast-day of Neptune, so he here invites Phyllis to celebrate the birthday of Mæcenas in the Ides of April. The date of the ode cannot be determined, though it may be reasonably conjectured that when he speaks of Phyllis as his last love, he was of an age correspondent with the period at which the Fourth book was published. Nevertheless this is no sure index; for, as Maclean shrewdly intimates, most men promise the woman they woo that she shall be the last love. To those who insist upon giving literal individual personality to the fictitious names Horace introduces into his poems, this poem would seem written at a much earlier period, since Telephus, that universal ladykiller, is still described as "juvenis." But we have already seen that "juvenis" by no means necessarily signifies a youth. I do not believe, with Maclean, that Telephus is altogether a poetic fiction: neither am I satisfied with the grounds upon which Ritter identifies the Telephus of Ode xiii. Book I., and xix. Book III., with Heliodorus, the grammarian and Greek scholar mentioned Serm. i. 5, 2, and assumes that another person is designated under that name in this ode. Nothing is more likely than that among Horace's gayer companions there was some one very good-looking gallant, celebrated for his *bonnes fortunes* among the freed-women of Rome, whom the poet always designates under the name of Telephus. It is observable that there is considerable consistency in the way in which Telephus is mentioned in Horace, with a good-humoured, half-envious admiration for personal gifts, and whom, on the single occasion (Carm. xix. Lib. III.) in which the handsome gentleman seems disposed to bore with an unseasonable display of learning, he puts back into his right place as reveller and gallant, with a certain superiority, such as, when it came to a display of learning, a Horace might be disposed to assume towards a Telephus.

I've a cask of rich Alban wine full in my cellar—
 It has passed its ninth year; in my garden, fair Phyllis,
 There is parsley for chaplets, and O, in profusion,
 Ivy too, ivy,

Thou art dazzling whenever that binds up thy tresses.
 All my house laughs with plate ; clasped around with chaste
 vervain,
 Lo, mine altar stands thirsting the blood of a lambkin
 Soon to be sprinkled.

And all hands are at work ; here and there run the servants,
 Men and maids, helter-skelter ; the flame mounts in flicker,
 As it whirls the smoke cresting the point of its summit
 Round and around it.*

But that now thou may'st know to what mirth I invite thee,
 'Tis in honour of Ides, not ungrateful to Phyllis,
 'Tis the day that halves April the month we devote to
 Venus the sea-born.†

Day, indeed, that by me should be solemnised duly—
 Scarce mine own natal day I hold equally sacred,
 Since it is by its light, year on year, my Mæcenas
 Sums up life's riches.

Come, that Telephus whom thou art seeking (poor Phyllis !
 He's a youth above thee) is now chained to another.
 She is wanton and rich, and she holds him in bondage,
 Pleased with his fetters.

Phaëthon, burnt in his chariot, deters from ambition,
 Wingèd Pegasus spurning Bellerophon earth-born
 May admonish thee also by this solemn lesson,
 ' Seek but what suits thee ; '

Deeming Hope, when it flies out of reach, is forbidden,
 O set not thy heart where the lots are unequal.
 Come, with me be contented, of all loves my latest ;
 Love with thee endeth.

* "*Sordidum flammæ trepidant rotantes
 Vertice fumum.*"

"'Vertice' is the top of the flame, which flickers as it whirls the dark smoke on its crest—a spiral flame, culminating in a column of smoke. It seems as if Horace were writing with a fire burning before him, and caught the idea as he wrote."—MACLEANE.

† In astrology the Star of Venus rules the month of April.

After thee never more woman's face shall inflame me ;
 O, be cheered, then, and come ; let me teach thee such
 measures
 As the voice which I love into sweetness shall render ;
 Song lessens sorrow.

ODE XII.

INVITATION TO VIRGIL.

It is a vexed question among commentators whether the Virgil here addressed be Virgil the poet. Yonge says that the general authority of critics is against that identification. Maclean is disposed to favour it, and it is not without other and very eminent defenders.

The main objections to the assumption are—1st, the chronological one. Virgil was dead many years before the publication of the Fourth Book ; but, in answer to this, it is said that, in making up the collection composed for Book IV., Horace might have included poems composed at a much earlier date. Dillenburger considers that this ode was written in youth, and published in the final book of the Odes, as if Horace wished to refresh and record the memory of his friend.

2nd, It is asked, "How can Virgil the poet be called the client of noble youths?" To this it has been replied, that the youths referred to might be the stepsons of Augustus, or (more generally by Dillenburger), that the phrase means nothing more than the familiarity with persons of high station, such as Agrippa, Pollio, and others.

3rd, That an injunction to lay aside the care or study of gain (*studium lucri*) is very inappropriate to the liberal and generous character assigned to the poet. But here again it is said, that it is absurd to take literally what is obviously written in jest. If a man, the most indifferent to gain, had, for instance, informed us that he thought he could sell an olive crop well, or that he had found a good investment for his money, we might very well say to him, "Put aside those mercenary thoughts of gain, and come and sup with us." There would be at once a jest and a compliment in the irony of the implied accusation. That the Virgil addressed must be a vendor of perfumes, because he is asked to contribute a pot of nard ; or a banker or negotiator, because he is exhorted to put aside the care of gain—and a scholiast in a Paris MS. inscribes the ode, "*Ad Virgilium Negotiatorem*,"—is a conjecture less plausible than that he was a physician of that name to the Neros, or a relation of C. Virgil the prætor, Cicero's friend.

Orelli and Yonge quote with approval Gesner's remark, "That there is nothing in the poem itself which pertains more to the poet Virgil than to any other friend of Horace's." On the other hand, it has been said that the mythological imagery and the description of Spring with which the poem opens, are addressed with appropriate felicity to the Poet of the Eclogues and Georgics.

The question does not seem to admit of positive solution one way or the other. The reader must judge for himself whether it is probable that Horace included in the Fourth Book a poem that, if addressed to Virgil the poet, he must have written many years before ; and whether if he did thus, as Dillenburger contends, seek to revive the memory of his early friend, it would have been in a poem of a comparatively light character, and so wholly free from any reference to the loss he had sustained.

Now Thracian breezes, comrades of the spring,
 Temper the ocean and impel the sails ;
 Frost crisps not now the fields, nor rage the floods,
 Swollen with winter snows.

Now builds her nest the melancholy bird
 Yet moaning Itys ; she, the eternal shame
 Of Cecrops' house for vengeance too severe
 On barbarous lusts of kings.*

Swains of sleek flocks on the young grass reclined,
 Chant pastoral songs attuned to piping reeds,
 Charming the god who loves the darksome slopes
 And folds of Arcady ;

These, O my Virgil, are the days of thirst ;
 But if, O client of illustrious youths,
 Calenian juices tempt, bring thou the nard,
 And with it earn my wine ;

One tiny box of spikenard will draw forth
 The cask now ripening in Sulpician † vaults,—
 Cask large enough to hold a world of hope,
 And drown a world of care.

Quick ! if such merriments delight thee, come
 With thine own contributions to the feast ;
 Not like rich host in prodigal halls—my cups
 Thou shalt not tinge scot-free.

* " Quod male barbaras
 Regum est ulta libidines."

Most authorities, Orelli amongst them, take "male" with "ulta"—viz., that the bird, whether Philemela or Proene, avenged too cruelly (*nimis atrociter*) the guilt of Tereus. I have translated accordingly, but am by no means sure that "male" should not be taken, as Macleane suggests, with "barbaras"—viz., the too barbarous, or evilly barbarous, lusts of kings. The bird is the eternal reproach to the house of Cecrops, not on account of the severity of her vengeance, but on account of the atrocity of the crime she avenged. Most commentators of authority agree that the bird here meant is the swallow, not nightingale. Ritter understands by "debilitat" the swallow's inarticulate twitter.

† "Sulpiciis horreis." The Sulpician wine-vaults were famous, and the scholiast Porphyryon says they were still the great magazines for wine and oil in his day, under the name of the Galban cellars. Ritter considers that Orelli is mistaken in supposing that Horace intimates that he will *buy* the wine there ; and maintains that he refers to his own cask, which had been warehoused in the Sulpician magazine.

But put aside delays and care of gain,
 Warned, while yet time, by the dark death-fires; mix
 With thought brief thoughtlessness; in fitting place
 'Tis sweet to be unwise.

ODE XIII.

TO LYCEE, A FADED BEAUTY.

No subject of inquiry can be less interesting to a critic of good sense than that on which so many learned disputants have wasted their time—viz., who among the ladies celebrated by Horace were real persons or imaginary; and who are to be admitted into or rejected from the genuine catalogue of his loves? We have absolutely no data to go upon. There is no reason, except that he chooses to apply the same name to both, to suppose that the Lycee over whose ruined charms he now exults was the Lycee of whose cruelty he complains, Lib. III. Od. x; nay, I believe that most recent scholars are pretty well agreed that the ode last mentioned was an artistic exercise, imitated from the Greek serenades. But, so far as mere conjecture from internal evidence may be allowed, the present ode seems to have in it a tone of earnestness which warrants a belief that the Lycee addressed was a real person. In the three concluding stanzas, the bitterness of sarcasm is tinged with a certain melancholy pathos which appears to indicate the memory of a former passion; and the direct reference to Cinara—to whom all interpreters agree in considering Horace was attached (whether or not he celebrates her under names of the same metrical quantity, Lalage, Glycera, &c.)—gives a peculiar air of individual truthfulness to the poem. Be this as it may, the ode is remarkable for its eternal applicability to a type in female character, and is replete with beauties of expression. The image in the last stanza is extremely striking. The simile is so simple that one might fancy it would have occurred to any poet, yet it is so expressed as to be quite original.

They have heard my prayers, Lycee, the gods;
 The gods have heard, Lycee; thou'rt old,
 Yet still, setting up for a beauty,
 Thou wouldst tittle and frisk with the young;

Courting, maudlin, with tremulous chant,
 Laggard Cupid: he's absent on guard
 O'er the bloom on the cheeks of young Chia,
 Whose lute is more sweet than thy song.*

* There is an opposition between Lycee's tremulous quaver, "cantu tremulo," and Chia's musical skill, "docte psallere," which can only, perhaps, be made clear by some slight paraphrase, as is attempted in the last line of the stanza, in translation.

For he roosts not on oaks without sap ;
 Hollow teeth and dry wrinkles he flies,
 He is chilled by the snow of grey tresses,
 And thus has retreated from thee.

Sparkling gems, and the purples of Cos,*
 Cannot back to thee bring the dead years
 Rapid Time has interred in our annals,
 For all men to number their graves.†

Whither fled is the beauty ? alas !
 Where the bloom ? where the movement of grace ?
 Of that—O of that—what is left thee,
 Breathing loves, which stole me from myself,

Blest successor to Cinara thou,
 Gracious form,‡ for arts pleasing renowned ?
 But to Cinara few years were conceded,
 By the Fates who have Lyce preserved

To be rival in age to the crow,
 That the young, glowing yet, may behold,
 As a subject of mirth, in those ashes
 The fallen remains of a torch.

* Horace speaks of the robes from Cos in Sat. I. ii. line 100, as so transparent that they left nothing to conceal.

† "Tempora, quæ semel
 Notis condita fastis
 Inclusit volueris dies."

"Horace means to say that the days she has seen are all buried, as it were, in the grave of the public annals (as Acron says), and there any one may find them, but she cannot get them back. It is a graphic way of identifying the years, and marking their decease, to point to the record in which each is distinguished by its consuls and its leading events. 'Notis' merely expresses the publicity and notoriety of the record by which the lapse of time is marked."—MACLEANE.

‡ "Notaque et artium
 Gratarum facies?"

"'Facies' does not mean the face alone, but the whole form and presence. 'Facies autem totam corporis speciem significat.'"—DILLENBURGER. See, too, Orelli's note.

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS, AFTER THE VICTORIES OF TIBERIUS.

The introduction to Ode iv. in this book has, sufficiently for the purpose, sketched the outline of the events which led to the composition of this ode. As the former was devoted to the praises of Drusus, so the latter commemorates the subsequent and completing conquests of Tiberius, and refers all to the honour of Augustus in the establishment of his empire, and the consummation of his fortunes and his glory.

By what care can the Senate of Rome, and Rome's
 people,
 With a largess of honours sufficiently ample,
 By what titles, what archives to time,
 Eternise thy virtues, Augustus,

Prince supremest, wherever the sun lights a region
 That man can inhabit? What in war thou availest,
 The Vindelici lately have learned,
 Free till then from the law of the Roman.

By no even exchange in the barter of bloodshed,*
 Drusus, leading thy hosts, overthrew the fleet Breuni—
 The Gonauni—implacable race—
 And the citadels piled upon Alps

Horror-breathing; then Nero the elder completed
 Glories due to thine auspice in one crowning battle;
 Closed the raid of the savage, and crushed
 The grim might of the giant-like Ræti.

All conspicuous he rode where the fight raged the
 fiercest,
 Wasting down, to what wrecks! that array of stern
 bosoms,
 Self-surrendered as offerings to death,
 In the stubborn devotion to freedom.

* "Plus vice simplici." This does not mean "more than once," but, as the scholiasts interpret, "with double loss to the enemy;" or literally, as Macleane renders it, "with more than an even exchange"—i.e., of blood.

Through the foe went his way, as the blast o'er the
 billows
 When the Pleiads are cleaving the rain-clouds asunder,
 And the snort of his war-horse was heard
 In the midst of the lightnings of battle.*

As when Aufidus, laving the kingdoms of Daunus,
 Bursts in wrath, and in form of the wild bull,† his
 borders,
 And prepares the dread deluge he drives
 O'er the fields that are rife with the harvest,—

So in storm, through that barbarous array swept the
 Nero,
 Mowing, foremost to hindmost, ranks serried in iron,
 Till a victor he stood, without loss,
 On a ground that was strewn with the foemen ;

But he owed to thyself the resources, the counsels,
 And the gods. From the day that her port and void
 palace,
 Suppliant Egypt threw open to thee,
 Had thy reign reached its third happy lustre,

When, in crowning thy wish and completing thy glory,
 Fortune ended the wars which her favour had pros-
 pered,‡
 And established in triumph the peace
 Of a world underneath thy dominion.

* "Medios per ignes"—i.e., "per medium ardorem belli" (COM. CRUQ.).

† "Tauriformis Aufidus ;" literally, "tauriform" or "bull-formed Aufidus." The image is applied to many rivers by the Greek and Latin poets. Macleane suggests that the branches of so many large streams at the mouths of rivers might have suggested the idea of the horns ; but it seems to me that the comparison to the bull in general applies to the blind and senseless violence of the animal, who runs on indiscriminately trampling and destroying everything in his way—just as the inundation of a torrent does.

‡ Horace, here addressing Augustus, ascribes it to him as his crowning victory that he has at last got the wish of his heart, which was peace—the peace of the world, subjected to the Roman Empire. The victory of Tiberius was on the fifteenth anniversary of the day on which Augustus entered Alexandria, and, thus terminating the civil war, became supreme.

Thee the dauntless Cantabrian, before never conquered ;
 Thee the Mede and the Indian, and Scyth, the wild
 Nomad,

Mark in wonder and awe, guardian shield
 Of Italia, and Rome the earth's mistress.

Thee the Nile, unrevealing the source of its waters ;
 Thee the Danube ; and thee the swift rush of the Tigris ;
 Thee the monster-fraught ocean, which roars
 Round the birthplace remote of the Briton ;

Thee fierce Gallia, the land for which death has no
 terror,

Thee Iberia, the stubborn, hear hushed and submissive ;
 The Sygambri, exulting in gore,
 With meek arms piled in trophy, adore thee.

ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS ON THE RESTORATION OF PEACE.

This ode is the appropriate epilogue to the Fourth Book, of which the poems that celebrate the Roman victories under Drusus and Tiberius constitute the noblest portion. If it be true that the book was published on account of these odes, and at the desire of Augustus, Horace would naturally conclude by a special reference to the beneficial issues of the wars undertaken by Augustus, and from the final completion of which in Gaul, Germany, and Spain, he had just returned to Rome. Horace here begins by saying, that when he wished to sing of those wars, Phœbus checked him. But Phœbus does not forbid him to sing the triumphs of peace ; and, with a lively lyrical abruptness, he therefore at once bursts forth :—

“Tua, Cæsar, ætas
 Fruges et agris retulit uberes,” &c.

That the poem was composed immediately after the return of Cæsar, and in connection with Odes iv. and xiv., is, I think, made clear by its own internal evidence. War is finished, and Augustus is celebrated as the triumphant establisher of law and order, and the author of the national prosperity, and the improvements, social and moral, which result from the security to life and property bestowed by a government at once firm and beneficent. He is here the descendant, not of Mars and Ilia, but of Anchises and Venus the gentle.

Of wars and vanquished cities when I longed
 To sing, Apollo checked me with his lyre,
 Lest I launched sails so slight
 Into so vast a deep. Cæsar, thy reign

Has given back golden harvests to our fields ;
 Our standards, torn from Parthia's haughty walls,
 Restored to Roman Jove ;
 Closed gates of Janus, vacant of a war ;

To righteous order rampant licence curbed,
 Thrust from the state the vices * which defiled,
 And, in their stead, recalled
 The ancient virtues to their fatherland,†—

Virtues from which have grown the Roman name,
 Italia's might, fame, and majestic sway,
 To the Sun's Orient rise,
 From his calm bed in our Hesperian seas.

Cæsar our guardian, neither civil rage ‡
 Nor felon violence scares us from repose,
 Nor ire which sharpens swords,
 And makes the wars of nations and their woes.

Neither the drinkers of deep Danube break
 The Julian Laws, nor Scyths, nor Seres fierce,
 Nor Persia's faithless sons,
 Nor wild men cradled on the banks of Don.

So, with each sacred, with each common day
 (Prayer, as is due, first rendered to the gods),
 Mid blithesome Liber's boons,
 Gathering our women and our children round,

Let us, as did our fathers in old time,
 Honour with hymns and Lydian pipe brave chiefs :
 Sing Troy ; Anchises sing ;
 Sing of the race from gentle Venus sprung.

* "Emovitque culpas." This refers to the moral reforms undertaken by Augustus, such as the Julian law, "de adulteriis et de pudicitia."

† "'Veteres artes.'" 'Artes' here means 'virtues,' as in Book III. Od. iii. 'Hac arte' (*ἀρετή*), as prudence, fortitude, justice, temperance."

—ACRON.

‡ "Non furor
 Civilis aut vis exigit otium,
 Non ira, quæ procudit enses,
 Et miseras inimicat urbes."

Three causes of fear are removed: "Furor civilis," "civil war;" "vis," "personal violence;" "ira," "foreign wars."

THE EPODES.

INTRODUCTION.

ORELLI, Dillenburger, and Maclean concur in accepting Franke's date for the publication of the book of Epodes—viz., A.U.C. 724, when Horace was thirty-five years old. The poems contained in the book appear to have been written between 713 and the date at which they were published; and, no doubt, many of them were known to Horace's friends before publication. It is to these Epodes that Horace refers in the boast, *Epist. i. 19-23*, that "He first introduced the Parian iambs, following the numbers and the spirit of Archilochus" (of Paros). Their title of Epode was not given to them (any more than that of Ode was given to the poems classed under that name) by Horace himself. Such designations are the inventions of some long-subsequent grammarian.

These poems are not lyrical in point of form, though they are occasionally so in point of spirit—especially, I think, the 13th Epode. They serve as an intermediate link between Horace's Odes and his earlier Satires.

The first ten Epodes are all in the same metre—alternate trimeter and dimeter iambs; they admit spondees only in the uneven places, and there is but one instance (*ii. 35*) in which an anapæst is admitted.

In the translation, the metre selected for the more important of these Epodes has been employed in the version of a few of the graver odes—viz., the ordinary form of blank verse converted into a couplet by alternate terminations in a dissyllable and monosyllable.

In the lighter of these first ten Epodes—viz., *Ep. vi. x.*—I have thought that the variation of a more easy and rapid measure was necessary to represent the lively spirit of the Latin.

EPODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

This epode is generally supposed to have been composed when Augustus had summoned the leading public men, whether senators or equites, to meet him at Brundisium prior to the expedition against Antony and Cleopatra which resulted in the battle of Actium, A.U.C. 723. The poem warrants the assumption that Mæcenas had been then appointed to, or offered, a naval command; but it seems (Dio. 51, 3, and Seneca, Ep. 114, 6), that Augustus decided on retaining him at home to watch over the affairs of Italy, and maintain order at Rome. Mr. Dyer, in the "Classical Museum," vol. ii., p. 199, and subsequently in Smith's "Biographical Dictionary" (art. "Mæcenas"), contends that the poem refers to the Sicilian expedition against Sextus Pompeius, A.U.C. 718. Maclean objects to this supposition—"that the language of affection is too strong for the short acquaintance which Horace had then enjoyed with Mæcenas, and that there is evidence in the poem itself of the Sabine farm having come into Horace's possession when he wrote it; but that this did not occur till after the publication of the First Book of Satires is certain, and it is generally referred to A.U.C. 720."

So thou wilt go with thy Liburnian galleys,
Amongst, O friend, those giant floating towers;
Prepared to share all perils braved by Cæsar,
And ward them off, Mæcenas, by thine own.
But what of us, to whom, while thou survivest,
Life is a joy;—thee lost, a weary load?
Shall we, as bidden, take our ease contented?
Ease has no sweetness if not shared with thee;
Or shall we bear our part in thy great labour
As fitting men of no unmanly mould?
Yes, we would bear; and thee o'er Alpine summits,
Or through the wastes of guestless Caucasus,
Or where the last pale rim of the horizon
Fades on the farthest waters of the west,
Follow with soul undaunted. Dost thou ask me
How, weak in body, and unskilled in war,
My toil could lighten thine? I should be present
With terrors less than those the absent know;
Ev'n as the bird more dreads for her young nestlings,
If for a moment left, the gliding snake;
Not that her presence could avail for succour,
Albeit she felt them underneath her wing.

Gladly in this or any war a soldier

Would I enlist, for hope of thy dear grace;

Not that, attached by ampler teams of oxen,

My ploughs may struggle through the stubborn glebe—

Not that my flocks should, ere the dog-star parchet it,

Change hot Calabria for Lucanian slopes *—

Not that for me some villa's pomp of marble

Should shine down white upon luxuriant vales,

Touching the walls with which the son of Circe †

Girded enchanted land in Tusculum.

Enough, and more than I can need, for riches,

Thanks to thy bounty, is already mine;

I am no Chremes, hoarding gold to bury ‡—

No loose-robed spendthrift lusting gold to waste.

EPODE II.

ALFIUS.—THE CHARMS OF RURAL LIFE.

This poem, in which a glowing description of country life and its innocent attractions is placed in the mouth of the rich usurer Alfius, is one of the happiest examples of Horace's power of polished and latent irony. Maclean thinks that the poem was originally written in praise of rural life, and that the last lines were added to give the rest a moral. "At any rate," he says, "the greater part of the speech must be admitted to be rather out of keeping with the supposed speaker." This alleged want of keeping does not strike me, nor do I believe that the last lines were "an afterthought." The idea is in complete harmony with the substance of Satire i. Book I., in which Horace says that the miser is never contented with his own lot, but rather extols those who follow opposite pursuits:—

"Nemo ut avarus

Se probet, ac potius laudet diversa sequentes;"

but that nevertheless the nature of the man returns to him; and if you offered to let him exchange with the person he envies, and so be happy, he would not accept the offer. The same idea is expressed more briefly, Book I.

* The wealthy proprietors sent their flocks in summer from the hot Calabrian plains to the wooded hills of Lucania.

† Telegonus, son of Circe by Ulysses, said to have founded ancient Tusculum on the summit of the hill, the slope of which is occupied by the modern Frascati, and to have there introduced the magic arts of his mother. The lines in the original are slightly paraphrased in the translation, in order not to lose to the English reader the poetic idea associating Tusculum with legendary enchantment, which the words "Circæa mœnia" would have conveyed to the Latin.

‡ "Chremes." The allusion is, perhaps, to a character in some play of Menander."—MACLEAN.

Ode i. lines 15, 35—"The merchant, terrified by the storms, lauds the ease of the country, but very soon refits his battered vessels." That a rich money-lender might at some moment feel and express very glowingly an enthusiasm for country life is natural enough; we have instances of that every day. No one praises or covets a country life more than a rich Jew or contractor. We do not know the occasion which may have suggested the poem; but nothing is more likely than that there was a report that the famous usurer was about to buy a country place and retire from business; and on the strength of that rumour Horace wrote the poem.

"Blessed is he—remote, as were the mortals

Of the first age, from business and its cares—
Who ploughs paternal fields with his own oxen

Free from the bonds of credit or of debt.*

No soldier he, roused by the savage trumpet,

Not his to shudder at the angry sea; †

His life escapes from the contentious forum,

And shuns the insolent thresholds of the great.

And so he marries to the amorous tendrils

Of the young vine the poplar's lofty stem;

Or marks from far the lowing herds that wander

Leisurely down the calm secluded vale;

Or, pruning with keen knife the useless branches,

Grafts happier offspring on the parent tree;

Or in pure jars he stores the clear-prest honey;

Or shears the fleeces of his tender sheep; ‡

Or, when brown Autumn from the fields uplifteth

Brows with ripe coronal of fruits adorned,

What joy to pluck the pear himself hath grafted,

And his own grape, that with the purple vies,

Wherewith he pays thee, rural god Priapus,

And, landmark-guardian, Sire Silvanus, thee: §

* "Solutus omni fenore"—"who neither lends nor borrows upon usury:" so Torrentius and Orelli. Maclean says the words would equally suit any other person besides a city usurer, and would mean that in the country he would not be subject to the calls of creditors, and need not get into debt. This interpretation is perhaps too loosely hazarded. An illustrious Horatian critic, to whom the translator is largely indebted, observes that "solutus" evidently refers to usurious bonds, and is so employed in the Satires; and suggests, as a more literal translation, "Unshackled by the bonds of usury."

† "Nec horret iratum mare." This does not apply to the sailor, but to the trader or merchant—"nec mercaturam exercet."—ORELLI.

‡ "Aut tondet infirmas oves." Baxter strangely interprets "infirmas" as "sickly" (ægrotas); Orelli as "feeble" (imbecillas). Voss translates it "garter," and so far agrees with Maclean, who considers it a purely ornamental expression.

§ "Pater Silvane, tutor finium." Silvanus, whose more usual attribute

Free to recline, now under aged ilex,
 Now in frank sunshine on the matted grass,
 While through the steep banks slip the gliding waters,
 And birds are plaintive in the forest glens,
 And limpid fountains, with a drowsy tinkle,
 Invite the light wings of the noonday sleep.

“But when the season of the storm, rude winter,
 Gathers together all its rains and snows,
 Or here and there, into the toils before them,
 With many a hound he drives the savage boars;
 Or with fine net, on forked stake suspended,
 Spreads for voracious thrushes fraudulent snare,
 And—joyful prizes—captures in his springes
 The shy hare and that foreigner the crane.
 Who would not find in these pursuits oblivion
 Of all the baleful cares which wait on love?
 Yet, if indeed he boasts an honest helpmate,
 Who, like the Sabine wife or sunburnt spouse
 Of brisk Apulian, in the cares of household
 And of sweet children bears her joyous part;
 Who on the sacred hearth the oldest fagots
 Piles 'gainst the coming of her wearied lord;
 And in the wattled close the milch-kine penning,
 Drains the distended udders of their load;
 From the sweet cask draws forth the year's new vintage,
 And spreads the luxuries of an unbought feast:
 Such fare would charm me more than rarest dainties—
 Than delicate oyster of the Lucrine lake,
 Or (if from eastern floods loud-booming winter
 Drive to our seas) the turbot or the scar.
 Not softer sinks adown the grateful palate
 The Nubian pullet or the Ionian snipe,*
 Than olives chosen where they hang the thickest;
 Or sorrel, lusty lover of green fields;

is the care of corn-fields and cattle, is here made to undertake the protection of boundaries, which properly belonged to *Terminus*.

* “*Afra avis*”—“*attagen Ionicus*.” What bird is meant by the “*Afra avis*” is a matter of uncertainty. Yonge says it is the guinea-fowl—Maclean inclines to the same opinion; but we know little more of it than that it was speckled. The “*attagen*” is variously interpreted woodcock, snipe, and, more commonly, moorfowl. The Ionian snipe is to this day so incomparably the best of the snipe race, that I venture to think it is the veritable “*attagen Ionicus*.”

Or mallows, wholesome for the laden body,
 Or lambkin slain on Terminus' high feast,
 Or kidling rescued from the wolf's fierce hunger.
 How sweet, amid such feasts, to view the sheep
 Flock blithe from field to fold, see the tired oxen
 With languid neck draw back their inverted share,
 And home-born * labourers round the shining Lares
 Gathered—the faithful swarm of the rich hive ! ”
 Thus said the usurer Alfius, and all moneys
 Lent till the mid-month—at that date calls in,
 And, hot for rural pleasures, that day fortnight
 Our would-be farmer—lends them out again.†

EPODE III.

TO MÆCENAS IN EXECRATION OF GARLIC.

Horace appears to have been tempted to eat, when dining with Mæcenas, some dish over-seasoned with garlic, unaware of the prevalence of that ingredient, or unprescient of its effects. Some commentators, whom Dillenburger follows, suppose this to have been a kind of compound salad called “moretum,” in which cheese, oil, milk, and wine contributed their motley aid to the garlic. This, however, was a primitive rustic comestible not likely to have been found at the table of Mæcenas. Whatever the dish might have been, Horace seems to have considered the recommendation of it a bad joke, and he takes revenge upon the chief criminal, garlic, in the following humorous anathema.

The commentators in general assume that Horace could not have taken the liberty to refer to Terentia in the concluding lines, “Manum puella,” &c., and that the poem was therefore written before Mæcenas's marriage, probably A.U.C. 719 or 720. Ritter, on the contrary, denounces with much indignation the idea that Horace could impute the indecorum of so familiar an intercourse with a freedwoman to a man of the grave occupations and dignified position of Mæcenas, and insists on applying “puella” to Terentia, in which case the poem would be written shortly after the marriage of Mæcenas, which Ritter chooses to date, A.U.C. 725 (*i. e.*, a year after *Frank's* date for the publication of the Epodes).

If e'er a parricide with hand accurs'd
 Hath cut a father's venerable throat,

* “Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus.” This is a picture of the primitive rustic life, in which the labourers, familiarly with the master, gathered at supper round the Lares.—*COLUM.* xi. 1, 19. “The home-born slaves cluster round the master, as the bees round the queen-bee.”—*RITTER.*

† “Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,—
 Quærit Kalendis ponere.”

The ides, nones, and kalends were the settling days of Rome.

Hemlock's too mild a poison—give him garlic ;
 O the strong stomachs of your country clowns !
 What deadly drug is raging in my vitals ?
 Was viper's venom in those fraudulent herbs ?
 Or was Canidia, armed with all her poisons,
 The awful cook of that infernal feast ?
 Surely Medea, wonderstruck with Jason,
 As of all Argonauts the comeliest chief,*
 Smeared him with this soul-sickening preparation,
 Which quelled the bulls to the unwonted yoke.
 In this she steeped her present to the rival,
 From whom, avenging, soared her dragon-car.
 Never such heat from pestilential comets
 Parched dry Apulia, thirsting for a shower ;
 Less hot that gift which, through the massive shoulders
 Of sturdy Hercules, burned life away.
 Jocose Mæcenæ, 'tis no laughing matter :
 If e'er thou try it, may thy sweetheart's hand
 Ward off thy kiss ; and sacred be her refuge
 In the remotest borders of the bed.

EPODE IV.

AGAINST AN UPSTART.

All the scholiasts agree in considering that the person satirised in this ode was the freedman Menas, lieutenant to Sextus Pompeius, who deserted to Augustus A.U.C. 716. Modern critics have objected to this assumption, and their objections are tersely summed up and answered by Maclean in his prefatory comment on the ode. In some inscriptions Vedius Rufus has been named instead of Menas. Ritter maintains the accuracy of this identification, and affirms that it was no other than Vedius Pollio, a Roman knight, who had been originally a freedman, mentioned by Seneca, Pliny, and others.—See Ritter's note.

* "Ut Argonautas præter omnes candidum
 Medea mirata est ducem."

"Posteaquam Medea Jasonis ceteris omnibus Argonautis pulchrioris forma capta est, sic construe, 'non vero Jasonem candidum mirata est præter omnes Argonautas.'"—ORELLI. Maclean prefers the construction which Orelli prohibits, but I like Orelli's the best.

As tow'rds the wolf the lamb's inborn repugnance

Nature makes my antipathy to thee,

{ Thou on whose flank still burns the Iberian whip-cord,*

Thou on whose limbs still galls the bruise of chains,
Strut as thou wilt in arrogance of purse-pride,

Fortune can change not the man's native breed.

Mark, as along the Sacred Way † thou flauntest,

Puffing thy toga, twice three cubits wide ‡—

Mark with what frankness indignation loathes thee,

Seen in the looks of every passer-by ! §

"He, by Triumvers so inured to lashes,

As tired the public crier to proclaim,||

Now ploughs some thousand fat Falernian acres,

And wears the Appian Road out with his nags ;

In public shows, despite the law of Otho, ¶

He takes a foremost place and sits—a knight.

* "Ibericis funibus." These were cords or ropes made of "spartum," usually said to be the Spanish broom and employed for ships' rigging. "It may be added, in favour of the theory which makes Menas the hero, that the mention of Spanish ropes seems to imply that the person had suffered on board ship, if not in the country itself, since, as Pliny tells us, ropes of spartum were especially used in ships ; and the only way to give point to the epithet is to suppose it had reference to Spain itself, or to the fleet."—MACLEANE.

† The Sacred Way, leading to the Capitol, was the favourite lounge of the idlers.

‡ "Cum bis trium ulnarum toga." According to Macleane, this applies to the width of the toga, not the length, as commonly translated : I follow his interpretation, but it is disputed.

§ "Ut ora vertat huc et huc cuntium
Liberrima indignatio."

I think with Macleane that this appears rather to mean the open indignation which made the passengers turn their looks *towards* him, than turn *away* in disgust, which is the construction of the scholiasts. Yonge suggests a totally different interpretation : "See how a free" (*i. e.*, unreserved, undisguised) "scorn alters the countenance" (*ora vertat*) "of all who pass along."

|| The Triumviri Capiteles had the power of inflicting summary chastisement on slaves. When the scourge was inflicted, a public crier stood by and proclaimed the nature of the crime.

¶ Fourteen rows in the theatre and amphitheatre, immediately over the orchestra, were by the law of L. Roscius Otho, A.U.C. 686, appropriated to the knights. As the tribunes of the soldiers had equestrian rank, if the person satirised were one of them, he could therefore take his seat in one of the fourteen rows, despite the intention of Otho, which was to reserve the front seats for persons of genuine rank.

What boots the equipment of yon floating bulwarks,
 Yon vast array of ponderous brazen prores?
 What! against slaves and pirates launch an army,*
 Which has for officer,—that man—that man!"

EPODE V.

ON THE WITCH CANIDIA.

None of Horace's poems excels this in point of power—and the power herein exhibited is of the highest kind; it is power over the passions of pity and terror. The degree of humour admitted is just sufficient to heighten the effect of the more tragic element. The scene is brought before the eye of the reader with a marvellous distinctness. A boy of good birth, as is shown by the *toga prætecta* and *bullæ* which he wears, has been decoyed or stolen from his home, and carried at night to some house—probably Canidia's. The poem opens with his terrified exclamations, as Canidia and her three associate witches stand around him. He is stripped, buried chin-deep in a pit, and tantalised with the sight of food which he is not permitted to taste, till, thus wasted away, his liver and marrow may form the crowning ingredient of the caldron in which the other materials for a philter have been placed. That it is for an old profligate, whom Canidia is resolved to charm back to her, that the philter is prepared, adds to the vileness which the poet ascribes to the hag. This epode was probably composed about the same time as the 8th Satire of the First Book, in which Canidia and Sagana are represented seeking the ghastly materials of their witchcraft, and invoking Hecate and Tisiphone in the Esquilinian burial-ground. The poem has little of the graces of expression which characterise Horace's maturer odes, and in one or two passages the construction is faultily obscure; but the grandeur of the whole conception, and the vigour of the execution, need no comment, and compensate for all defects.

The scholiasts say that Canidia's real name was Gratidia, and that she was a Neapolitan perfume-vender. That she was ever a mistress of Horace's is a conjecture founded upon no evidence, and nothing extant in Horace justifies the assumption. This poem was written when Horace was young, and he could scarcely have remembered, except in his childhood, Canidia more lovely than he invariably represents her.

"But O,† whatever Power divine in heaven,
 O'er earth and o'er the human race presideth,‡

* The slaves and pirates are supposed to refer to the fleet of Sextus Pompeius.

† "At, O deorum," &c. The word "at," thus commencing the ode, is significant of the commotion and hurry of the speaker, and also brings the whole scene more vividly before the reader. The poem begins, as it were, in the middle of the boy's address to the witches, omitting what had gone before.

‡ "Regit," not "regis"—"presides," not "presidest." The boy does not invoke the gods; he is addressing Canidia. It is but a disordered exclamation.

What means this gathering? why on me alone,
 Fixed in fierce stare, those ominous dread faces?
 By thine own children, if, indeed, for thee *
 Lucina brought† to light true fleshly children—
 By this vain purple's childish ornament ‡—
 By Jove's sure wrath—why are thy looks as deadly
 As the stepmother's on the babe she loathes,
 Or wounded wild beasts, glaring on the hunter? ”
 As the boy pleaded thus, with tremulous lip,
 From him fierce hands rent childhood's robe and bulla,
 And naked stood that form which might have moved,
 With its young innocence, a Thracian's pity.

Canidia, all her tangled tresses crisped
 By the contracted folds of angry vipers,
 Spake, and bade mandrakes, torn from dead men's graves,§
 Bade dismal branches of funereal cypress,
 And eggs and plumes of the night screech-owl, smeared
 With the toad's loathsome and malignant venom,
 Herbs which Iolcos and Hiberia send,||
 From soils whose richest harvest-crops are poison,
 And bones, from jaw of famished wild-bitch snatched,¶—
 Bade them all simmer in the Colchian caldron.**

* Here he addresses Canidia.

† Ritter, Yonge, and Munro have “*adfruit*.”

‡ “*Per hoc inane purpuræ decus precor.*” This is the “*toga prætecta*” which was worn by free Roman children, together with the “*bullæ*,” a small round plate of gold suspended from the neck. Both were relinquished on the adoption of the “*toga virilis*,” about the age of fifteen.

§ “*Sepulcris caprificos erutas*,” the wild fig rooted up from graves.

|| Hiberia here does not, as elsewhere, mean Spain, but a region, now part of Georgia, east of Colchis. Iolcos was a seaport of Thessaly.

¶ Why bones snatched from the jaws of a hungry bitch should have the virtue that fits them for ingredients in the witches' caldron is not clearly explained by the commentators. It is not only the angry slaver of the famishing bitch robbed of her food that gives the bone its necromantic value—there is virtue in the bone itself. The dog meant is one of the ownerless wild dogs that prowled at night for food, and haunted burial-grounds such as the *Esquiline*, where the lowest class of the poor were buried so near the surface of the ground that their remains could be easily scratched up, and the bone adapted for the caldron would be a human bone. So, in the “*Siege of Corinth*”—

“And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
 Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
 Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb.” &c.

** “*Flammis aduri Colchicis.*” The materials thus collected by the witches are not burned as fuel in the magic (Colchian) flames, but are boiled

Meanwhile, bare-legged, fell Sagana bedews
 The whole abode with hell-drops from *Avernus*,*
 Her locks erect as some sea-urchin barbed,
 Or wild boar bristling as he runs. Then Veia,
 Remorseless crone, loud grunting o'er the toil,
 With her fell spade the yawning death-pit hollows,
 Wherein they bury the yet living child,
 And twice and thrice each long day mock his famine.†
 Chin-deep (as waters on their brim suspend
 The swimmer) plunged, lingering he lives in dying,
 To gaze upon the food denied his lips,
 Till the parched liver and the shrivelled marrow
 Shall into philters for vile love consume,
 When once, yet staring on the food forbidden,
 The glazing eyeballs waste themselves away.
 If idle Naples and each neighbouring city
 Rightly believe, the Ariminian hag,
 Unnatural Folia, failed not that grim conclave,
 She who could draw the moon and subject stars,
 With her Thessalian witch-song, down from heav'n.

To them, with thumb-nail pressed to livid tooth,
 Which gnawed and mumbled it, spake dire Canidia.
 What said she, or what horror left untold?
 "Ye of my deeds sure arbiters and faithful,
 O Night, O Hecate, who o'er silence reign
 In darksome hours to rites mysterious sacred,
 Now, now be present; now on hostile homes
 Turn wrath invoked, and demon power revengeful;
 Now, while amid the horror-breathing woods
 Lurk the wild beasts, couched languid in soft slumber,
 Dogs of Sabura,† up! bark loud; let all
 Mock the old lecher, with a nard anointed

as materials for the philter, of which the marrow and liver of the unhappy child are the completing ingredients.

* From the fount *Avernus*.

† "Longo die bis terque mutatae dapis
 Inemori spectaculo."

"Longo" belongs to "die," and not to "spectaculo." "Inemori" is not found anywhere else; the ordinary form is "immori"—MACLEANE.

† "Sabura," one of the most populous and one of the most profligate streets of Rome. Canidia prays that the barking of the dogs may rouse the street to mock the old man, skulking to other mistresses than herself, and

Than which none subtler could these hands complete.

But how? * what's this? Have they, then, lost their virtue?

The barbarous Medea's direful drugs,

Wherewith she wreaked her wrongs on that proud rival,
Great Creon's daughter, yea, consumed the bride

By venom steeped into the murderous mantle,
And soared away destroying:—Me, nor herb

Nor root hath failed to render its dark secrets
Latent in inaccessible ravines.

The beds he sleeps on are by me besprinkled †
With Lethe of all other loves than mine.

Ho! ho! yet struts he free,—at large,—protected
By charm of which more learned than myself.

Ah, Varus, ah! by no trite hackneyed philters
Ill-fated wretch, shalt thou rush back to me,

Thy truant heart no Marsian charms recover ‡—
A mightier spell I weave; a direr bowl

Now will I brim, to tame thy scornful bosom.

thus scare him back to her. It seems clear from what follows that the nard or unguent was composed by Canidia, though that is disputed by commentators, and the construction itself is obscure. It is this magical unguent that is to cause the dogs to bark—see Orelli's note. Absurdly enough the scholiasts assumed, on the authority of this passage (for what other authority is there?) that Canidia was by profession a vender of perfumes.

* "Quid accidit?" The spell fails—the dogs do not bark. Varus does not go forth into Sabura, nor come to Canidia. "Do the drugs of Medea fail?" &c. "She speaks," says Maclean, "as if she had been actually using the drugs of Medea."

† "Indormit unctis omnium cubilibus
Oblivione pellicum."

The sense of this passage is exceedingly obscure, and has been subjected to various interpretations. I adopt that of Orelli, viz.—Canidia had smeared the couch on which Varus slept with drugs to make him forgetful of all women but herself; taking "unctis" with "oblivione," anointed with oblivion—"omnium pellicum," "of all wantons." Still this construction is not satisfactory, because, just before, Canidia supposes that Varus was out on his rambles, from which the barking dogs were to scare him to her, and she is surprised to find that he is quietly asleep.

‡ "Ad me recurres; nec vocata mens tua
Marsis redibit vocibus."

The Marsian witchcrafts were those in vogue with the populace. The sense is not, as commonly translated, that his mind or reason (mens), maddened by Canidia's spell, shall not be restored to him by the counter-charms of the Marsian witchcraft; but that he shall run back to her, and that his mind or heart will not be thus restored to her by her employment of any common vulgar incantations. No, she is now preparing a mightier bowl (referring to the victim present), &c.

Sooner the sky shall sink below the sea,
 And over both the earth shall be extended,
 Than thou not burn for me, as in the smoke
 Of these black flames now burns this dull bitumen."
 Then the child spoke, not seeking, as before,
 Those impious hell-hags with mild words to soften,
 But pausing long, now in his last despair,
 Launched the full wrath of Thyestean curses.*
 "Witchcrafts invert not the great laws divine
 Of right and wrong as they invert things human;†

* "Thyesteas preces." Curses such as Thyestes might have invoked on Atreus, who slaughtered and served up at the banquet his brother's children.

† "Venena magnum fas nefasque non valent
 Convertere humanam vicem;
 Diris agam vos."

Of all the obscure passages in the poem this is the most obscure. The contradictory interpretations of various commentators have not served to render it less so. The translation most in vogue is that suggested by Lambinus: "Witchcraft (venena) can invert the great principle of wrong and right, but cannot invert the condition or fate (or vicissitude in the fate) of men," "valent" being understood in the first clause. Munro, Introduction, p. xxviii., adopts the arrangement of Lambinus, with one point of difference. "I do not think," he says, "'Magnum' can be joined with 'fas nefasque.' I have therefore made it parenthetical where it seems to me to have much force. The meaning is, 'venena (id quod magnum est) fas nefasque valent Convertere, humanam vicem non valent.'" Ritter takes "venena" as poisons which may be beneficial as medicaments, or deadly, used with malignant purposes, and are thus "magnum fas nefasque;" and takes "humanam vicem" as the retribution due to human deeds. Orelli, in an excursus, gives, with his usual candour, not less than nine various interpretations, but very decidedly pronounces himself in favour of that which I believe he originates, and which is certainly a bold one. He assumes "magnum fas nefasque" to be the subject, and that the sense is, "the great law of wrong and right (divinæ leges), according to human sense (humanam vicem), cannot convert (soften and bend) witchcraft or the hearts of witches." Maclean says, I think correctly, "that if this view of the construction were adopted, it would be better to render 'humanam vicem' 'on behalf of men or of humanity.'" Maclean suggests two other interpretations (see his note), which appear to me more open to objection. Yonge, following Orelli in the main points, asks whether it may not be better to reverse the order, and take "venena" for the nominative case—thus, "sorceries (and those who use them) cannot change (*i. e.*, turn aside or defeat) the divine law, as they can men and men's law; therefore I appeal to them: such an appeal will draw down a wrath implacable." He renders "humanam vicem" "in human fashion," "after the manner of men." I have adopted the sense of this interpretation. Witchcraft is a better word here than sorceries, which properly signify divination by lot. Two other interpretations have been suggested to me by eminent scholars: 1st, Witchcraft cannot distort (or overthrow) the great rules of right and wrong in the interest of men (taking "humanam vicem" in the sense, "hominum causa"). 2nd, Witchcraft cannot overthrow the great law of wrong and right—human retribution.

So to those laws my dooming curse appeals,
 And draws down wrath too dire for expiation.
 Mark where thus foully murdered I expire,
 With every night, I haunt you as a Fury,*
 Mangle your cheeks, a ghost with bird-like claws;
 For such the power of those dread gods the Mænes,
 On your unquiet bosoms I shall sit
 An incubus, and murder sleep with horror;
 And at the last, as through the streets ye slink,
 Street after street the crowd shall rise against you,
 Hither and thither hounded, till to death
 Stoned by fierce mobs, vile hags obscene, ye perish;
 By wolves and Esquilian birds of prey
 Your limbs unburied shall be rent and scattered.
 Nor shall my parents, who alas! survive
 To mourn me, lose this spectacle of vengeance."

EPODE VI.

AGAINST CASSIUS.

It is by no means clear who is the unlucky object of these verses. Acron says he was a satirical poet of the name of Cassius, upon the strength of which the scholiast in Cruquius assumes him to have been the not uncelebrated orator Cassius Severus, who was banished by Augustus, and died in poverty and exile about sixty-three years after the date of this ode. This supposition is not tenable, for Cassius Severus, as Orelli remarks, must have been a boy, or a youth of about twenty, when the ode was composed; nor is there any authority on record that Cassius Severus was a poet. Other commentators have supposed the person meant was Mævius or Bavius. If the right name be Cassius, nothing is known about him; nor is it of any importance. Horace's invective, for what we know to the contrary, might have been as unjust and inappropriate as the lampoons of irritable young poets generally are. Ritter conjectures the person therein satirised to have been Furius Bibaculus, notorious for the bitterness of his iambics, and who included Octavian Cæsar in his attacks.

Why snap at the guests who do nobody harm,
 Turning tail at the sight of a wolf?
 O cur! thy vain threats why not venture on me,
 Who can give back a bite for a bite?
 Like mastiff Molossian or Sparta's dun hound,
 Kindly friend to the shepherd am I;

* "Furor"—literally, "a personified madness."

But I prick up my ears, and away through the snows,
 If a wild beast of prey run before;
 But thou, if thou fillest the woods with thy bark,
 Art struck dumb at the sniff of a bone.
 Ah, beware! I am rough when I come upon knaves,
 Ah, beware of a toss from my horns!
 I'm as sharp as the wit whom Lycambes deceived,
 Or the bitter foe Bupalus roused;*
 Dost thou think, when a cur shows the grin of his teeth,
 That I'll weep, unavenged, like a child?

EPODE VII.

TO THE ROMANS.

This poem is referred by Orelli (who rightly considers it composed at a comparatively early age) to the beginning of the war of Perusia, A.U.C. 713—14, to which period the 16th Epode is ascribed. Others refer it to A.U.C. 716, the expedition of Augustus against Sextus Pompeius, which is not very probable; others, again, including Franke, to the much later date of 722, the last war between Augustus and Mark Antony. Ritter contends that it relates to the war against Brutus and Cassius.

O guilty! whither, whither would ye run?
 Why swords just sheathed to those right hands refitted?
 Is there too little of the Latian blood
 Shed on the land or wasted on the ocean,
 Not that the Roman may consign to flames
 The haughty battlements of envious Carthage;
 Not that the untamed Briton may be seen
 In captive chains the Sacred Slope descending;
 But that, compliant to the Parthian's prayer,
 By her own right hand this great Rome shall perish?
 Not so with wolves; lions not lions rend;
 The wild beast preys not on his own wild kindred.
 Is it blind frenzy, or some demon Power,†
 Or wilful crime that hurries you thus headlong?

* Archilochus, to whom Lycambes refused his daughter Neobule, after having first promised her to him. The poet avenged himself in verses so stinging, that Lycambes is said to have hanged himself. Bupalus was a sculptor, who, with his brother artist Athenis, ridiculed or caricatured the uncomely features of Hipponax, and his verses are said (though not truly) to have had the same fatal effect on the sculptor that those of Archilochus had upon Lycambes.

† "Vis acrior," "a fatal necessity;" equivalent to *θεοῦ Βίαν*.—ORELLI, MACLEANE.

Reply ! All silent ; pallor on all cheeks,
 And on all minds dumb conscience-stricken stupor.
 So is it then ! so rest on Roman heads
 Doom, and the guilt of fratricidal murder,
 Ever since* Remus shed upon this soil
 The innocent blood atoned for by descendants.

EPODE VIII.—OMITTED.

EPODE IX.

TO MÆCENAS.

The date of this Epode is not to be mistaken. "It was written when the news of Actium was fresh, in September A. U. C. 723. It was addressed to Mæcenas, and it is impossible to read it and suppose he had just arrived from Actium, where some will have it he was engaged."—MACLEANE.

The fine ode, Book I. 37, "Nunc est bibendum," was written a year later, after the news of the taking of Alexandria and the death of Cleopatra. In both these poems it will be observable that Horace avoids naming Mark Antony—some say from his friendship to the Triumvir's son Iulus, to whom he addresses Ode ii. Lib. IV. ; but at the battle of Actium Iulus was a mere boy, and it is not possible to conceive how Horace was even acquainted with him at that time. There must have been some other reason for this reticence, and it is quite as likely to have been one of artistic taste as one founded on personal or political considerations ; for Horace does not mention by name Cleopatra, nor even Sextus Pompeius. It is consistent with the dignity of lyric song to avoid the direct mention of the name of our national enemy, especially if conquered. In an English lyrical poem on the Crimean war, we should scarcely think it strange if the poet did not obtrude on us the name of Nicholas.

When (may Jove grant it !) shall I quaff with thee
 Under thy lofty dome, my glad Mæcenas,†
 Cups of that Cæcuban reserved for feasts—
 Quaff in rejoicing for victorious Cæsar,
 While with the hymn symphonious music swells—
 Here Dorian lyre, there Phrygian fifes commingling ?
 As late we feasted, when from ocean chased,
 The Son of Neptune fled his burning navies,‡

* "Ut immerentis," &c. "Ut" here has the signification of "ex quo," ever since.—ORELLI, MACLEANE.

† "Beate Mæcenas." The epithet "beate" seems here to apply to the gladness of Mæcenas at the good news, rather than to his general opulence or felicitous fortunes.

‡ "Neptunius dux," Sextus Pompeius, who boasted himself to be the son of Neptune. Though Horace speaks of the rejoicing at the defeat of

He who did threaten to impose on Rome
 That which he took from slaves, his friends—the fetter.
 A Roman (ah! deny it after times),*
 Sold into bondage to a female master,
 Empales her camp-works,† and parades her arms,
 And serves, her soldier, under wrinkled eunuchs.
 Shaming war's standards, in their midst, the sun
 Beholds a tent lawn-draped against mosquitoes.‡
 Hitherwards,§ then, Gaul's manly riders wheeled
 Two thousand fretting steeds, and shouted "Cæsar."
 And all along the hostile fleet swift proes
 Back from the fight, and slunk into the haven.||
 Hail, God of Triumph! why delay so long
 The golden cars and sacrificial heifers?
 Hail, God of Triumph! from Jugurthine wars
 Thou brought'st not back to Rome an equal chieftain;
 Not Africanus,¶ to whom Valour built
 A sepulchre on ground which once was Carthage.

Sextus Pompeius as if it were of late ("ut nuper"), it occurred between five and six years before (A.U.C. 718). Fugitive slaves formed a large part of the force of Sextus Pompeius.

* This does not refer to Mark Antony himself, but to the Roman soldiers under him. The singular number is used poetically.

† "Fert Vallum." The Roman soldier carried palisades ("vallum") for an empaled camp.

‡ "Conopium." The mosquito net or curtain in use in Egypt, and still common in Italy and hot climates, placed in the midst of the "signa militaria"—i. e. the rising ground on which the military standards were grouped round the prætorium or imperial tent.

§ "At huc." The reading in the MSS. varies. Orelli has "at hoc," and takes "hoc" with "frementes Galli." I prefer Macleane's reading, "at huc," taking "frementes" with "equos;" "huc" thus means "hither," "to our side." Ritter has "ad hunc," contending that "ad" has the force of "adversus"—i. e. against Antonius, who is signified, though not named. Munro has also "ad hunc," observing that "it has most authority; but what Horace did here write it is impossible to say. 'Ad hunc' may = 'ad solem.'" As the lines refers to the desertion to Cæsar of the Gauls, or cavalry of Galatia, under their king Deiotarus, "at huc" seems the simplest interpretation.

|| "Hostiliumque navium portu latent
 Puppæ sinistrorsum citæ."

Macleane considers the meaning of the words impenetrably obscure, from our ignorance of the Roman nautical phrases. He inclines to favour Bentley's supposition, that "sinistrorsum citæ" may be equivalent to "back water;" adding, "something of that sort, connected with flight, I have no doubt it means."

¶ "Neque Africanum," not, as some would have it, "Africano," as referring to the African war.

Routed by sea, by land, the Foe hath changed
 For weeds of mourning his imperial purple ;
 Or spreading sails to unpropitious winds
 For Crete, ennobled by her hundred cities ;
 Or by the south blast dashed on Afric's sands,
 Or, drifting shoreless, lost in doubtful seas.

Ho there, good fellow ! out with larger bowls,
 And delicate Chian wines, or those of Lesbos ;
 Or rather, mix us lusty Cæcuban,
 A juice austere, which puts restraint on sickness ;
 The Care-Unbinder well may free us now
 From every doubt that fortune smiles on Cæsar.

EPODE X.

ON MÆVIUS SETTING OUT ON A VOYAGE.

The name of Mævius has become proverbially identified with the ideal of a bad poet ; but, after all, the justice of this very unpleasant immortality rests upon no satisfactory evidence. Virgil, with laconic disdain, dismisses him and Bavius to obloquy, and this poem is a specimen of Horace's mode, in his hot youth, of treating a person to whom he owed a grudge. But poets are very untrustworthy judges of the merits of a contemporary poet, whom, for some reason, or other, they dislike. If nothing of Southey be left to remote posterity, and he is only then to be judged by what Byron has said of him, Southey would appear a sort of Mævius. On the other hand, what would Byron seem if nothing were left of his works, and, one or two thousand years hence, he were to be judged by the opinions of his verse which Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge have left on record ? As to the severest things said of Mævius by writers of a later generation, and who had probably never read a line of him, they are but echoes of the old lampoons, "Give a dog a bad name," &c. If it be true, as the commentator in Cruquius says, that Mævius was "a detractor of all learned men," and a cultivator of archaisms, or an elder school of expression, "sectator vocum antiquarum," it is probable enough that he incurred the resentment of Horace and the scorn of Virgil by his attacks on their modern style, and that his adherence to the elder forms of Latin poetry was ungenial to their own taste. For Virgil's contemptuous mention, indeed, there might be some cause less general, if Mævius and Bavius wrote the *Anti-Bucolica* ascribed to them—*i. e.* two pastorals in parody of the *Eclogues* ; and especially if Mævius were the author of a very ready and a very witty attempt to turn him into ridicule. Virgil, reciting the First Book of his *Georgics*, after the words, "Nudus ara, sere nudus," came to a dead halt, when some one, said to be either Mævius or Bavius, finished the line by calling out, "habebis frigore febrem." Whoever made that joke must have been clever enough to be a disagreeable antagonist. One thing, at all events, seems pretty evident—*viz.* that Mævius must have had power of some kind to excite the muse of Horace to so angry

an excess. Had he been a man wholly without mark or following, he could scarcely have stung to such wrath even a youthful poet. Be that as it may, this ode has all the vigour of a good hater, and there is much of the gusto of true humour in its extravagance. The exact date of its composition is unknown, but it bears the trace of very early youth. Grotefend assigns it to A.U.C. 716, when Horace was twenty-seven.

Under ill-boding auspices puts forth the vessel
Which has Mævius—a rank-smelling cargo—on board;
Either side of that vessel, with surges the roughest,
O be mindful, I pray thee, wild Auster, to scourge!
On an ocean upheaved from its inmost foundations,
May the dark frowning Eurys snap cables and oars;
And may Aquilo rise in his might as when rending
Upon hill-peaks the holm-oaks that rock to his blast!
On the blackness of night let no friendly star glimmer
Save the baleful Orion, whose setting is storm;
Nor the deep know a billow more calm than the breakers
Which o'erwhelmed the victorious armada of Greece,
When, from Ilion consumed, to the vessel of Ajax
Pallas* turned the wrath due to her temple profaned!
Ha, what sweat-drops will run from the brows of thy
sailors,
And how palely thy puddle-blood ooze from thy cheeks;
As thou call'st out for aid—with that shriek which shames
manhood†—
On the Jove who disdains such a caitiff to hear;
When thy keel strains and cracks in the deep gulf Ionic,
Howling back the grim howl of the stormy south-blast.
But O! if in some desolate creek thou shalt furnish
To the maw of the sca-gulls a banquet superb,
To the Tempests a lamb and lewd goat shall be offered
As a tribute of thanks for deliverance from thee.

* It is cleverly said by one of the critics, that Pallas is appropriately enough referred to here as the avenger of the bad poetry with which Mævius had insulted her.

† "*Illa non virilis ejulatio.*" He speaks as though he heard the man crying.—MACLEAN.

EPODES XI. AND XII.—OMITTED.

EPODE XIII.

TO FRIENDS.

Of all the Epodes, this, of which the metre consists of a hexameter verse, with one made up of a dimeter iambic and half a pentameter, appears to have most of the lyrical spirit and character of the Odes. The poem, addressed to a party of friends in winter, suggests comparison with the 9th Ode of the First Book, "*Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum*," also a winter song; but the occasion is very different, and the spirit that pervades it not less so. Ode ix. Lib. I. has no reference to public troubles; unless, indeed, a reader should indorse the very far-fetched supposition that verse 7, "*Permitte divis cætera*," has a political allusion. Its main image is in the picture of an individual, and the happy mode in which, while yet young, that individual may pass his day. Its tone is cheerful, and with no insinuation of pathos. This epode, on the other hand, is evidently addressed to friends excited by anxieties and apprehensions in common. If it be allowable to draw a conjecture from the touching illustration of the fate of Achilles, doomed in the land of Assaracus to a stormy life and an early death, the poem might have been written between the date of Horace's departure into Asia Minor, in the service of Brutus, and that of the trials and dangers which closed at the field of Philippi, A.U.C. 712. Ritter, indeed, places its date in the interval between the death of Cassius and the battle of Philippi. It may, however, be observed, that if the invitation to the feastmaster to bring forth the wine stored in the consulship of Torquatus is to be taken literally, wine of that age could scarcely have been found in the commissariat of Brutus. If not written while in the camp of Brutus, it was probably composed between A.U.C. 712 and 716, soon after Horace's return to Rome, before the fortunes of his life, and perhaps his political views, were changed by the favour of Mæcenas, and while his chief associates would naturally have been among the remnants of the party with whom he had fought, and to whose minds (if there be anything peculiarly appropriate in the reference to Achilles) military dangers in a foreign land might still be the salient apprehension. It is evidently written some years before Ode ix. Lib. I. Horace here classes himself emphatically with the young. In Ode ix. he addresses Thaliarchus, or the feastmaster, with the half-envious sentiment of a man who points out the pleasures of youth to another—who yet sympathises with those pleasures, but is somewhat receding from them himself.

Frowning storm has contracted the face of the heaven,

Rains and snows draw the upper air heavily down;
Now the sea, now the forests, resound with the roar

Of wild Aquilo rushing from hill-tops on Thrace.
Seize, my friends, on To-day—foul or fair it is ours—

While yet firm are the knees, nor unseemly is joy;

And let Gravity loosen his hold on the brows*
 Which he now overcasts with the cloud of his scowl.
 Broach the cask which was born with myself in the year
 Of the Consul Torquatus.† All else born said;
 For, perchance, by some turn in our fortunes, a god
 May all else to their place in times brighter restore.
 Now let nard Achæmenian afford us its balm;
 Doubt and dread let the chords of Cyllene‡ dispel;
 Listen all to the song which the Centaur renowned
 Sang of old to the ears of his great foster-son:—
 “Boy invincible, goddess-born, mortal thyself,§
 The domain of Assaracus waits thee afar;
 There the petty|| Scamander’s cold streams cut their way,
 And there slidingly lapses the smooth Simois.
 From that land, by the certain decree of their woof,
 Have the Weavers of Doom broken off thy return,
 And thy mother, the blue-eyed, shall never again
 Bear thee back o’er the path of her seas to thy home.
 But when there, let each burden of evils ordained,
 From thy bosom be lifted by wine and by song;
 Soothers they of a converse so sweet, it can charm
 All the cares which deform our existence away.”

* “Obducta solvatur fronte senectus.” “Obducta,” as if clouded with care and sadness.—ORELLI. Orelli interprets “senectus” in the sense of “morositas,” “tædium,” to which the word “senium” is more frequently applied. Maclean renders it “melancholy,” in which sense, however, he allows it is used nowhere else. I think the right meaning is “gravity” or “austerity,” in which sense it is employed by Cicero, *De Clar. Orat.* 76, “Plena litteratæ senectutis oratio.”

† “Tu vina Torquato,” &c. Here he addresses himself to the master of the feast. Sextus Manlius Torquatus was consul A. V. C. 689, the year of Horace’s birth—“O nata mecum consule Manlio,” *Lib. III.* xxi. 1.

‡ “Fide Cyllenea,”—viz., the lyre, invented by Mercury, born on Mount Cyllene, in Arcadia. There seems to me much beauty in the choice of the word, which introduces an image of Arcadian freedom from care—the ideal holiday life.

§ Achilles.

|| Ritter supposes that the Scamander is here emphatically called small (*parvi Scamandri flumina*) antithetically to “grandi alumno”—the great hero who found the scene of his actions by a stream so small. Should this conjecture, exquisitely critical, if not too refined, be admitted, then “lubricus et Simois” must form a part of the antithesis insinuated; i. e., actions so great beside a stream so small—actions so vehement, and of renown so loud, beside a stream so smooth.

EPODE XIV.

TO MÆCENAS IN EXCUSE FOR INDOLENCE IN COMPLETING THE
VERSES HE HAD PROMISED.

It is impossible to say whether the verses thus promised and deferred were, as commonly supposed, the collection composed in this Book of Epodes, or some single iambic poem. The context seems to favour the latter supposition. The beauty who inflames Mæcenas, so gracefully mentioned at the close of the poem, is, according to the scholiasts, certainly Terentia, whom Mæcenas was then either married to or courting. And that assumption is generally adopted by modern critics. Still it scarcely seems consistent with Roman manners, or with Horace's good breeding and knowledge of the world, that he should imply a comparison between his passing caprice for a public wanton, and the honourable love of a man of the highest station to the lady he had married, or was wooing in marriage.

Why this soft sloth, through inmost sense diffusing
Oblivion as complete
As if with parched lip I had drained from Lethe
Whole beakers brimmed with sleep?—
Thou kill'st me with that question oft-repeated—
Mæcenas, truthful man,*
A song I promised thee ; to keep my promise
A god, a god forbids—
Forbids the iambics, for I have begun them,
To shape themselves to close.†
Thus it is said, by love inflamed, the Teian
Lost his diviner art :
And on the shell to which he wailed his sorrow,
Music imperfect died.
Thou too art scorched ; enjoy thy lot ; no fairer
Flame, shot from Helen's eyes,
Fired Troy :—me Phryne burns—a wench too glowing
To stint her warmth to one.

* “Candide Mæcenas.” “Candide” here has the signification of honourable or truthful. You kill me—you, a man of honour—asking me so often why I do not fulfil my promise.

† “Ad umbilicum adducere,” is to bring a volume to the last sheet.—MACLEANE.

EPODE XV.

TO NEÆRA.

This poem may have been an imitation of the Greek, but as Horace pointedly introduces his own name as that of the complainant, it must be inferred that, at all events, he meant to be understood as speaking in his own person. The probability is in favour of the supposition that it was the expression of a genuine sentiment, and addressed to a real person. Maclean pushes too far his sceptical theory that Horace's love-poems are merely artistic exercises, like those of Cowley.

'Twas night—the moon shone forth in cloudless heaven
 Amid the lesser stars,
 When thou didst mock, in vows myself had taught thee,
 The great presiding gods;
 Closer than round the ilex clings the ivy,
 Claspings me with twined arms:
 “Long as the wolf shall prey upon the sheepfold—
 Long as the seaman's foe,
 Baleful Orion, rouse the wintry billows—
 Or the caressing breeze
 Ripple the unshorn ringlets of Apollo,
 Our mutual love shall be!”
 Ah! thou shalt mourn to find me firm, Neæra;
 For if in Flaccus aught
 Of man be left, he brooks not halved embraces;
 Stooped to no second rank,
 His love shall leave thee, and explore its equal.
 The heart, in which the pang
 Of the last treason once make sure its entry,
 Is ever henceforth proof
 To charms which perfidy has rendered hateful.
 And thou, O happier one!
 Whoe'er thou art, in my defeat exulting,
 Be rich in herds and lands;
 And as for gold, I give thee all Pactolus;
 Know all the lore occult
 Stored by Pythagoras re-born; in beauty
 Nireus himself excel;
 And yet, alas! in store for thee my sorrow,
 Thou too wilt mourn
 Loves with such ease made over to another—
 My turn for mockery then!

EPODE XVI.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE (OR RATHER TO HIS OWN POLITICAL FRIENDS).

This poem is generally supposed to have been composed at the commencement of the Perusian war, A.U.C. 713—the year following the battle of Philippi, when the state of Italy was indeed deplorable, and the fortunes of Horace himself at the worst. He had forfeited his patrimony, and it was two years before he was even introduced to Mæcenas. At that time he would have been twenty-four. The poem has the character of youth in its defects and its beauties. The redundancy of its descriptive passages is in marked contrast to the terseness of description which Horace studies in his odes; and there is something declamatory in its general tone which is at variance with the simpler utterance of lyrical art. On the other hand, it has all the warmth of genuine passion; and in sheer vigour of composition Horace has rarely excelled it.

Another age worn out in civil wars,*

And Rome sinks weighed down by her own sheer forces,
Whom nor the bordering Marsians could destroy;

Nor Porsena, threatening with Etruscan armies;
Nor rival Capua,† nor fierce Spartacus,

Nor Allobroge,‡ in all revolts a traitor;

Nor fierce Germania's blue-eyed giant sons;

Nor Hannibal, abhorred by Roman mothers,—§
That is the Rome which we, this race destroy;

We, impious victims by ourselves devoted,
And to the wild beast and the wilderness

Restoring soil which the Romans called their country.

Woe! on the ashes of Imperial Rome

Shall the barbarian halt his march, a victor;

* "Altera ætas," the preceding age being that of Sulla.

† "Æmula nec virtus Capuæ." Capua, after the battle of Cannæ, aspired to the "imperium" of Italy.—Liv. 23, 2.

‡ "Novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox." This line is generally supposed to refer to the Allobrogian ambassadors, who, at the time of Catiline's conspiracy, promised to aid it, but afterwards betrayed the conspirators, and became the chief witnesses against them. The Allobroges, a Gallic people on the left bank of the Rhone, two years later broke out in war, and, invading Gallia Narbonensis, were defeated by the governor of that province, C. Pomptinus. The line may, however, be intended to designate the general character of this people, without any special reference to the conduct of their ambassadors in the conspiracy of Catiline.

§ "Parentibusque abominatus Hannibal." Orelli and Dillenburger interpret "parentibus" as "our fathers," "the former generation." Doering, Ritter, and Macleane, interpret the word in the sense of "bella matribus detestata," c. i. 1, 24, in which latter sense the line is translated.

And the wild horseman with a clanging hoof
 Trample the site which was the world's great city,
 And—horrid sight—in scorn to winds and sun
 Scatter the shrouded bones of Rome's first founder.*
 If haply all, or those amongst you all,
 Who be of nobler nature, ask for counsel
 How to escape the endurance of such ills,
 I know none better than this old example :
 Leaving their lands, their Lares, and their shrines,
 To wolf and wild boar, went forth the Phocæans,†
 One state entire, accursing the return ;—
 Go *we* wherever a free foot may lead us,
 No matter what the billow or the blast,
 Welcome alike be Africus or Notus,
 Are ye agreed ? ‡ Who can this vote amend ?
 Why pause ? To sea ! accept the favouring auspice.
 Yet ere we part thus swear : When the firm rocks,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried,§
 Rise to the light and float along the wave,
 Then, nor till then, return for us be lawful !
 Back unrepentant we will veer the sail
 When Po shall lave the summits of Matinus ;
 When into ocean juts the Apennine ;
 When herds no longer fear the tawny lions ;
 When nature's self becomes unnatural,
 And, love reversing all its old conditions,
 Tigers woo does, the kite pairs with the dove ;
 When into scales the he-goat smooths his fleeces,

* "Quæque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini." I have rendered the simple meaning of the line, but the literal construction is, that he shall scatter the bones of Romulus, hitherto free, in their secret place, from wind and sun. Elsewhere (Car. iii. 3, 16) Horace speaks of Romulus as rapt to heaven, according to the popular belief. Varro, according to Porphyrius, says the tomb of Romulus was behind the Rostra. Orelli suggests that Romulus (Quirinus) is not literally signified in the verse, but rather symbolically, as the ideal representative (*der ideale representant*) of the other Roman citizens, whose bones shall be scattered to wind and sun.

† "Phocæorum—exsecrata civitas." "Exsecrata" is used in a double sense, "binding themselves under a curse."—MACLEANE. The oath of the Phocæans, who left their city when besieged by Harpagus (Herod. i. 165) never to return till an iron bar they threw into the sea should float on the surface, is amplified in the oath which Horace suggests to his political friends.

‡ "Sic placet"—"placetne," the usual formula. The poet fancies himself addressing a meeting of the citizens."—MACLEANE.

§ "In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."—SHAKESPEARE.

And quits the hill-top for the briny seas.

So swear, swear aught that cuts us off for ever
From the old homes, and go, one State entire,

Accursing the return. If all not willing,
At least that part which is of nobler mind

Than the unteachable herd. To beds ill-omened
Let those nought hoping, those nought daring, cling.

Ye in whom manhood lives, cease woman wailings,
Wing the sail far beyond Etruscan shores.

Lo! where awaits an all-circumfluent ocean—
Fields, the Blest Fields we seek, the Golden Isles

Where teems a land that never knows the ploughshare,
And laughs a vine that needs no pruner's hand—

Where the glad olive ne'er belies its promise,*
And the dusk fig adorns its native stem†

There from the creviced ilex wells the honey;
There, down the hillside bounding light, the rills

Dance with free foot, whose fall is heard in music;
There, without call, the she-goat yields her milk,

And back to browse, with unexhausted udders,
Wanders the friendly flock; no hungry bear

Growls round the sheepfold in the starry gloaming,‡
Nor high with rippling vipers heaves the soil.§

These, and yet more of marvel, shall we witness,

* "Nunquam fallentis termes olive." The olive crop is still as fickle as the English hop crop—one good year for two bad ones is the accredited average. The olive crop, like the hop, was and still is often ruinous, from the speculative gambling which its uncertainty tends to stimulate. Horace says that which came home to every olive-grower when he speaks of an olive-tree that never deceived its cultivator.

† Viz., ungrafted.

‡ "Vespertinus ursus."

§ "Neque intumescit alta viperis humus." Orelli, in one of those notes, exquisite for accuracy of perception, in which his edition is so rich, objects to the common translation of "alta humus"—mountainous or rising ground, in which vipers are not found. He suggests, on various Greek authorities, that "alta," in its sense of "deep," not "high," has the signification of "fertile" (we say a deep rich soil, in antithesis to a thin poor one); and to those who dissent from that interpretation, Orelli commends Jahn's proposed construction to take "alta" with "intumescit"—"swells high." Macleane indorses it. Orelli refers "tumescit" not to the sweltering venom, but to the undulous movement of the reptile, alternately rising and falling, so that the ground literally seems to heave, as the commentator in Orelli says he has himself noticed, in his solitary walks along the meadows and water-banks of Italy, which, but for the vipers, would have been exceedingly pleasant. In the translation it is sought to render this idea, drawn from the critic's personal observation, and which, as a friend suggests, is in

We, for felicity reserved ; how ne'er
 Dank Eurys sweeps the fields with flooding rain-storm,
 Nor rich seeds parch within the sweltering glebe.
 Either extreme the King of Heaven has tempered.
 Thither ne'er rowed the oar of Argonaut,
 The impure Colchian never there had footing.
 There Sidon's trader brought no lust of gain ;
 No weary toil there anchored with Ulysses ;
 Sickness is known not ! on the tender lamb
 No ray falls baneful from one star in heaven.
 When Jove's decree alloyed the Golden Age,
 He kept these shores for one pure race secreted ;
 For all beside the Golden Age grew brass
 Till the last centuries hardened to the iron,
 Whence to the pure in heart a glad escape,*
 By favour of my prophet-strain is given.†

EPODE XVII.

TO CANIDIA—IN APOLOGY.

This poem completes Horace's attacks on Canidia by an ironical pretence of submission and apology. I state in a note my conjecture that he was

curious accordance with a passage in Humboldt's "Aspects of Nature," where he describes the reptiles, snakes, breaking their way through the clay soil left by the inundations of the Orinoco, and lifting the ground into little heaps. Ritter finds fault with Orelli's interpretation, and contends that "alta" denotes the high grass and herbage of the soil.

* "Quorum" depends on "fuga"—flight from the iron ages. "Piis" has the signification of "pure from crime."

† It has been supposed by some that the description of these happy islands, and the idea of migrating thither, is taken from the account of the Western Islands, which almost tempted Sertorius to seek in them a refuge from the cares of his life, and the harassment of unceasing wars. This story, which is told by Plutarch in his life of Sertorius, is said by Acron to have been given by Sallust. But the general tradition of a happy land separated from the rest of the world was popular among the ancients from the earliest time, and Horace might have got the notion from Hesiod or Pindar. The poem, however, would assume a much deeper and more earnest character if we could suppose that the passage in question has a symbolical signification, and refers to the isle of happy souls in which Achilles was wed to Helen. In that case the latent meaning would apply to another world beyond this, and its moral would be, "Rather than submit to the ills and ignominy in store for us, let us take our chance of those seats in Elysium reserved for the pure."

really suffering from an illness when it was written. There is no reason to infer with some, that, because he says his hair was turning grey, the verses were written in later life. "But now at thirty years my hair is grey," says Byron. At what age Horace detected his first grey hair—and he became grey early—no one can guess. The poem has all the character of the early ones comprised in this book. It is the only Epode in which the same metre (trimeter iambic) is adopted.

Now, O now, I submit to the might of thy science!
 Now behold, as a suppliant, I lift up my hands!
 I adjure thee by Proserpine, and by great Hecate—
 I adjure thee by all the most pitiless Powers—
 I adjure thee by all thy weird black-books of magic,
 Strong in charms to call down loosened stars from the
 sky—
 Dread Canidia, O spare me thy grim incantations!
 And O slacken, O slacken, thy swift-whirling-wheel! *
 Even Telephus moved the fierce grandson of Nereus,†
 Against whom he had marshalled, in insolent pride,
 The host of his Mysians, and levelled his arrows;—
 Even Hector the death-dealer (sternly consigned
 To the maw of the dog and the beak of the vulture)
 Weeping matrons of Troy were allowed to embalm,
 After Priam, alas! (his stout walls left behind him)
 At the feet of the stubborn Achilles knelt down.
 So the rowers of toil-worn Ulysses, witch Circe
 From the spell that transformed them delivered, at will,
 Giving back to limbs bristled ‡ the voice and the reason,
 And the glory that dwells in the aspect of Man.
 Enough, and much more than enough, for all penance
 Have I paid to thy wrath, O thou greatly beloved—

* "Citumque retro solve, solve turbinem." All the MSS. have "solve." Lambinus has "volve" without authority. "Turbo" is a wheel of some sort used by sorceresses; "rhombos" is the Greek name for it. Ovid, Propertius, and Martial mention it.—MACLEANE. This critic considers that "retro solvere" means to relax the onward motion of the wheel, which will then of itself roll back. I may observe that "turbo," which means both a whirlwind and a spinning-top, probably implies the shape of the witch's wheel, as being wide at its upper part (the hoop), and spiral at the bottom.

† Telephus, king of Mysia, opposed the Greeks on their expedition to Troy, was wounded by Achilles, grandson of Nereus, and son of Thetis. Achilles cured him by the scrapings of the spear with which he was wounded.

‡ Previously transformed to swine. Bentley's reading of Circe instead of Circe (the Latin instead of the Greek termination), founded on the statement of Valerius Probus, is adopted by all the more recent editors.

O thou greatly beloved by huckster and sailor! *

Fled away from my form is the vigour of youth,
And the blush-rose of health from my cheeks has departed,
Leaving nought but pale bones scanty covered with
skin.

And my hair is grown grey with the spell of thy perfumes;
From my suffering I snatch not a moment's repose.

Still the night vexes day, and still day the night vexes;

I can free not the lungs strained with gaspings for breath.†
Wherefore, wretch that I am, I confess myself conquered;

I acknowledge the truth I had dared to deny;

Yes, the chant of a Samnite can pierce thro' a bosom,

And the Marsian's witch-ditty can split up a head!

What more wouldst thou have? Earth and Sea! I am
hotter

Than Alcides in fell Nessian venom imbued,

Or than Sicily's flame budding fresh in fierce Ætna.‡

Dost thou mean, then, for ever to keep up this fire—

O thou warehouse of venomous fuel from Colchis,—

Till I'm whirled, a parched cinder, the waif of the winds?

What the death that awaits or the fine that redeems me?

Every penalty asked I will honestly pay:

* As the lowest of the low.

† "Neque est
Levare tenta spiritu præcordia."

The symptoms described are those of a real malady—emaciation, fever, sleeplessness, difficulty of breathing—a malady familiar enough to those who have experienced an Italian malaria. The whole poem seems to me to have the air of being written at some period of actual illness, in the attempt to draw amusement from humorous exaggeration of his own complaints, which is common enough among witty invalids. The nature of the poem would perhaps scarcely suggest itself to him if he were quite well in health at the time.

‡ "Nec Sicana fervida
Virens in Ætna flamma."

I take "virens" to have the same signification here that it has Lib. IV. Carm. xiii. 6, "Virentis doctæ psallere Chia"—i.e., youthful, blooming or budding, in the spring of life. "Virens flamma" may be compared with Lucretius's "Flos flammæ." I agree, therefore, with Maclean, who follows Lambinus and the scholiast in Cruquius, in interpreting the meaning to be "the flame, always fresh and renewing itself," and having no more to do with the colour of the flame as of sulphurous green, which is the supposition favoured by Orelli and Dillenburger, than it has in the line quoted above, where it is certainly not meant to imply that Chia is "green." The emendation of "furens," suggested by Bentley on inferior MS. authority, and rejected by most recent commentators, would substitute a prosaic commonplace for a poetic image.

Speak ! a hundred young steers ; or a couple of stanzas
 To be sung to a lute-string attuned to a lie,
 I will chant thee as chaste, I will chant thee as honest ;
 Thou shalt traverse, a gold constellation, the stars.
 Moved by prayer Castor's self, and the twin of great Castor,
 Gave back sight to the bard who had Helen defamed.*
 So may'st thou, for thou canst, from this frenzy release
 me—

Mercy, thou, by no filth-scum paternal defiled †
 Mercy, thou who didst never, an aged wise-woman, ‡
 From his grave the first day § rake a beggar-man's dust !
 O thy breast is the kindest, thy hands are the purest—
 Not a doubt, Pactumeius is really thy son ; ||
 And whenever thou barest the pangs of a mother,
 'Tis to rise from thy bed with the bloom of a maid !

* "Infamis Helenæ Castor offensus vicem,
 Fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece."

The poet alluded to is Stesichorus, punished with blindness for libelling Helen, and recovering his sight after writing an apology (palinodia), of which a fragment remains. Other writers ascribe to Helen the grace of restoring the poet's sight. Probably Horace follows some other version of the story lost to us, in attributing the restoration to her two brothers. The allusion to Castor and Pollux, twin stars, comes naturally enough after saying that Canidia shall become a constellation herself.

† "Obsoleta." This word, as Macleane observes, is applied in an unusual sense. It usually signifies "that which is gone to decay," "out of use;" and so it comes to mean that which is spoilt and worthless (in which sense Macleane implies that he would take it here). Orelli, I think, better explains it as "inquinata," "deformata." I apprehend that "inquinata," in the sense of "stained," or "defiled," is the right meaning—as in Seneca (Agam. 971, a line which appears to have escaped the commentators on the passage), "Dextera obsoleta sanguine."

‡ "Neque in sepulcris pauperum prudens anus." Macleane, in his note on Canidia, Epode iii. p. 280, observes, that Horace says Canidia is not an old woman, and refers to this very line as proving it. It proves just the contrary. Horace, speaking in the most obvious irony, had before asked if he should celebrate her with a lying lyre, and all he is now saying about her is, of course, to be read in the opposite sense.

§ "Novendiales pulveres." This has been variously interpreted; but Orelli and all recent commentators agree in accepting the general authority of Servius, Ad. Æn. 5, that the ashes were buried the ninth day after death—the body having been burned on the eighth. Probably enough the poor were not kept so long above ground; but the phrase "novendiales" might have come into conventional usage as signifying the first day of burial. It means, at all events, fresh buried, while warmth was yet in the ashes—that being essential for the purposes of witchcraft; and the ashes were scattered and reduced to powder for those purposes.

|| "Tuusque venter Pactumeius." It would seem that the person, whoever she might have been, represented by Canidia, was rather sensitive

CANIDIA'S REPLY.

"Why on ears locked against thee pour prayer unavailing?

Not more deaf to the sailor, stripped bare to the skin,
Are the rocks upon which, 'mid the darkness of winter,
Breaks in thunder the reef of a merciless sea.

What, forsooth! raise a laugh at the rites of Cotytto*

Divulged? Mock the Cupid of Cupids most free?

As if thou wert high-priest to the witchcraft of charnels,
And in safety might make a town-talk of my name!

What my gain to have squandered on beldames Pelignian

My gold, and have mixed up the poisons most quick?

Yet they are not so quick, but their work shall seem
tardy†

To thy longings for death to escape from thy pain.

Ay, for this shall thy thankless existence be lengthened,

That with every new day there shall come a new
pang.

For reprieve sighed the father of Pelops the faithless,

Hungry Tantalus, yearning in vain for the food;

For reprieve sighed Prometheus, fast bound to the vulture,

And doom'd Sisyphus upward vain-heaving the stone.

But reprieve is just that which Jove's law has denied
thee.

Thou shalt wish, in the weary revolt from thy woes,
Headlong now to leap down from the height of a turret,

Now to sheath in thy bosom the Norican blade,

Now to garland thy throat with a noose, but wish vainly.

Conquered foe, on thy shoulders in state I will ride,

And the earth shall acknowledge my scorn and my triumph.

What! shall I who, as thou, curious fool, knowest well,

to the charge of sterility, or that, for some reason or other, she had palmed off a supposititious child (Pactumeius) as her own. In the former poem on Canidia, Horace had implied a doubt if she had any real offspring, "*Si vocata partubus Lucina veris affuit.*" He now ironically appears to make it up with her, by declaring that Pactumeius is really her son. Ritter has *Partumeius* instead of *Pactumeius*.

* The rites of Cotytto, of Thracian origin, were celebrated only by women, with one presiding priest.

† "*Sed tardiora fata te votis manent.*" There is dispute about the reading and interpretation of this passage. I adopt those sanctioned by Orelli and Maclean.

Mould and move human life in the wax of an image;
Who can snatch with my chantings the moon from the
sky;
Who can raise up the dead, though consumed into ashes,
And can temper at pleasure the bowl of desire;—
What! shall I bring mine arts to an end in lamenting
That they have not the slightest effect upon thee?"

THE END.

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